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AMERICAN TRAVELERS.*

THE Englishman is at once the most rational and the most cosmopolitan of men. Wherever he goes, he takes his prejudices and his tea-pot with him; but he sees more, and tells his story of sight-seeing better, than the traveler of other nations. The same spirit and training that sent the six hundred, the Earl of Cardigan at their head,

"Into the jaws of death,
Into the mouth of hell."

at Balaklava, is the spirit which has sent the solitary Englishman to penetrate the loneliest deserts, and to climb the loftiest mountains. In Switzerland, if your guide stimulates your ambition to cross an unfrequented and dangerous pass, he assures you that it can be done, for Mr. Bull, in the year of grace 1810, or in some other traditional year, went that very way, and Mrs. Bull could hardly be dissuaded from accompanying him. In the East, it is always an Englishman who lived for two or three years at Damascus, for the whim of the thing—and certainly it was an Englishwoman who made herself the greatest queen of the East since Cleopatra.

The traveler of twenty years since, who recalls the Guide Book of Mrs. Starke, or the curious reader, who to-

day turns its pages, can easily estimate the advantage to the world of English travel. It is John Bull who has made traveling easy. It is John Bull who has taught the kitchen of Italy to reek with the fumes of *bistecca*, and the mouldy rooms of the Locanda to own the perfume of Bohea. It is John Bull who has set up *Felix* and *rosbif* in the very shadow of the Madeleine, and within scent of the *Café de Paris*. It is John Bull who has put Frenchmen upon high-trotting horses, and crowded the *Bois de Boulogne* with agonized equestrians, rising in the stirrups, and coming down hard at the wrong time. It is John Bull who awakens the venerable Roman echoes of the Campagna with the tally-ho of the huntsman, and the distant, flickering bay of hounds; and John Bull who rides steeple-chases over the old granary of the world. He has put clean sheets upon continental beds, and caused continental doors to shut, and windows to open. He has introduced carpets, and cold water. Wherever Mr. Bull has been, he has left a track of comfort, high prices, liberal swearing, intelligent observation, sullen endurance, and triumphant achievement. Twenty years ago, Mrs. Starke was the traveler's *Vade Mecum*. The pilgrim of poetry and

* *Journey to Central Africa.* By BAYARD TAYLOR. G. P. Putnam & Co.: New York.—*The Lands of the Saracens.* By BAYARD TAYLOR. G. P. Putnam & Co.: New York.—*Travels in Europe and the East.* 2 vols. By SAMUEL IRVING PRIME. Harper & Brothers: New York.—*Another Budget; or, Things which I Saw in the East.* By JANE ANTHONY EAMES. Ticknor & Fields: Boston.—*Cosas de España; or, Going to Madrid via Barcelona.* Redfield: New York.—*Art, Scenery, and Philosophy in Europe,* being fragments from the Portfolio of the late HORACE BINNEY WALLACE, Esq., of Philadelphia. Herman Hooker: Philadelphia.—*Notes of a Theological Student.* By JAMES MASON HOPPIN. D. Appleton & Co.: New York.—*Gan Eden; or, Pictures of Cuba.* J. P. Jewett & Co.: Boston and Cincinnati.

beauty, going to Rome, to Naples, to Sicily, said Mrs. Starke, must bring with him all his furniture, all his linen, all his comestibles, all his pots, pans, and appurtenances; and several columns of that valuable book were devoted to an inventory of the simple necessities for a continental tour. The book was an exhortation to take up your house and travel, if you expected to be comfortable. Those were the days of couriers, and hiring huge traveling carriages in Paris; of chasseurs and brigands, and the delightful romance of Terracina. Irving's "Tales of a Traveler," so far as they treat of the incidents of traveling, belong to the Starke epoch of the grand tour.

But John Bull soon found it easier to make the continent supply him with clean sheets, than to take such a clumsy bundle of bed clothes with him; and all succeeding travelers are his debtors. He has warmed the bed for the rest of the world. On the other hand, he has carried extravagance everywhere, and the bad effects of a taciturn, if not surly nature. He has spoiled the carnival in Rome, and put steamers upon the Nile. He has reversed Napoleon's plan, and, instead of bringing all the world to Paris, he has carried England into all the world. His sobriquet upon the continent has been, for years, *Milor*—the affluent, haughty, domineering lord. The word, itself, is the best history of the net English impression upon the popular mind of Europe. He learns languages with difficulty, and sneers, with that profound stupidity of prejudice which is only possible in a nation that produces Squire Westerns, at a people

"Who call their mothers mères,
And all their daughters filles."

Have we not all seen that Milor, in St. Peter's, upon Easter; in Pompeii; on the Prater; in the Cascine; on the Pyramids; on the desert; at the remotest Egyptian temples; on the plain of Marathon; in the Norway fiords, with his double-soled walking shoes, and his gaiters, and his checked trowsers and waistcoat, and sporting jacket with large buttons, his mutton-chop whiskers, and rosy, moony face? Yet that very tenacity of checked breeches is the secret of half the comfort we enjoyed in going to those places, where we met this familiar figure. It is ludicrous when you encounter it in Brown, Jones, and Robin-

son, for in them it is degenerate and unmeaning, but the thoughtful traveler contemplates a nobleman's breeches with curious interest.

For the philosophy of this marked English influence upon continental life is undoubtedly this, that the upper classes of England, who are more educated, and of a really finer quality than the upper classes of any other country, have united in themselves the natural desire of educated men to travel, the indefeasible national characteristic, strengthened by the pride of class, and unlimited means of gratifying every whim, and of securing foot-stoves at any cost and risk. A Frenchman has none of the Bedouin spirit. It was a French instinct in Napoleon to bring the characteristic spoils of every country to Paris, for the Frenchman has a secret scepticism of everything out of Paris, and cares for the "barbarian world" only when he can see specimens of it at home. Johnny Crapeau considers it only a proper homage to the capital of the earth, that all lands should send their products thither. Paris is France to him, but it is also the world. The *bourgeois* believes Leipsic is in Germany, and knows that the Pope lives at Rome; the greater pity for him! But are not Corneille and Racine the greatest of poets? is not Voltaire the king of philosophers? have we not all the *illustrations du temps*? is not Rachel ours? is not France favored of all the muses and graces? is not ours the social philosophy, the hope of the future? Will you step over to the Faubourg St. Germain, and be introduced to the society upon which all other human society is modeled? will you have the most exquisite boots, shoes, dresses, *pantalons*, dinners, dances, demoiselles? What more can a reasonable being desire?

Several Frenchmen went to London during the Great Exhibition, and wrote accounts of their tours. There is no more amusing reading anywhere. England is a world as far from France as the spiritual from the material. Monsieur Crapeau speaks of Bull in a strain of incredulity, and with pettishness at the total want of mutual comprehension. We shall never forget a sunny day in Rouen, which was actually chilled and darkened by a Frenchman's account of a recent visit to London. Had it been to Lapland or Siberia, to some remote region not yet familiar to geography, and beyond human sympathy,

thy, it could not have been more delightfully dismal. At intervals he drank his claret, with a kind of clinging, pensive tenderness, like a man who should never forgive himself that he had ever lost one day of France. And we, who were bound for Albion, and meant to dine to-morrow upon roast beef, and not upon *rosbif*, felt uneasily, as if we were doomed to desolate exile—a Juvenal banished to Syene. There is an amusing vaudeville, which is hardly a caricature of the French feeling toward England, in which one whole act consists of a man coming upon the stage, which represents a dreary storm, with his heavy box coat buttoned to his ears, shoes with soles of supernatural thickness, and a great umbrella. He strides across the scene in lugubrious silence, and, in the universal gloom mutters hoarsely, "*C'est Soonday!*" and vanishes. The popular French idea of England is of an eternal and hopelessly rainy Soonday.

But the French books of travel have an *esprit*, which is very attractive. The French genius loves to beautify details, and will serve you the most delicate dinner from the scrapings of the larder, or write you a graceful, graphic book of traveling sketches, upon the Boulevards, in Lyons, anywhere, the most familiar, or the most remote locality, and it shall be unmistakably French. It is never the material, with the French, but always the manner; hence their profound respect for the artist. The cook is an *artiste*; the barber is an *artiste*; the tailor and the shoemaker are *artistes*. And hence again, the details of civilization are perfected in France, and Paris becomes the most agreeable of cities to every man who can content himself with universal *chique*, rather than occasional taste; with society which is *spirituel* rather than spiritual; with the ease of Art rather than the grace of Nature; who asks of the world only well-fitting gloves, and a digestible dinner, the favor of the reigning danseuse, and an *insouciance*, a genial carelessness which makes him less bored in Paris than anywhere else, and enables him to slouch along toward death as little bored as possible.

It is this essential want of moral heroism in the French character, which is the secret of the English dislike of France. It is not a political nor sectional difference or ambition, so much as the radical antipathy of a hearty and

serious nature, for one that is speculative, superficial, and sceptical.

The American is the great national eclectic, and, in the sense of adaptability, he is more cosmopolitan than the Englishman. In Paris, he is more French than the Parisian; in Rome, more Italian than the Roman; and in Britain, more English than the Englishman. He learns easily, and accommodates readily. He has a more flexible accent, a more graceful taste, than any other traveler. In Cairo, he wears the turban with edifying gravity, and in the German Eilwagen, his neighbor asks him from what part of Germany he comes. While in Paris, Mr. Bull has his shoes a little thicker in the sole, and his waistcoat a little shorter, and his checks a little more pronounced, lest he should seem to succumb to Gallic corruption, his cousin Jonathan arrives without a wardrobe, that he may appear in the very last French fashion. Jonathan follows St. Paul, and is all things to and with all men. His individuality lies in a certain rank independence and secret sense of superiority. And yet he is so complaisant that he will keep silence rather than offend, and even take sides against the essential American idea, as was so copiously proved during the European convulsions of 1848. He traverses historic lands with less scholarship, and more money, than any other traveler. It is too true that he requires every waterfall to be Niagara; every river, the Mississippi; every plain, a prairie; and every pond, a Lake Superior. It is too true, that armed with Niagara, Bunker Hill, and a surplus in the treasury, he belabors Europe, until a wise man smiles.

The American, however, has a pleasure in foreign travel, which the man of no other nation enjoys. With a nature not less romantic than others; with desires and aspirations for the reverend and historically beautiful, forever unsatisfied at home, fed for years upon the splendid literature of all time, and the pompous history of the nations that have occupied and moulded the earth, and yet separated from those nations and that history, not only by space and the total want of visible monuments, but by the essential spirit of society around him; born with poetic perception amid the stateliest natural forms—forests, mountains, rivers, and plains—that seem to foreshow a more imperial race, and results more majestic than are yet his-

torical, but with none of that human association in the landscape, which gives it its subtlest beauty and profoundest influence, the American mind is solicited by Europe with unimagined fascination. The American goes out to take possession of his dreams, and hopes, and boundless aspirations. Child of all the ages, he has pined for some tangible sign that his great ancestry did, indeed, live and achieve. Of the younger branch, which is to help make the material out of which song and sweet tradition will be woven by his remote descendants, he has yet his own rearward longings, and his filial love and reverence of the past are the prophecy of his future. Hence, all American books of travel, beneath the dry crust of the record, have the quick stream of surprise and enthusiasm.

An Englishman, who remembers that his land was once a Roman province, and whose eyes have seen cathedrals and ruins hoary with centuries, finds the Coliseum and Karnac different in degree, not in kind. But the dullest American, who has never seen a house more than a hundred years old, stands silent with awe before a temple of which history gives no account, and which has survived the race and the civilization which built it. Consequently, there is a great deal of monotony of enthusiasm in our books of travel. "Is this really Rome? Can I believe that I am in Athens? Pinch me, that I may awake out of this dream of Sicily," is the refrain of the song.

General travel-writing is usually of two kinds, the imaginative and the actual. One leans to the detail, to minute description, to statistic; the other to the general spirit and impression. The one results in a commissioner's report, the other in a poem. Now we think the poet is as superior to the rest of us in traveling, and in telling his travels, as he is in all other departments of spiritual experience. Beckford's brief, aromatic book of letters from Italy, gives a better idea of Italy than Murray's Italian Hand-Book. For it is not in the shape and size of the houses, in the kind and luxuriance of foliage, in the singular habits and unusual manners of the people, that the secret of national difference is found, but in the spirit which fashions all those details. If we are told that the great pyramid is four hundred and ninety-six feet high, and covers, at the base, an

area of six or seven acres, we have an indefinite idea of size, but we have nothing of the peculiar impression produced by that size, and certainly nothing of the awe which the great pyramid inspires. The size is but one point of the mystic grandeur which makes the pyramid an object of wonder and awful interest. Its antiquity, its situation, its history; all these combine, and the combined result upon the imaginative mind is the impression which we want, and which is destroyed by the statement of details. The poets, however, are few; and we consequently find that the great majority of books of travel are soon forgotten. Those which are most excellent in both kinds remain. Careful scientific observations; decisive speculations upon disputed and interesting historical localities; accurate descriptions of manners and customs; and explorations of the flora and fauna of remote and recently discovered regions, are preserved for reference, and have a permanent value. But the great mass of records of superficial observation, however detailed, slip quietly and rapidly into oblivion. So, also, the books which, with little account of actual measurement, reveal to the reader the spirit and splendor of foreign lands, are like perfumes and strains of music—for perfect Art reproduces the sense of Nature—and the reader breathes a foreign air, and is really transported into the country of which he has read. But sentimental common-place cannot be immortal, although, with no allusion to details, it busies itself with the

"Beauty that was Greece,
And the splendor that was Rome."

It is the happy union of these two spirits that makes the permanently popular book of travels. Any spirited descriptions of countries, either newly visited or new to the mass of readers, will interest the public. This was especially the case with the books of Stephens, which were undoubtedly the most popular and most lucrative of any books of travel ever published in America. Mr. Stephens was a shrewd, active American, who visited countries with which his countrymen were then not at all familiar, who kept a copious and detailed diary, and published it. The style was simple and careless, and there was no philosophy and no poetry in the books; but they were the simple descriptions of novel scenes by an intelligent observ-

er, and the sensible remarks upon those scenes, of a shrewd man. They had not the fullness and richness of poetic description, nor had they the unmistakable glow of the natural traveler. They were the traveling letters of a gentleman.

But traveling is an art, and most eminent among all writers of travels is the natural traveler; the man who does not travel from motives of business, education, health, or pleasure, but from an overpowering love of adventure. These are the travelers as distinguished from the tourists. These are the men who invest travel with a vague romance, which is not to be discovered in the countries they visit, nor in their accounts of those countries; but in that subtle sympathy which satisfies the reader that his author is not only a traveled man, but a traveler. It is the same indescribable sympathy which assures him that one man is a poet, and another only a gentleman of poetic instincts writing verses. Such men are born travelers. If they are poor, they travel at home.

John Ledyard, after four months of College at Dartmouth, wanders into the woods, and lives six months with Canadians and Indians. He reads listlessly of Pharaohs and Ptolemies sailing up and down the Nile, of the dark-rolling Danube and the storied Rhine; but he hollows a canoe and embarks upon the Connecticut; then wanders over the earth, "lonely as a cloud," sees Cook fall upon the shore of Hawaii, endeavors in vain to interest moneyed men in Philadelphia and New York, in Paris and London in a Northwest expedition, but finds that "perseverance was an effort of understanding, which twelve rich merchants were incapable of making." He penetrates northeastern Asia, passes through Siberia, and is recalled from Kamtschatka by an imperial order, just as he is coming out upon the Pacific Ocean, and finally dies upon the threshold of that mysterious African exploration which forever baffles investigation. The genuine traveler shows himself in the triumphant tone of the farewell to his mother upon his departure for Africa: "through millions of fierce savages, over parching deserts, the freezing North, the everlasting ice and stormy seas, have I passed without harm. How good is my God! What rich subjects have I for praise, love, and adoration." Religious zeal drove the old travelers about the world. They were knightly pilgrims to Palestine and the East, like George

Sandys and Sir John Mandeville,—or they were missionaries like Henry Maundrell and the Jesuits. But Mungo Park and John Ledyard were sons of Mercury. They were born with wings upon their heels. The ostensible end of their travels was discovery; but the final cause was a restless soul and a love of wild adventure.

John Ledyard is, by distinction, the American traveler. A man of temperament ardent enough to maintain his enthusiasm under the severest disappointments, he was also firm and fearless, and united to a clear and comprehensive grasp of his subject a gift of lucid and genial description, which leaves the student of his life impatient of the few published remains of his observations. His account of Captain Cook's last voyage is not only simple and accurate, without tedium, but it contains the valuable suggestions of a shrewd mind upon the ethical and scientific questions of the South Seas. His letters from London and Paris, although few and slight, will be always valuable for their air of reality, and the Journal of his expedition across Siberia and Russia to Kamtschatka has a singular interest. He is everywhere at home, and has no time for expletives, as he had no unpleasant or awful sense of strangeness. Nor should it be forgotten, to the eternal honor of the noble and child-like spirit of the true traveler, no less than to the immortal and universal humanity of woman, that John Ledyard in Siberia, like Mungo Park in mid-Africa, celebrates the tenderness of female sympathy and the loveliness of female character.

"I have observed," says he, "among all nations, that the women ornament themselves more than the men: that wherever found, they are the same kind, civil, obliging, humane, tender beings; that they are ever inclined to be gay and cheerful, timorous and modest. They do not hesitate, like men, to perform hospitable or generous action; not haughty, nor arrogant, nor supercilious, but full of courtesy, and fond of society; industrious, economical, ingenuous, more liable, in general, to err than man, but in general, also more virtuous, and performing more good actions than he. I never addressed myself in the language of decency and friendship to a woman, whether civilized or savage, without receiving a decent and friendly answer. With man it has often been otherwise. In wandering over the barren plains of inhospita-

ble Denmark, through honest Sweden, frozen Lapland, rude and churlish Finland, unprincipled Russia, and the wide-spread regions of the wandering Tartar, if hungry, dry, cold, wet, or sick, woman has ever been friendly to me, and uniformly so; and to add to this virtue, so worthy of the appellation of benevolence, these actions have been performed in so free and so kind a manner, that, if I was dry, I drank the sweet draught, and, if hungry, ate the coarse morsel, with a double relish."

And in another place he writes:—

"I am now two hundred and twenty versts from Moscow, on the road to Poland. Thank Heaven, petticoats appear, and the glimmerings of other features. Women are the sure harbingers of an alteration in manners, in approaching a country where their influence is felt."

These passages, and Mungo Park's account of the tender care shown him by an African woman have a mournful interest, for the very warmth of the description implies that solitude of heart which the travelers experienced, and leaves in the mind a sense of remoteness and desolation.

All other American travelers, or Americans who have written books of travels, have been, with, perhaps, one exception, merely gentlemen and ladies of more or less cultivation and enterprise, who have visited foreign countries. The list comprises several of our most honored literary names. Irving, Cooper, Bryant, Miss Sedgwick, Miss Sigourney, and Willis, and Longfellow, by his "Outre-Mer" and "Hyperion," may fairly be included; while many of our younger authors have made their literary debut by books of travel, as Headley, Herman Melville, Tuckerman, in his "Italian Sketch-Book" and "Sicily," Mitchell, Curtis, and Bayard Taylor. Others like the authors of "Los Gringos" and "Cosas de España," have written but a single book of travels, and have made a name by that. Professor Robinson is a classical topographical authority in the local exploration of Palestine.

The exception that we make to this general classification is, Bayard Taylor, whom we regard as a traveler, in the sense that Mungo Park and John Ledyard were travelers. Mr. Taylor travels for the love of travel. His mind is stored with the history and literature which invest countries with romantic interest; but beneath his pleasure in the

association, there is always the spring of the Bedouin; the roving eye, the restless foot. Of a singularly sweet and healthy temperament, robust, yet romantic, he has the daguerreotyping glance and the simple style of description which are peculiar to the class. More imaginative than Ledyard, he is not less adventurous, nor does his imagination ever betray his good sense. Calmness with ardor, which shows itself in his descriptions in a transparent placidity of style, characterizes him in common with the famous travelers. No poet enjoys a moonlit ruin more than they, and none are prompter in repelling with equal relish the marauders who disturb them. In truth the traveler, who has been so fascinating a figure in all ages and histories, is a union of the poet and the hero. And, if we take the unresting Bedouin as his type, who is there that, when the day's march is over, sits so dreamily, with large, melancholy eyes, over the fire, or tells so sweet a story of love and peril?

Mr. Taylor's books of travel include his tour in Europe; his journey to California; his wanderings in Africa and the lands of the Saracen; and he has in preparation a third and concluding volume, containing his adventures in India, China, the Loo-Choo Islands, and Japan. Of all these books the "Journey to Central Africa" is, perhaps, the most interesting and characteristic. The style flows as calmly and placidly as the Nile, but, unlike that river, it is perfectly clear. It is a simple, graphic record of daily life and observation, rarely impassioned, but sinewy and racy, and rich with natural humor and pathos. It is a descriptive, rather than pictorial, style; but beneath its genial repose there is the glow of the true genius of travel. Nor has Mr. Taylor escaped the fascination of the great African problem. Mungo Park, Denham and Clapperton, the Landers, Bruce, and Ledyard, were all smitten by the same desire of penetrating the interior of that dumb and blind continent.

The three great geographical problems of the last century have been the Northwest Passage, the sources of the Nile, and the source and course of the Niger. To these three questions we owe some of the most remarkable and interesting works of travel. The English African Association, with Sir Joseph Banks at its head, employed at the close of the last century such men as John Ledyard, Mungo Park, Denham, Clapperton, and

the Landers, to penetrate the African continent and determine the direction of the Niger. In 1795, Mungo Park—a name dear to the literature of adventure and exploration—first saw the great river, and described the sight in words which do not fail to thrill the mind of every imaginative reader who has followed the traveler step by step:

"I saw the long-sought, majestic Niger, glittering in the morning sun, as broad as the Thames at Westminster, and flowing slowly to the eastward."

In 1830, Richard and John Lander settled the question of the course and mouth of the river. The zeal which inspired that research has recently illustrated the exploration of the sources of the Nile. Dr. Knoblecher, the Catholic Vicar General at Khartoum, which is the town situated at the confluence of the White and Blue branches, has advanced to a further point upon the White, or main branch of the river, than any other explorer. Before leaving America, Mr. Taylor was in correspondence with Dr. Knoblecher, and it was his hope to reach Khartoum in season to join a second expedition. And, as Dr. Kane went toward the North, and Mr. Taylor toward the South, we could not but hope that, through them, America was to have her share in the glory of the solution of the two great problems that remained. McClure has found the Northwest Passage, and Dr. Kane has not yet returned. And in latitude $12^{\circ} 30'$ north, Bayard Taylor, having reached a further point upon the Nile than any American or Englishman had attained, reluctantly turned back toward the Mediterranean. Upon his arrival at Khartoum, the boat of the Catholic mission was still detained at Cairo, and the expedition was deferred. Mr. Taylor consequently relinquished the hope of discovery, but resolved to push on alone, beyond the limit of previous travel, and purchasing a boat, named it "John Ledyard, in memory of the first American traveler in Africa," and sailed to the south. The account of this expedition upon the White Nile is one of the most delightful passages of the book; and the reader is compelled to sympathize with the heroic traveler, as he turns away from the present solution of the great mystery:

"I climbed to the mast-head and looked to the south, where the forest archipelago, divided by glittering reaches of water, waved its labyrinth in the distance. I thought I saw—but it may have

been fancy—beyond the leafy crown of the furthest isles, the faint blue horizon of that sea of water and grass, where the palm again appears and the lotus fringes the shores. A few hours of the strong north wind now blowing in our faces would have taken me there, but I gave myself up to fate and a pipe, which latter immediately suggested to me, that, though I was leaving the gorgeous heart of Africa, I was going back to civilization and home."

Mr. Taylor gives a very clear and concise account of the present condition of Nilotc research. Upon the 13th November, 1849, Dr. Knoblecher, after long delays and great difficulties, sailed from Khartoum with the annual trading expedition. The expedition established communications with the Dinkas and Shilooks, the two chief tribes upon the banks. They found the lotus, forests of sot trees, doum-palms, and tamarisks; and beyond lat. 10° the dhellob-palm. "From lat $9^{\circ} 26'$ to $6^{\circ} 50'$ N. there is a complete change in the scenery." The water of the river is here partially stagnant. In the land of the Ellabas, the White Nile divides into two branches. On the 2d January, 1850, Dr. Knoblecher saw in the southeast, the granite mountain of Nierkanyi, in about the fifth degree of north latitude. On the 14th January the expedition reached the furthest point touched by any preceding expedition, the island of Tsanker, at the rapids of the White Nile in $4^{\circ} 49'$ N. But Dr. Knoblecher pushed on. As he receded from the races who had been corrupted by the contact of civilization, he found a purer and simpler character in the people. The chief of a Bari village offered the sovereignty of his tribe in exchange for a harmonica. On the 16th January the expedition reached a solitary granite peak, six hundred feet high, standing upon the left bank of the Nile. It is in lat. $4^{\circ} 10'$, and is the most southern point ever reached upon the river. He could see a faint mountain-range at the south, in about lat. 3° N. The river was here about six hundred and fifty feet wide, and from five to eight feet deep. "Such an abundance of water," says Mr. Taylor, "allows us to estimate with tolerable certainty the distance to its unknown sources, which must undoubtedly be beyond the equator." Dr. Knoblecher thinks that no expedition from Khartoum will be successful. The traveler must become familiar with the Bari people, and

take some of the natives as his companions.

Upon the south, Drs. Krapf and Rebmann have discovered the snow-mountains, Kilimandjaro and Kenia. The old enthusiasm of African travel burned in their hearts as they beheld them, and Dr. Krapf exclaims, "I could not doubt that the streams flowing northward from the Kenia pour into the White Nile." According to the calculations of Krapf and Rebmann, the Kenia is within one degree south of the equator.

From Mr. Taylor's account, therefore, and from Dr. Charles Beke's "Summary of recent Nilotica Discovery," there appears to be, from the furthest southern point of Dr. Knoblecher's exploration to the Kenia mountains, a distance of three hundred and seventy geographical miles in a southeasterly direction; and, from the same point, southwesterly, to the hypothetical northern line of the Lake Usambaro, there are three hundred and sixty geographical miles. Of course there is great uncertainty of names and places in the present condition of African research. But somewhere within this limit must be the sources of the Nile; and there can be little doubt that these snowy summits are the half-fabulous Mountains of the Moon. How truly the innate traveler speaks in the pathetic and glowing words with which Mr. Taylor concludes his chapter upon the White Nile.

"The pictures which these recent explorations present to us, add to the stately and sublime associations with which the Nile is invested; and that miraculous flood will lose nothing of his interest when the mystery which veils his origin shall be finally dispelled. Although, in standing upon the threshold of his vast central realms, I felt that I had realized a portion of my dream, I could not turn away from the vision of those untrodden solitudes, crowned by the flashing snows of Kilimandjaro, the monarch of African mountains, without a keen pang of regret. Since Columbus first looked upon San Salvador, the earth has but one emotion of triumph left in her bestowal—and that she reserves for him who shall first drink from the fountains of the White Nile, under the snow-fields of Kilimandjaro."

The aims of the traveler do not always, nor very often, command universal sympathy. There is a timid scepticism

which asks with a sneer what possible advantage could be derived from ascertaining that the Nile flowed from a mountain or from a lake, or how trade would gain if there were a northwest passage? But Nature does not inspire men, in vain, with the vague longings that drive them into deserts and upon solitary seas. *Man* is interested in the discovery of the sources of the Nile and the Northwest Passage, whether Trade and Luxury care for them or not. Man is interested to know if there is any physical problem which he cannot solve: if the earth, which is his subject, hides any secret that he cannot wrest from her polar rigors or her equatorial heats. And when McClure had settled the great doubt, who did not feel that none of those many lost lives had been wasted, and that, although the mere fact of the passage was of no moment, the other fact, that nothing could balk the imperial resolution of the human mind, and that the earth should be conquered and subdued, was of the sublimest importance?

Akin to this is the profoundest charm of the books of the travelers. It is not the thing seen, nor the difficulty surmounted, but the man and the hero who sees and surmounts, that interest us. Siberia is a country of no historic attraction, and of no natural beauty; but it is as pleasant to read Ledyard's account of it as his descriptions of other regions, because we care more about the man himself than the things he observes and describes. This distinguishes the books of such men as Bayard Taylor from those of the general tourist, and makes his volumes of travel unique in American literature. There have been Americans who have written more brilliant and imaginative descriptions, graced with more extensive and accurate scholarship—who have recorded more graphically the details of foreign society—who have criticised art more astutely, and literature more profoundly. But in all the long list of American tourists there is not, since John Ledyard, so evident a traveler—a man who, in traveling and telling his tales of travel, is so clearly doing what Nature meant him to do—as Bayard Taylor.

Willis's books of travel—and the reader would be surprised to find how great a proportion of the published ten or eleven volumes of his works is, directly or indirectly, record of travel—belonging to the same class as Stephens's, with the difference, that they are the

offspring of a much more graceful, poetic, and affluent mind. If we place Bayard Taylor's in the first rank, as being the works of a man who has Nature's commission to travel, we must certainly put Willis's next as models of the traveling gentleman's diary. Nothing can exceed the spirit and interest with which he touches the old topics; and at this moment there is no more pleasant companion upon the usual European tour than the "Pencilings by the Way." It has, in a lesser degree, for all Europe, the peculiar kind of charm that Byron's "Childe Harold" has for Italy; that is, it expresses, in the most apt and airy manner, the average natural sentiment of an intelligent American in Europe, just as Byron hits the general tone of romance in Venice and Rome. In the opening of "Pencilings by the Way" Willis speaks for every American who follows the lead of his desire across the ocean.

"The dream of my lifetime was about to be realized. I was bound to France; and those fair Italian cities, with their world of association and interest, were within the limit of a voyage; and all that one looks to for happiness in change of scene, and all that I had been passionately wishing and imagining since I could dream a day-dream or read a book, was before me with a visible certainty."

Willis knows where to merge his statistics in his sentiment. He describes with a poetic, and not a prosaic, detail; instinctively discriminating the characteristic from the merely accidental. Hence his brief descriptions of persons, in the "Pencilings by the Way," are like cabinet portraits.

"Nearest me sat Smith, the author of 'Rejected Addresses'—a hale, handsome man, apparently fifty, with white hair, and a very nobly-formed head and physiognomy. His eye alone, small and with lids contracted into an habitual look of drollery, betrayed the bent of his genius. He held a cripple's crutch in his hand, and though otherwise rather particularly well-dressed, wore a pair of large India rubber shoes—the penalty he was paying, doubtless, for the many good dinners he had eaten. He played rather an *aside* in the conversation, whipping in with a quiz or a witticism whenever he could get an opportunity, but more a listener than a talker. * * *

* * * * Toward twelve o'clock 'Mr. Lytton Bulwer' was announced, and enter the author of 'Pelham.' * * *

He is short, very much bent in the back, slightly knock-kneed, and, if my opinion, in such matters, goes for anything, as ill-dressed a man, for a gentleman, as you will find in London. His figure is slight, and very badly put together, and the only commendable point in his person, as far as I could see, was the smallest foot I ever saw a man stand upon. * * * He ran up to Lady Blessington with the joyous heartiness of a boy let out of school; and the 'how d'ye, Bulwer,' went round, as he shook hands with everybody, in the style of welcome usually given to 'the best fellow in the world.' * * * His forehead retreats very much, but is very broad and well-marked, and the whole air is that of decided mental superiority. His nose is aquiline, and far too large for proportion, though he conceals its extreme prominence by an immense pair of red whiskers, which entirely conceal the lower part of his face in profile. His complexion is fair, his hair profuse, curly, and of a light auburn, his eye not remarkable, and his mouth contradictory, I should think, of all talent. A more good-natured, habitually-smiling, nerveless expression could hardly be imagined."

Here is Charles Lamb:

"There was a rap at the door at last, and enter a gentleman in black—small-clothes and gaiters, short and very slight in his person, his head set on his shoulders with a thoughtful, forward bent, his hair just sprinkled with gray, a beautiful, deep-set eye, aquiline nose, and a very indescribable mouth. Whether it expressed most humor or feeling, good-nature or a kind of whimsical peevishness, or twenty other things which passed over it by turns, I cannot in the least be certain."

"'Mr. Moore!' cried the footman at the bottom of the staircase. 'Mr. Moore!' cried the footman at the top. And with his glass at his eye, stumbling over an ottoman between his near-sightedness and the darkness of the room, enter the poet. Half a glance tells you that he is at home on a carpet. * * * He had the frank, merry manner of a confident favorite, and he was greeted like one. He went from one to the other, straining back his head to look up at them, * * and to every one he said something which, from any one else, would have seemed peculiarly felicitous, but which fell from his lips as if his breath was not more spontaneous."

For all this portrait-painting and free report of private conversation Willis was savagely handled by the English Reviews, and he undoubtedly injured his reputation by the performance. He makes his defense in the preface to the last edition of the "Pencilings," and it is surely quite sufficient to excuse what is excusable in the sketches. The mere fact of describing famous persons is not matter of blame. But there can be no excuse for publishing any man's opinion of another, which is uttered in the close confidence of a social circle, and which would not be uttered at all, if there were any chance of the world's hearing it.

But our concern with these passages is only as they are illustrative of the singular facility of eye and hand which makes Willis so delightful a traveling companion. They are artificial, we grant. They have the air of the drawing-room; and the eyes which see are set in a *tête exaltée* by early success, and the hands which record tremble a little with the pressure of the hands of famous wits, and noble lords, and lovely ladies. But they are vivid and individual. They give the whole impression of the subject—and the detail is subjected to the general spirit.

Willis shows the same man twenty years ago:—

"Disraeli had arrived before me, and sat in the deep window, looking out upon Hyde Park, with the last rays of daylight reflected from the gorgeous gold flowers of a splendidly-embroidered waistcoat. Patent leather pumps, a white stick with a black cord and tassel, and a quantity of chains about his neck and pockets, served to make him, even in the dim light, rather a conspicuous object. * * * He is lividly pale, and, but for the energy of his action and the strength of his lungs, would seem a victim to consumption. His eye is black as Erebus, and has the most mocking and lying-in-wait sort of expression conceivable. His mouth is alive with a kind of working and impatient nervousness, and when he has burst forth, as he does constantly, with a particularly successful cataract of expression, it assumes a curl of triumphant scorn that would be worthy of a Mephistopheles. His hair is as extraordinary as his taste in waistcoats. A thick, heavy mass of jet black ringlets falls over his left cheek almost to his collarless stock, while on the right temple it is parted and put

away with the smooth carefulness of a girl's, and shines most unctuously

"With thy incomparable oil, Macassar."

It is this sensitive appreciation and graceful facility which make Willis so fine a narrator that he cannot easily touch the common-places of travel without partially restoring them to their places in the imagination. This peculiarity of his power has not escaped degenerating into mannerism; but if the reader who is impatient of the shower of grotesque, yet expressive words that weekly falls from Idlewild, will turn to the "Pencilings by the Way," and the "Summer Cruise in the Mediterranean," he will find a style of opaline lucidity; and, if he has traveled, his mind will be left in the mood which followed lovely days at Albano and Sorrento, and brilliant evenings in the great European capitals. Among modern writers of travels, as distinguished from the travelers, Willis is very eminent. The indirect proof of his superiority is seen in the fact that his books of travel have given him literary distinction. But very few publishing tourists have ever acquired more than a momentary reputation. Mr. Stephens, with all the popularity and value of his "Incidents of Travel," achieved little literary position by them. It was instinctively perceived that the excellence of his books was not peculiar. They were like so much of the poetry which is published, and, which any well-educated gentleman ought to be able to write. Willis adds genius to the good education.

The recent books, whose titles we have placed at the head of our article, illustrate the various kinds of the literature of travel to which we have alluded. Bayard Taylor's represent the genuine traveler; "Travels in Europe and the East," and "Another Budget," are the ordinary sketches of ordinary travel; and "Cosas de España," "Gan Eden," "Art, Scenery and Philosophy in Europe," belong to the category of traveling impressions, rather than descriptions, with which, also, must be classed the "Notes of a Theological Student."

The "Travels in Europe and the East" call for little remark, except upon the unpardonable carelessness of style in which they are written. They describe the usual course of American travel in Europe and the East, beginning with

"the outward voyage," and ending at the "Pyramids." They have the fault, not uncommon in the traveling journals of clergymen, of beatifying little men, and treating sectarian and local heroes as if they were of interest to the world. Exeter Hall is by no means the forum of civilization.

We shall specify several of the defects of style in these volumes, because they illustrate a pernicious literary error, which consists in supposing that slang is ease; and flippancy, spirit; and general carelessness, general superiority.

Mr. Prime leaves home an invalid, and upon page 16, vol. i., tells us that "I lay around on the deck generally." Upon page 74, vol. i., he is describing a dinner given by Mr. Peabody at the "Star and Garter," in Richmond. It chances that it fell to the lot of our author to hand out "a venerable English lady, patched and proud," who astonishes him, and he expresses his surprise that "an aristocratic and splendidly-genteel woman" should do what she did. At Billingsgate, page 89, vol. i., he and his companions are insulted by a fish-woman, and while they are retreating "she followed us with her compliments, and some of her neighbors heaped on a few more of the same sort." Upon page 114, vol. i., our traveler and his friends go "early of a Sunday morning" to hear Dr. Cumming. Upon page 134, vol. i., he hears some one *demand* a question. Upon page 144, Mr. Prime informs us that Sir Joseph Paxton "with a good wife got a hundred thousand dollars, not bad to take." On page 308, vol. i., he asks a question (or demands it) "in as fair German as I could frame to pronounce." Upon page 51, vol. ii., we learn that Venice is "unlike anything else in the way of a city that was ever seen before." In Florence, page 96, vol. ii., Madame A—"flourishes in the style of a princess," and "smokes and drinks, genteelly, of course," while Lord B—"is cutting a great dash in the city." And when our author reaches the East, and the American is in Egypt, this is his burst of enthusiasm: "On the Nile!—on the Nile! and a broader, swifter, altogether a more respectable river than we had looked for."

All this is slipshod, if not vulgar, common-place. It is a kind of cheap newspaper style, which a sensitive eye or mind should have corrected in the proof. It is not ease, nor grace, nor

freedom, of style; it is simply slang, and bad grammar.

There is one other amusing point in these two volumes, not otherwise very amusing. Our author, traveling by rail to Oxford, consoles himself for the hole in his boot by observing that his neighbor is out at the elbows. In other words he sees women working in the fields, and triumphantly demands whether his English neighbor is so blinded by names as not to see that such a spectacle implies a state of things quite as bad as negro slavery? Now there is nothing more ignoble and unmanly than the testy and truculent patriotism which leads American travelers in Europe to defend that very disagreeable institution of ours because there chance to be other disagreeable institutions in other countries. Would Mr. Prime urge it as an excuse for his own bad manners (let us suppose) at an Englishman's table, that he had seen the host spit upon the carpet? Is a bad state of things at home better because there may be a bad state of things in France? or is an intelligent Frenchman not to allude to our beam because of his own mote? In traveling, the citizens of various countries may, sometimes, meet as *men*; and then they will regard life and society from the humane, and not the national, point of view; and it is an amusing illustration of the morbid nervousness which indicates an unpleasant consciousness, in a certain class of our fellow-citizens, of the necessity of springing to arms for slavery, that our traveler could not see a group of women working in the fields without insisting that a country which could tolerate such barbarity has no right to speak of human wrongs elsewhere. It is, at least, a principle that would soon close all mouths, and pulpits, and presses. We quote the passage as a specimen of the intellectual acumen of our author, and as an illustration of the wrong done the American name and character by scores of tourists abroad. The road lies through lovely English scenery:—

"Yet in the midst of such pictures a sight suddenly met my eyes which pierced my heart. A gang of women—white women—the 'WOMEN OF ENGLAND' were at work in the field, in the middle of the day, each with a hoe in her hand, digging away as the veriest slaves.

"There," said I, 'Edwards, you see the white slaves of England.'

"An Englishman sitting next to him

did not wait for him to answer, but with that readiness to put in a word so common here, instantly and tartly answered, 'Ay, but they are free.' 'Free to do what?' I asked him. 'Free to do as they like; to stop working if they choose.' 'And what then?' I pursued. He was silent. 'They must do that or starve, must they not?' I demanded. 'Why, yes, they must work, and do that if they cannot find anything else.' I continued my inquiries. 'And you do not suppose they work in the fields under a hot sun, planting potatoes or corn, because they *love* the employment?' 'No, but they are free; they are not slaves.' 'And are you so blinded by the name of *slavery*,' I replied, 'here in Britain, that you treat your women as they are not treated in America, nor in any other Christian country of which I have heard; you have poverty and misery among your laborers and those who are not even able to get work—wretchedness that the negro never feels—and you are totally insensible to it, while you are in pain for the poor slaves of a land beyond the sea?' 'But we never whip these poor people of ours, as you do the negroes.' 'There you are wrong again: I read in the London *Times*, this week, of a man in London who flogged his apprentice so cruelly, that the boy put an end to his miseries by suicide.' And so we pursued the conversation until we became good friends, and mutually admitted the evils of both countries, and agreed that we were bound to consider the difficulties under which each labors, and leave those, who are the most familiar with them, to do the best they can to alleviate or remove them."

The conclusion of the whole matter was certainly amiable and wise. But our author appears in the conversation not as a man, but as an American compelled to defend his country, right or wrong, and his defense is lamentable.

The necessity which drives the women of England, and of France, and of Germany, and of Italy, into the field to labor, is precisely the same necessity in kind, however different in degree, which leads the American citizen into the counting-room, the workshop, the pulpit, or the field, and that is—the necessity of getting a living. All this has nothing to do with the institution of slavery. Every man is the slave of physical necessity. Slavery is not work, nor the necessity of work. The suffer-

ing which arises from overcrowded spheres of labor, or from the want of work, is fearful, but it is not to be confounded with another kind of suffering.

"Apprentices are savagely flogged in England by their masters," says Mr. Prime. Yes, and so are children by their fathers everywhere. "And here is one in London who kills himself," says our author. Yes, and here, as we write, is a young American wife who kills herself because of her treatment by her father and mother-in-law. Is Mr. Prime's argument, that the relation of fathers and parents-in-law is like the relations of slavery; or, that one sin excuses another? Why, being a man as well as an American, should he not allow that the special wrong of our institution is not the greater or less quantity of food, clothing, or whipping, but the legal, and moral, and social denial of manhood to man? There is no need of being furious about it. In a day of universal glass-houses we must be careful of flinging stones. But let us be manly. Let Americans in Europe concede that it is a very ugly business, and not try so painfully to find the raw of other nations, as if the human instinct against slavery were weakened, because there are other sins to condemn and correct. There is undoubtedly a great deal of Exeter Hall eloquence which entirely misses the mark, and Mrs. Jellaby, nervous about the interests of Boriboola-Gha while her own children run to waste, is a very absurd character; but, meanwhile, there are, also, noble aims, and generous sentiments, and humane efforts, and the possibility of decent life, at least; and an American traveler, by virtue of his name, should rather be found upon their side, than talking amiable, and puny, and irrelevant common-places. Some fatality seems to dog a certain class of American travelers, so that they cannot truly represent the American idea. They are either foolishly conservative and vain of dining with a Duke; or, they are rabidly destructive, and think it a deadly sin to live in a palace and be loyal to a king. For our own part, we do not believe that any genuine American, Northerner or Southerner, who is worthy to bear the name, is either a bully or a coward.

"Another Budget" is another volume of traveling letters from the East. It is a diary of the usual sights and surprises, without any marked characteristics of style, or scope of observation.

In Alexandria the author sees a bridal procession, and gives this description of it:—

"One day, while walking out, we heard curious music. We stopped, and saw a gay-looking procession coming along. We found out a wedding was going on, and the friends of the bridegroom were leading him to his dwelling; and in the evening, the friends of the bride were to escort her to the same place."

Truly, of making of books there is no end.

And we trust there never might be, if all books could have the airy grace and various merit of "Cosas de España," which is one of the latest and best of American sketches of travel. It uses only a skeleton of statistic, enough to gain force and consistency; the rest is grace, form and color. It is fresh without flippancy; sparkling without a strained humor; with the ease of the man of the world, and the elegance of the scholar. You open the pleasant pages, and you go to Spain. You are not gone long: but you are shown what is essentially Spanish, and you enjoy it with the true Hidalgo humor. It is a gay, gushing, rollicking story, and belongs to that class of works of travel which gives literary reputation. It is not only the record of an educated gentleman who happened to be in Spain, but who, also, happened to have eyes, and imagination, and wit, and good sense, and who could write in a style that few, except the aptest Frenchmen, can so dexterously control. There is so much shrewd and sprightly criticism of French character, in the opening chapters of this little book, that we are tempted to quote more than we ought. Our author is at the hot baths in the Pyrenees:—

"Thus did I spend my summer-days, lying in waters soft as woman's tears, and—with all due deference to better authority be it said—of just about the same temperature. For though it is sometimes asserted that such tears are scalding, I must be allowed to say that this has not exactly been my experience, and is not, therefore, written in the articles of my faith. But be the case as it may, it is absolutely certain that I lay gloriously steeped in dreams and thermal water from June to October. My memory, when, in recalling the past, it reaches these months of soft delights, stops, and refuses to go back further. The lotus I ate from the branches which

overhung these pools of healing, has made the Pyrenees to me a barrier and a shore, against which breaks the sea of a semi-oblivion beyond. But by way of compensation, the recollection of this summer in the mountains ever keeps a nook in my heart as green and sunny as one of their own vales.

"Whoever, then, is tired of the paradise of Paris, would do well to look for another in the Pyrenees. Even in winter one may go to Pau; and, during four or five of the warmer months, let his path lead him to what bath it may, it will be only his own fault if he be not the happiest of mortals. Paris empties its saloons to furnish the society of these watering-places. And if, when seen in the blaze of gas and the flashing of brilliants, the accomplished Parisienne dazzled, here *en négligé*, in the simple robe which sets off more than it conceals the graces of her person, she attracts and charms you. Let not this seem an exaggeration; for, of all female prodigies, the Parisian belle is the most extraordinary. She is as unequalled in capacities as in graces. Her *salon* has often proved a third chamber in the government. It is a court no less of literature and the arts, than of love. In beauty of toilette, that rarest of female accomplishments, or in elegance of conversation, that highest grace of civilized society, she has no rival. In the lower grades of life, the Parisienne is the most clever of saleswomen and accountants. She invents the fashions in dress for the world; and in the use of her needle is more skillful than Andromache or the Queen of Sheba. Nor is this the half of her worth; for in spite of the temptations which lie, like flowers, along her path of life, she is, in the great majority of instances, a true woman in all her sentiments—the scandal-mongers to the contrary notwithstanding. Seen in the country, she may not always carry away the palm from the very best bred of Englishwomen, much as she excels them in the metropolis. Still, with her good sense and her good toilette—'tis about all it takes to make a lady—she adapts herself so perfectly to rustic scenes, and establishes such harmony of attire and conduct with the life of surrounding nature, that her, who at Paris was the grace of ball and opera, you also worship in the Pyrenees as the goddess of woods and streams. Not but what there is a plenty of stately dowagers to be met with at the baths, who are stiffer than

the ledges of limestone; and more than a sufficiency of laughing Lorettes, too gay by half for the gravity of mountain scenery. Young unmarried ladies, too, are of no account here, as a matter of course. They are of none in any French society. Mere wall-flowers, they are coldly admired at a distance not much less than the snow-clad summits; and are never approached except through the medium of their more accessible mammas.

"Nor is the life of the provinces left unrepresented *dans les bains*. The chateaux of the neighbouring departments send whole families to spend the dog-days under the shadow of the mountains. But the provincial dame bears about the same relation of inferiority to the Parisian, as the secondary towns of France do to the metropolis. She is a more or less unsuccessful imitation of a perfection of accomplishment, a grace of manners, an elegance of conversation, and a taste in adornment, which are native to the seat of the world's fashion; and which, with rare exceptions, can neither be born nor bred in provincial stations. Do what she will, she cannot lift her skirts over a mountain torrent as the lady of the Faubourg St. Germain does over the town gutters. And this is one test of gentility. Whether the fault lies in her shoes not being so well fitted, or her ankles so well turned, or where it lies, I never could discover; but the fact is, one would sooner be tempted to kneel down in the mud of the Boulevards to arrange a lady's shoe-string, than on the greenest grass of Normandy or Provence. There is a certain air of inferior breeding in a Frenchwoman who has not lived in Paris, scarcely to be counterbalanced by the possession of beauty even. In her own chateau, she appears well enough, and fitting the place: but out of it, she loses the fine balance of the graces. She is no cosmopolitan. Her more cultivated rival, on the contrary, never appears to be out of her natural sphere, place her where you will. The world over, she is at home. Be her seat a silken sofa, or a grassy bank, a chair in the gardens of the Tuilleries, or a rock in the mountains, she makes it at once a throne; a throne whence with gentle sceptre she rules the empire of all gallant men's hearts.

"French gentlemen (like French children), are generally a nuisance at the watering-places. The wits of the town,

who illumine the Parisian night with bon mots and repartees, are entertaining enough in the *salon*; on the road, likewise, Frenchmen are invariably the most amusing and agreeable of traveling companions; but, in the country, these same persons furnish as good specimens of the *bore*, pure and simple, as can anywhere be met with. They seem entirely out of their element, having no eye for beauty of scenery, or taste for rural pleasures; not knowing how to subdue themselves to sentiment; and making a very poor fist at writing verses. Equally misplaced are the politicians, who, congregating by themselves under every shade, spend their mornings in rabid discourse about the government and the state of the country—or did so in the days of the Republic. Nor less incongruous in these rustic scenes are the laced and spurred officers of the army, who come here to bathe their scars of service; and to bedew their epaulettes, if they can, with drops more precious than those that trickle from the rocks. You wish them all, officers, politicians, and wits, well out of the mountains. They may understand perfectly, the philosophy of the life Parisian; but they know not what to do with themselves on hill and brook-sides. They lack sentiment."

This extract shows the genial eye and graceful hand, the discrimination and good sense, which make such a small book of sketches superior to many very large volumes of details which tell nothing. We can give but one other taste of this sparkling work, which, if it lead our readers to the volume itself, will introduce them to the pleasantest account of the aspects of Spanish life with which any tourist has enriched our literature.

"Spanish life is pretty well filled up with holidays. The country is under the protection of a better-filled calendar of saints than any in Christendom, Italy, perhaps, excepted. But these guardians do not keep watch and ward for naught: they have each their "solid day" annually set apart for them, or, at least, their afternoon, wherein to receive adoration and tribute money. The poor Spaniard is kept nearly half the year on his knees. His prayers cost him his *pesetas*, too; for, neither the saints will intercede nor the priests will absolve, except for cash. But his time spent in ceremonies the Spaniard counts as nothing. The fewer days the laborer has to work, the happier is he. These are the dull prose of

an existence essentially poetic. On holydays, on the contrary, the life of the lowest classes runs as smoothly as verses. If the poor man's *porron* only be well filled with wine, he can trust to luck and the saints for a roll of bread and a few onions. Free from care, he likes, three days in the week, to put on his best—more likely, his only bib-and-tucker—and go to mass, instead of field or wharf duty. He is well pleased at the gorgeous ceremonies of his venerable mother-church: at the sight of street processions, with crucifix and sacramental canopy, and priests in cloth of purple and of gold. The spectacle, also, of the gay promenading, the music, the parade and mimic show of war, the free theatres, the bull-fights, the streets hung with tapestry, and the town-hall's front adorned with a flaming full length of Isabella the Second—these constitute the brilliant passages in the epic of his life. Taking no thought for the morrow after the holyday, he is wiser than a philosopher, and enjoys the golden hours as they fly. Indeed, he can well afford to do so; for, in his sunny land of corn and wine, the common necessities of life are procured with almost as little toil as in the bread-fruit islands of the Pacific.

"All the Spaniard's holydays are religious festivals. There is no Fourth of July in his year. His mirth, accordingly, is not independent and profane, like the Yankee's. Being more accustomed also to playtime, he is less tempted to fill it up with excesses. It is in the order of his holyday to go, first of all, to church; and a certain air of religious decorum is carried along into all the succeeding amusements. Neither is his the restless, capering enjoyment of the Frenchman, who begins and ends his holydays with dancing; nor the chattering hilarity of the Italian, who goes beside himself over a few roasted chestnuts and a monkey. The Spaniard wears a somewhat graver face. His happiness requires less muscular movement. To stand wrapped in his cloak, statue-like, in the public square; to sit on sunny bank, or beneath shady bower, is about as much activity as suits his dignity. Only the sound of castanets can draw him from his propriety; and the steps of the *fandango* work his brain up to intoxication. Spanish festal-time, accordingly, is like the hazy, dreamy, voluptuous days of the Indian summer, when the air is as full of calm as it is of splendor, and when the pulses of Nature beat full, but feverless.

"The holyday is easily filled up with pleasures. The peasant has no more to do than to throw back his head upon the turf, and tantalize his dissolving mouth by holding over it the purple clusters, torn from overhanging branches. The beggar lies down against a wall, and counts into the hand of his companion the pennies they have to spend together during the day—unconscious, the while, that the sand of half his hours has already run out. The village-beauty twines roses in her hair, and looks out of the window, happy to see the gay-jacketed youngsters go smirking and ogling by. The belles of the town lean over their flower balconies, chatting with neighbors, and raining glances on the throng of admirers who promenade below. Town and country wear their holyday attire with graceful, tranquil joy. Only from the cafés of the one, and the *ventorillo*s of the other, may perchance be heard the sounds of revelry; where the guitar is thrummed with a gayety not heard in serenades; where the violin leads youthful feet round of pleasures, too fast for sureness of footing; and where the claque of the castanets rings out merrily above laugh and song, firing the heart with passions which comport not well with Castilian gravity."

"Gan-Eden, or Pictures of Cuba," is a book in the same strain and of the same character as "Cosas de España," but written with even more exuberant and youthful enthusiasm. It is one of the books which, when you have read, you seem to have traveled; a kind of aromatic talisman that transports you to foreign lands without packing or seasickness. We cannot quote as we would from its luxuriant pages, but we mention it as another poetic, and scholarly, and brilliant contribution to the literature of travel.

The "Notes of a Theological Student" are quiet sketches in Europe and the East, written, with winning simplicity, by a gentleman whom we should suppose to be of the most gentle, religious, charitable, and classical cultivation. Although called the notes of a theological student, there is nothing in them which could annoy the most nervous sectarian. The author is evidently a Calvinist, but, if all Calvinists were like him, it could never be insinuated that the sect had inherited more grit than grace from their great founder. The sketches are slight, nor are they in any other way so strik-

ing, as by the sweet and unruffled Christian spirit which pervades them. The portraits of German celebrities particularly, are characteristic and thoughtful.

"Art, Scenery, and Philosophy in Europe, being fragments from the portfolio of the late Horace Binney Wallace, Esquire, of Philadelphia," is the title of a book which is among the most remarkable and valuable in American esthetic literature. Indeed, there have rarely been such thoughtful, profound, delicate, and subtle criticisms upon Art, anywhere, as those of Mr. Wallace. His mind was clearly gifted with the keenest perceptions, and exquisitely cultivated. His style has the extreme philosophic precision united to imaginative richness. His reputation, while he lived—for he died at thirty-five—was limited and uncertain. His friends were his lovers and laureates; and, until the appearance of the present volume, the

public knew him only in their fair report. We mention his work here, not to examine it in detail, but only to present it to our readers, hoping at some other time to do it that justice which it demands. We quote its name as another illustration of the variety and value of our books of travel.

The American literature of travel has this peculiar interest, that it is the judgment of the New World upon the Old; and, in a certain way, the homage of the Future to the Past. Even the commonplaces of Europe have a little romance for us. Distances of time and space are full of enchantment, and if our tourists often betray the boasting eagerness and crude enthusiasm of the boy, they also show his fresh feeling for whatever is truly beautiful and grand, his quick homage to whatever is heroic, and his pensive pleasure in contemplating the fading forms of a society which has had no type in his own national experience.

ROBERT OF LINCOLN.

MERRILY swinging on briar and weed,
Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountain-side or mead,
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name;
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Snug and safe is that nest of ours,
Hidden among the summer flowers.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln is gaily drest,
Wearing a bright black wedding coat;
White are his shoulders and white his crest,
Hear him call in his merry note,—
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Look, what a nice new coat is mine,
Sure there was never a bird so fine.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,
Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,
Passing at home a patient life,
Broods in the grass while her husband sings
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Brood, kind creature; you need not fear
Thieves and robbers while I am here.
Chee, chee, chee.

Modest and shy as a nun is she;
 One weak chirp is her only note.
 Braggart and prince of braggarts is he,
 Pouring boasts from his little throat,—
 Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
 Spink, spank, spink;
 Never was I afraid of man;
 Catch me, cowardly knaves, if you can.
 Chee, chee, chee.

Six white eggs on a bed of hay,
 Flecked with purple, a pretty sight!
 There as the mother sits all day
 Robert is singing with all his might
 Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
 Spink, spank, spink;
 Nice good wife, that never goes out,
 Keeping house while I frolic about.
 Chee, chee, chee.

Soon as the little ones chip the shell
 Six wide mouths are open for food;
 Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,
 Gathering seeds for the hungry brood.
 Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
 Spink, spank, spink;
 This new life is likely to be
 Hard for a gay young fellow like me.
 Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln at length is made
 Sober with work, and silent with care;
 Off is his holiday garment laid,
 Half forgotten that merry air,
 Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
 Spink, spank, spink;
 Nobody knows but my mate and I
 Where our nest and our nestlings lie.
 Chee, chee, chee.

Summer wanes; the children are grown;
 Fun and frolic no more he knows;
 Robert of Lincoln's a humdrum crone;
 Off he flies, and we sing as he goes
 Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
 Spink, spank, spink;
 When you can pipe that merry old strain
 Robert of Lincoln come back again.
 Chee, chee, chee.

TWICE MARRIED.

MY OWN STORY.

[Continued from page 544.]

CHAPTER V.

THE male Yankee is born into the world with a latent desire in his heart to leave his home and go abroad to seek a fortune. No sooner is he weaned than this quality of his nature begins to be developed. It grows with his growth and strengthens with his strength, until, at last, like the instinct of the swarming bee, it irresistibly impels him to quit the shelter of his native roof, and begin the world on his own account, at a distance from the scenes of his brief childhood. But to this, like every other general rule, there are exceptions. This enterprising characteristic of the Yankee race is lacking in the constitution of some individuals; or, at least, is so dormant, sluggish, and imperfectly developed, that its feeble promptings fail to bring about the usual results. Such a Yankee, of the present generation, is like unto the salt that has lost its savor. Possessing, usually, to a marked degree, all the evil qualities peculiar to his countrymen, as well as his share of those that are common to mankind in general, yet wanting, withal, the stern, untiring energy of will, and bold adventurous spirit by which the national character is ennobled and distinguished, he is apt to be a sneaking, small-souled fellow, whose shrewdness is but petty cunning, whose religion is only a slavish fear of the devil, whose piety is nothing more than a hypocritical show of sanctity, whose morality is a habit, begotten by the caution of a cold, unimpassioned nature, fearful to offend against public opinion, and whose love of country is a mere cat-like attachment to the spot where his eyes first blinked in the light of day.

Young Joab Sweeny was a perfect specimen of this narrow-minded class of home-keeping Yankee youth. While, with but few exceptions, his school-fellows had gone forth into the world, to begin the battle of life among strangers, he still remained a contented inhabitant of the Niptuck valley, a clerk in his father's store, waiting until the worthy deacon should be, in the fullness of time, transferred from the church militant to the church triumphant.

He was a tall, loose-jointed, broad-faced youth, with straight black hair—except where he was prematurely bald—a pair of thin, silky whiskers; large, bony, white hands, and two long, spindling legs—the cause of his great stature—terminating in large, unshapely feet. He was narrow-shouldered, hollow-chested, and stooped in his gait; but as, in consequence of the nature of his employment, his pale and pimply face was not embrowned by the sun, like the farmer's boys', nor his hands, like theirs, hardened with toil, as he was usually dressed with comparative neatness and precision, wore a white neck-cloth, a watch and seals, a paste brooch in his shirt-bosom, and rings upon his fingers, and was accustomed to practice the suavities of his craft, he obtained and enjoyed among the ladies of Walbury, both young and old, the reputation of being an extremely good looking young man, of a remarkably genteel figure, and most engaging address; and there was many a pretty damsel in the congregation that each Sunday assembled in the ancient meeting-house, who, in her heart, envied Lucy Manners the happy fortune that fate was supposed to have in store for her, as the chosen bride of young Joab Sweeny.

Like almost every other clerk in a country store, Joab had a marvellous taste and talent for psalmody. He played the flute and bass-viol with equal facility of execution—as, indeed, well he might, having abundant leisure for practice—and, moreover, sung tenor with a loud, flaring voice, and that peculiar nasal twang and intonation, by which godly, old-fashioned New Englanders are wont to be greatly edified. The possession of these accomplishments, together with the circumstance of his being a wealthy deacon's son, and a church-member in his own right, greatly favored his success in a little intrigue, which resulted in the deposition of the ancient leader of the choir, and his own elevation to the post thus made vacant.

At the stated semi-monthly meetings of the Sewing Circle and Dorcas Society, held alternately at the houses of the members during the winter season,

young Joab rarely failed to be present, in the evening after tea. On these social occasions he chiefly affected the company of the numerous and influential band of elderly maiden ladies, with whom he was eminently popular. It was really a spectacle well worth the looking at, to see this exemplary young man, dressed in sober black and smooth and spotless linen, with nicely combed hair and carefully brushed whiskers, sitting, at such times, primly upright, with knees and elbows bent at right angles, his thumbs sticking upwards, holding on his arms a skein of yarn for Miss Tabitha Graves to wind upon a ball, and meanwhile retailing to the group of admiring spinsters some piece of village scandal, selected from the vast fund of gossip which his position behind his father's counter enabled him to accumulate, or joining, with a great, choking, gurgling laugh, in the applause which his feminine friends were wont to bestow upon every sally of wit and smart speech that he essayed to utter.

It is not to be marveled at that Joab, conscious of his merits, and aware of the existing treaty by which the elders had agreed upon the match between himself and his cousin Lucy, it is not wonderful, I say, that Joab looked forward to the term of courtship, without a doubt of its being succeeded by the blissful season of the honeymoon. Indeed, as he remarked to his worthy mother, it seemed like a mere matter of form to court Lucy at all, or even to ask her own consent. "It's all a settled thing," said he, "and what's more, I and she both know it, and there ain't no rubbin' on't out. What's the use, then, in runnin' up to Uncle Starr's every Sunday night a-courtin'? What on earth shall we find to talk about for so many evenings? You see, mother," continued Joab, remembering with secret awe and rage the cold, brief sentence and haughty look with which Lucy had returned his greeting; "you see she's been gone from home so long, and has grown so big and stuck up, I don't feel acquainted and familiar with her as I used to."

"Law," replied Mrs. Axy, "'taint needful to keep a talkin' to a gal all the time. Why, yer father, when he used to come a courtin', I've known him to set, and set, sometimes for an hour together, and skurse ever open his mouth, without it was to spit into the fire.

But, talkin' or no talkin', go you must, for how would it look to be a courtin' a gal, and not go and set up a spell with her o' Sunday nights. Your Uncle Starr wouldn't like it, and, besides, you orter go ef for nothin' only to keep other fellers away."

"Well," said Joab, "I suppose I can't do no less; and then again, I expect I must make her presents, once in a while. Now, I consider that's down-right foolish. If I wasn't sure of having her, why, I shouldn't mind it so much, for it would kind o' seem to be a part of the expense of winning her; but as it is, it does really appear to me just like money thrown away."

"Well, as for that, Joab," replied the shrewd mother, "do you just mind to give her only them kind of presents as will last, and be useful after marriage. They'll all be your'n agin, then, you know."

In fine, both Joab and his mother, not without reason, looked upon the matter of the proposed marriage as something immutable, and were disposed to view the usual preliminaries of courtship in the light of tedious formalities, rendered necessary only by the force of imperative custom. When, therefore, at Joab's second Sunday night visit, he ventured, after much bashful circumlocution, to suggest to Lucy that perhaps it would be about as well, first as last, for them to ratify the contract already negotiated by their parents, he was informed by the young lady, in a very curt and decided manner, that she wished to take time to consider, before promising compliance. He was completely dumbfounded with angry surprise and perplexity. The deacon's wife, too, when she was told of this perverse conduct on the part of her niece, was, at first, almost speechless with indignation; albeit, when she did find her tongue, she made herself ample amends for the temporary inability to use it. "The little pert, stuck-up hussy," said she; "the nasty, ugly, little trollop!" applying, if you can believe me, these unsavory epithets to our charming Lucy; "she wants time to think on't, does she? Let her father get hum from Har'ford, and we'll see! He'll make up her mind for her, I guess! He'll let her and her meddin' fool of a mother know who's master. But Betsy Dashleigh needn't think she's a-goin' to break up this match. She can't alwus

lead Starr by the nose, and this time she'll find it out. Oh—h—h!" cried Mrs. Sweeny, shutting her teeth with a strong aspiration; "how I should like to give that woman a piece of my mind!"

During the week which followed next after this unexpected check, Colonel Manners arrived at home. Shad time having gone by, and given place to the haying season, the General Assembly had finished its labors in a hurry, and had adjourned without day. It was not long, I warrant you, before the Colonel was informed of the discouragement which Joab had received in the prosecution of his suit. "Pooh! pooh! Axy," said he, in reply to his irate sister, "you've jest got yourself into a fret for nothin'. Why, I had a talk with the gal to Harford, not a month ago! She knows she's a-goin' to have Joab, and expects to, like a dootiful darter; but don't ye see, she wants the privilege of doin' and sayin' jest as if it wa'n't all agreed on. When wimmen don't have their own way, they alwus like to play they do, anyhow. It's natural for her to act jest as she does. I don't blame her a mite. Joab, I hain't no doubt, talked jest as if he had a mordidge on her, and could foreclose any minnit, and that kind o' riled her, for she's full o' spirit, now I tell ye. Jest let him keep a-goin' to see her reglar, and let him act kind o' softly and perlite and genteel, jest as if he didn't know nothin' o' no agreement, but depended on gettin' her willin' himself, and was obliged to afore he could expect to have her, and let him ask her to play on her pianny-forty, and bring down his flook, and play with her, and my word for't, it'll all come right."

"Anyhow, you'd better speak to her, and let her know there ain't no gettin' off," said the deacon's wife.

"I sha'n't do no such a thing," replied the colonel, positively. "It'll only jest make her set agin it. There ain't no hurry. Let things take their natural course."

The Colonel was decided; and his sister, after scolding to her heart's content, was obliged to acquiesce.

One fine morning, soon after the colonel's return, John Dashleigh, with a gang of hands, began to mow the barn-lot, and for the next four weeks the Colonel was so busy looking on, while John and his men gathered in the plen-

tiful harvests of hay, rye and oats, that he had little time to give heed to the matter of Joab's courtship. Each morning he was stirring by the time that the birds began to sing, and he went to bed every night as soon as he had eaten a hearty supper, and snored away till day broke again, with scarcely a pause. Never had the crops been heavier; never had there been a finer season for securing them; and never had even Andrew Bunn himself given the Colonel such complete satisfaction in the performance of this labor, as did his new overseer, John Dashleigh. The Colonel was loud in his praises: "he is the best farmer I ever see of his age," he would say to his wife; "so handy and keerful. Yo don't ketch him a sojerin' and takin' the long end of the lever because he's capt'in. He jist takes the lead, and says he, 'come on,' and the feller don't live that can cut his corners. And then he's so much tact and kalkelation for so young a chap. Actilly, he gets more work out of five men, and keeps 'em all the time good-natered and ambitious, than any head-man I ever had could out of seven."

And it was, indeed, a sight right well worth beholding, to see John Dashleigh at the head of his file of men, sweeping away before him the tall herds-grass, laden with glittering dew-drops, at every steady swing of his long scythe-blade, and leaving behind him a broad swath, wider by six inches than that of any of his followers. At least this was Lucy's opinion, as she watched him one morning from her chamber-window, and took silent note of the fine proportions of his tall figure, displayed, it must be confessed, to the best advantage in the graceful motions of his labor. And as often as she met him in the house, at meal times and noonings, in spite of his apparel, coarse and often soiled, and in spite of the sweat and dust of toil that frequently disfigured his merry face, she never failed to think what a good-looking man was her cousin John.

In New England, during the severe labors of the hay-harvest, the "men-folks" are a privileged class. When, answering to the welcome summons of the dinner-horn, their whoop is heard faintly sounding from the distant field, forthwith ensues a bustle in the farmer's kitchen, and by the time the sweaty

band arrive and have laved their sun-browned faces in cool water, at the stone trough by the well-curb, the substantial dinner is steaming upon the table. No meagre diet doth the Yankee hay-maker feed upon; but hearty beef and pork, garnished with garden-sauce in season; new potatoes, beets, beans and peas, green corn and succotash. The best that the house affords is set ungrudgingly before him, and, though he be a negro, he is served at his meals by the mistress herself and her white-armed daughters.

Lucy used to take an especial pleasure in waiting upon John, as he sat like a baron at the head of the table; helping him to choice morsels of the viands, filling his glass with cool water or sparkling cider, and, in fine, anticipating all the wishes of his appetite. Many a dainty pie and loaf of cake found its way into the luncheon-basket, that would have remained in the buttery if it had not been for Lucy's providence. The Colonel's hands, that summer, fared sumptuously every day, both in the house and in the field. "Tell ye," said old black Tite, one day, moved to enthusiasm by discovering in the bottom of the firkin a half a dozen cups of custard, and a bottle of currant wine; "ef Joab Sweeny dontjis get a prize, when he gets Miss Loosy, den der ain't no bumble-bees."

In the evening, when the toil of the long, sultry day was over, John, after making himself tidy, would frequently go into the parlor, where he would find Lucy and little Ellen, between whom a very ardent friendship had been revived, so that they were seldom apart. Lucy always welcomed him with a smile, that made him forget in a single moment the weariness occasioned by a whole day of hard labor. She would insist upon his taking a seat in the big rocking-chair; and then going to the piano, she would play over his favorite airs. She had a sweet little warbling voice, like a canary bird's; just suited to the songs that John most loved to hear; and I do not believe that either Jenny Lind or Sonntag ever sung to so admiring an auditory as Lucy used to have at these pleasant little concerts, in the evenings of the haying season. Little Ellen thought her cousin Lucy the handsomest and most accomplished creature in the world, and John's good

opinion was not a whit the less exalted. Sometimes, when Lucy got tired of playing and singing, she and Ellen would go and sit down together on the threshold of the front doorway, with their arms around each other's waists. John would take his place upon the broad step-stone at their feet; and there the three would sit in the still twilight, and talk about all manner of things. Lucy would tell over her reminiscences of the Misses Prumber's school, and relate numerous anecdotes of her schoolmates, until Ellen got to know all the young ladies by name as well as if she had actually been acquainted with them in person; and John was able, by means of Lucy's vivid descriptions, to recognize those of them who had been her companions on the occasion of his meeting her in the street at Hartford. Then John, in turn, would give accounts of the distant and wonderful Genesee country, and tell stories of wolves, bears, panthers and Indians, some of which were so frightful, heard in the dim, shadowy gloaming, that the girls would beg him to come and sit between them on the threshold.

Sometimes, when it was moonlight, they used to go out and sit on the bench, under the big elm, or stroll up and down the gravel walk in the front yard, or may be go across the street to the widow's cottage. It so happened, one night, that they found Mrs. Manners there, and they all had a very merry time together, listening to the anecdotes which the two matrons told of the baby-hood of Lucy and John. Mrs. Dashleigh gave, at great length, a minute and circumstantial account of the dangerous accident which had befallen Lucy when she was a two-year old, in falling down the cellar bulk-head, while John listened shudderingly, and thought what a gloomy, sad colored world it would have been if she had been killed. After this, the widow recalled to mind some funny baby-talk of Lucy's, and repeated it; and this suggested to Mrs. Manners, some queer speech or other which John had made while he was yet in petticoats. Both the ladies agreed with respect to the marvellous fondness which Lucy and John had manifested for each other in their childhood, and fortified their joint testimony by alternately relating corroborative incidents.

"And don't you remember, Polly," cried Mrs. Manners, offering her snuff-box to her sister, "how they always used to play they was husband and wife?"

"Law! well! I guess I do!" replied the widow. "I remember the first time his pa ever got him a new pair of boots; high ones, you know, with legs to 'em like men's—I recall—"

"Oh! I never shall forget it," cried Mrs. Manners, interrupting; "he come right up to our house, and walked in as proud—"

"And said," interpolated Mrs. Dashleigh.

"And, says he," continued Mrs. Manners, raising her voice and speaking more rapidly, so that her sister gave up the floor without further contest; "and, says he, a haulin' up his trowsers, so's to show his boot-legs; now, says he, I'm a man, like pa, and big enough to marry Lucy!"

"And, don't you think—" began the widow.

"And, if you'll believe me," pursued the irresistible Mrs. Manners, addressing John and Lucy, as if they were not themselves; "both them little creturs cried like babies, as they was, because Miss Graham, that was up to our house a tailorin', told 'em, real sort o' cross like, that they want nigh old enough yet."

"She was a spiteful cretur, that Miss Graham," said the widow.

"Indeed she was," replied her sister; "she went up that very night, and told the deacon's wife all about it, and Sally Blake, that was, Sally Bunn, that is now, told me afterwards, that madder woman she never heerd scold. Actilly, she whipped Sally, and sent her to bed without any supper, when the poor little gal hadn't done anything out of the way."

After this manner, the two elder ladies continued their gossip, to the infinite edification and amusement of their juniors. It was very late, indeed; nay, almost ten o'clock, when Mrs. Manners, at the conclusion of a narrative of the adventures of Lucy's first school-day, under John's guardianship, quietly slipped out into the kitchen, whither the widow directly followed her, leaving Lucy with John and Ellen in the front room. Presently, Mrs. Dashleigh returned, and upon being enquired of by

Lucy, declared that Mrs. Manners, having looked at the clock, had departed in a great haste, apparently quite forgetful that she was leaving Lucy behind her. Of course, when Lucy got up from her chair, and said that she must hurry home too, John rose also, and offered to be her beau across the street; and Ellen was going, too, but her mother told her it was too late, and that she must stay; at which, the little damsel was greatly dissatisfied.

It was a most lovely midsummer night; still, warm and fragrant. The moon, in a cloudless sky, was nearly at its full; and its rays, at this hour, almost vertical, came shimmering down through the dense foliage of the great elm that stood in the little lawn in front of Colonel Manners' house, and silvered the leaves of the lilacs and syringas which grew about the door. The clumps of shrubbery, and the fruit trees in the orchards, cast deep circular shadows upon the ground beneath them. The slender spire of the meeting-house steeple, in the village hard by, glistened like a silver needle, and stood up, strangely tall and far away into the deep blue sky. The intervale meadows, covered with a dense, low-lying mist, seemed like some broad river or wide arm of the sea; the nearer trees and copses looming up like islands, and the hills beyond, like the distant further shore. Even the sense of hearing aided the illusion; for the subdued murmur of the far off water-fall in the northern glen sounded to the ear so like the noise of surf upon a shelving sandy beach, that one suddenly set down upon the spot would have found it difficult to realize that he was in an inland district, many miles away from the sea. All else was breathlessly still, except the chirping of the crickets and katydids, and the hushed whisper of the zephyr among the leaves, that served only to make the silence audible.

Now, John Dashleigh, when he had deliberately made up his mind to do a thing, never dreamed of putting off, without good cause, the execution of his purpose; but proceeded at once to action, as soon as ever he was ready and had an opportunity. Though he had but little experience in love affairs, his common sense taught him that it was dangerous to be dilly-dallying and hesitating about declaring himself, and, withal, he had been by no means an

unobservant witness of the weekly recurrence of Joab's Sunday evening visits. He had, therefore, fully resolved to avail himself of the first favorable opportunity to tell Lucy that he loved her, and to ask of her the momentous question, whether there was any reason for him to hope that his love might be returned. I would not have it supposed, however, that John was confident of receiving a reply such as he wished to hear, for I firmly believe there was never in the world a lover more modest than he, or who was less sensible of his own merits. The hope that he cherished had just enough force to prompt him to avow his love. "There may be a chance for me," he would say to himself; and I assure you he was not the man to forego trying even one chance in a thousand, or to shrink with unmanly dread from learning thereby the fate in store for him.

John and Lucy had got no further than the gate of Colonel Manners' front yard, when he began. "Lucy," said he, with a tremor in his voice that he could not control, "before you go into the house, I wish to say something to you which, perhaps, may displease you—but until you bid me stop, or I see you are angry or annoyed, I shall speak on till I have finished."

Now, that little puss, Lucy, knew as well as John Dashleigh himself did what he was about to say; nevertheless, of course, as is the way with women at such times, when they are nothing loth to listen, she dissembled, and appeared to be unaware of John's intentions, and affected a cool surprise and faint wonder; though, if the truth were only known, it would appear that her heart was throbbing so wildly she was actually afraid John would hear its thumping. "Pray, cousin John," said she, as soon as she dared to trust her voice, "what can you be going to say to me that you think will displease me?" "I wish to tell you, Lucy," said John, replying to the question in the only manner that he was accustomed to use—that is to say, in the most straightforward way in the world—"I wish to tell you that I love you so well, that I cannot find words to express myself."

"Why—y! John!" cried Lucy, as if she were very much surprised, and affecting a reproachful manner.

"I have offended you, I know," said John, who, in his simplicity, thought

he had shocked his fair cousin by his audacious avowal; and his heart grew so heavy that it came near weighing him to the ground. He looked down into her face. There was never any thing so beautiful as it was in the soft moonlight that shone upon it. She did not raise her eyes, and he felt sure that she was angry. The feeble hope that hitherto had sustained him died away in his heart, and the void it left ached with a torture so intense that, in spite of his manhood, he could not endure it without complaint. The words came to his lips without his consent, even against his will. "Oh! God! I cannot bear it!" said he, in a tone so full of despair that Lucy looked up in a sudden fright, and the roguish smile which he had not observed vanished from her lips. She saw the expression of keen agony apparent upon his pale features; and the instinct of coquetry—which I regret to say had a place in her heart—was at once shamed and subdued, by the sight of his distress. She felt almost appalled at finding herself loved with such a strength of passion; and the deep springs of womanly tenderness welled up in her heart with a sudden overflow. She had suspected herself, before, of loving John, though she had not been entirely certain; but from that moment she never doubted again that he was dearer to her than all the world besides.

It may not be fair, even for an author, to expose to the world the secrets of a maiden's heart, but the truth is that Lucy had been almost as strongly impressed by John's appearance on the occasion of meeting him on the street at Hartford, as he himself had been at seeing her. The young lady with whom she used to sleep at the Misses Primber's Seminary, and for whom she, at that time, entertained an undying affection, which was fully reciprocated—this young lady, I say, (who is, by the by, at the present time, a rosy matron with four chubby children,) can testify, that not long after the occasion which has just been alluded to, Lucy confessed to her, in a moment of confidence, that the Handsome Forester was her very beau-ideal of manly beauty; and that she wished "heaven had made her such a man," and had given him the means to dress a little more in accordance with the prevailing fashions. No small part of Lucy's surprise, when John dropped out of the pear tree, was due to her re-

cognition of Robin Hood in the person of the youth prostrate at her feet, and at finding him to be the cousin John of whom she had always preserved so affectionate a remembrance. As I have already told you, the womanly instinct which so seldom errs, revealed to her that John was in love with her; and when she came to reflect upon this discovery, she found that it afforded her a great deal of pleasure and satisfaction; though she did not as yet suspect how nearly the condition of her own heart resembled that of her cousin's. It was not a great while, however, before she detected herself thinking that, if Joab were only like John, how much less strong would be her aversion to the proposed marriage. She was alone in her room, before the glass, striving to coax the rebellious curls into something like order, and at first she hardly dared to meet the glance of her own eyes in the mirror. She felt that she was blushing; and so she leaned her head on the little white dimity toilet table, and did not look up again for a long while. She asked her heart the question, whether it was not that it loved John which caused her to wish that Joab resembled him; and in reply her deceitful little heart told her a falsehood, and persuaded her that the sentiment in question was nothing more than merely a warm cousinly regard and affection.

"You are to marry Joab, you know," whispered the heart, "and of course it is not wonderful you should wish him to be more like John; for Joab—between ourselves—is anything but lovable; while John," continued the heart, throbbing violently, "is a handsome, agreeable, noble, manly young fellow, who, if he had had the one-half of Joab's advantages, would have made just the lover and husband we have dreamed about sometimes."

"Mere cousinly regard!" repeated Lucy; "and are you sure that this is all?"

"Perfectly sure," faltered the heart.

"And ought I not to be somewhat careful of you, for fear lest I shall lose you?" says Lucy; "and should I not conduct myself towards John with a little more reserve?"

"Pooh!" replies the heart, "thank you for nothing; let me take care of myself; and do you treat John as he deserves; for he is a kinsman, worthy of your best cousinly love. But," con-

tinued the heart, with a flutter, "do as you please; I am not at all interested in the matter."

"But on John's account;" persisted Lucy. "Will not he get to loving me too much, and so be miserable when I am finally married to Joab?"

"You are a vain, conceited creature," replies the heart; concealing a pang of sudden pain, by retorting in this way; "how do you know that John loves you any more than he ought to love a cousin and an old playmate?" And even if he does love you a little more warmly than this, he will forget you easily" (and here there was another keen pang,) "and marry somebody else;" and here there came a third pang, so violent that Lucy burst into tears, and cried with her head still on the table, until at last she put out her light in a hurry, and got into bed, where, after a while, she sobbed herself to sleep.

Now, though the heart caused itself a deal of distress by suggesting this notion of John's marrying some other girl, it could not have done a thing which would have aided, to a greater degree, the deception of which it had been guilty. For Lucy was thereby persuaded to fancy herself thinking of John, as if he were already the lover and suitor of this imaginary mistress; and her heart kept on assuring her that of course there could be no danger of loving him too well. Besides, this idea prevented her from feeling for John that tenderness which would have alarmed her, and put her upon her guard. Indeed, there were sometimes, when this fancy was uppermost in her mind, that she carried herself towards him with a coolness and reserve which caused him no little pain. However, these occasions were unfrequent; for, as I have told you, in obedience to the impulses of her heart, she usually treated him with the kindness and distinction due to so near and worthy a kinsman. But when, on the night that John declared his love, Lucy was forewarned by his manner of his intention to do so, her treacherous little heart began to beat with such a tumultuous delight and sweet alarm, that it was no longer able to deceive its mistress; and, as I have already related, the emotion which filled her soul at the spectacle of John's anguish, caused by her supposed indifference, testified so plainly, with respect to the condition of her own feelings,

that she could not help being convinced. She acknowledged to herself that she loved him with all her heart; and then she hastened to relieve the pain that he was suffering. She took his hand, and without thinking of herself, or giving heed to the proprieties of maidenly reserve, she looked up straight into his face.

"John," said she, "dear John; if it will give you pleasure to know that—I—love you—"

When Lucy had got as far as this she hesitated, and then paused; for she saw that she had said enough for her purpose; and, besides, it is somewhat of an enterprise, for a lady to tell a gentleman, for the first time in the world, that she loves him, except in a whispered monosyllable, by way of reply to an urgent and oft repeated question. But, notwithstanding the incompleteness of the sentence, John thought he had never before heard anything so perfect. He could hardly believe his senses, and he would have doubted the evidence of his ears, but that this testimony was corroborated by the soft and bewitching confusion of Lucy's manner; for, no sooner had she ceased speaking, than she dropped her eyelids, and looked down upon the ground, her head drooping with modest concern, at the boldness of her speech; while her face was suffused with a charming blush, that could be perceived even by the moonlight.

For a single moment John stood still and uncovered his head. I am not not ashamed to confess, that during this brief pause he uttered a fervent thanksgiving to the good God. The impulse of every man's heart prompts him, when suddenly made conscious of the gift of a great blessing, or when first assured of deliverance from great peril, to do what John Dashleigh did; but it is not every one who, like him, would obey his good impulses at such a time. Lucy observed this emotion of gratitude, and its devout expression; and I assure you that she loved him none the less, but rather the more, for that the first impulse of his adoration had been not towards her, but to the great Giver of all good gifts.

I shall not relate further what was said and done by John and Lucy, during the remainder of the time they were together that memorable evening; because, as they talked mostly in whispers, and low murmurs, audible only to

themselves, it is plain enough that they did not wish to be overheard and reported. Let it suffice, then, to say that when, an hour afterwards, they parted at the step-stone of the front door, and he took advantage of the shadow of a lilac-bush to press a prolonged kiss upon her lips, he had a perfect and indefeasible right so to do. She was entirely willing to be bidden good-night in that pleasant fashion,—as well, indeed, she might be—for she had promised to marry John, and he had promised to marry Lucy.

When Lucy went into the house she found her mother sitting up and waiting for her. As soon as she took off her bonnet, looked up at the clock, and, in a whisper, began to stammer excuses for staying out so late, her mother laid down her knitting work, and looked up into her blushing face with such a shrewd, kind, knowing, enquiring smile, that Lucy was persuaded by it not to put off the confession which she had resolved to defer until the morning, but to tell at once what had happened. She was a little embarrassed, and at a loss how to begin; but when her mother put her arm about her waist, and kissed her head, as she leaned it against her bosom, and whispered softly, "tell me all about it, my child," the words came of themselves, right out of her full heart.

They sat there together until the candle burned down to its socket, talking in whispers; while in the bedroom hard by, the good Colonel, against whose cherished project they were plotting, tired with his afternoon's labor in the hayfield, slept, oblivious of the danger and his cares. Once in a while his sonorous, measured snoring would cease for a moment, and the two women would listen with bated breath, until, with a vigorous puff and snort, the sleeper would start off again upon another heat, and the whispered conference would be resumed. At last, when the tall, old-fashioned clock in the corner began to splutter its warning, before striking the hour of two, Mrs. Manners kissed the glowing cheek of her daughter, and with another low murmured assurance that she herself would manage to bring everything to a happy result, bade her good-night; and Lucy, after returning her mother's kiss, lit her candle and tripped up stairs, with a heart as light as love and hope could

make it, and her eyes as sparkling and wide awake as they had ever appeared of a morning, after a long, sound night's slumber. When she got up into her chamber, she put her light down upon the table, and went to the open window, to look out upon the bench under the big elm tree; a spot evermore to be endeared to her by having been the place where she and her lover had plighted faith to each other.

The moon was still shining brightly, and she was not little startled at beholding John Dashleigh, standing with Boatswain in the shadow of the tree. He was not so far off but that she could hear him speak, in a low, quick tone, as she came to the window. "Don't be afraid," said he, advancing towards the house as he spoke, until he came and stood among the thick lilac-bushes that grew before the parlor windows. "It's me," said John, again looking up.

"But why have you not gone home?" whispered Lucy, secretly pleased, withal, that her lover had not found it in his heart to go to bed like a sensible man, but had preferred to stay out in the moonlight, haunting the neighborhood of the big elm, during the short hours.

"I saw that you did not go up to your room," replied John, "and so I have been waiting and watching. You have been talking with Aunt Betsy?"

"Yes;" said Lucy with great vivacity, "and it's all right! I have told her everything, and, just as we thought, she is on our side! Hurrah!"

"And what does she say?" asked John, eagerly.

"I mustn't, on any account, tell papa, at present. She will manage all that—"

"And Joab?"

"Ah! that's the worst of it, John. She says that I must let Joab continue his horrid visits, though I may tell him that I don't like either him or his visits, and will never be willing to marry him. After that, she says, he can have no reason to complain whatever may happen."

"Well," said John, in a doubtful tone, "for my part I must own that I think the plainest and most straightforward way is, usually, the best way. However, Aunt Betsy is a very wise and sensible woman, and—"

At this moment, Boatswain, upon

whose doggish nature and sensibilities the moonlight had been exercising its wonted influence, and who, besides, though evidently unwilling to entertain ill-natured suspicions, concerning John's motives in lurking about the house at midnight, had, nevertheless, in secret, been greatly disturbed in his mind thereby, Boatswain, I say, suddenly threw back his head, stuck his nose into the air, and through the wide calibre of his capacious throat gave vent to an obstreperous howl, which was intended partly as a serenade to the man in the moon, and partly by way of respectful, but earnest remonstrance against the further continuance of John's singular and ill-timed proceedings.

"Heavens! what a noise!" cried Lucy, who had been at first almost scared out of her wits by Boatswain's outcry.

"Hush-sh, hush up! get out, you brute!" cried John, stamping on the ground.

"Ow-ow-oo-o-o-woo," howled the dog, still with his muzzle pointing towards the zenith, but looking sideways at John with an intelligent leer, as if he would say, "I'm right, and you know it. You ought to be a-bed at this time o'night, and not be here under Lucy's window. You're a young man, and a friend of mine, and probably don't mean any harm; but your conduct isn't proper, can't help saying so—ow ow-oo-woo."

John's conscience was smitten by this reproof, which was as intelligible as if it had been uttered in the plainest English. So he threw up a kiss to Lucy, and she dropped one down to him, and they bade each other good-night. Then Lucy pretended to draw the curtains close, but left a peep-hole through which she watched John as he went along down the gravel walk, accompanied by Boatswain, who appeared to be exceedingly gratified at his retreat; though, to be sure, when John turned to latch the wicket after him, the dog came up and licked his hand, snuffing and wagging his tail with an apologetic manner; as if to express a hope that no offense whatever would be taken at his well-meant outcry, but that the cordial friendship, which ever since the affair of the pear-tree had subsisted between them, might, notwithstanding, continue unbroken.

John stood upon the doorstep of his mother's cottage until he saw the light extinguished in Lucy's room. Then, softly pressing the latch, and gently pushing the door ajar, he went in, and was walking on tiptoe across the narrow kitchen floor, towards the stairs that led to his attic, when he heard his mother's voice calling to him in a subdued but distinct tone. He turned and went to the door of her little bedroom. She was in bed, leaning on her elbow; while little Ellen slept soundly by her side, with the moonlight shining in upon her pretty face.

"I have disturbed you, I'm afraid, mother," said John.

"No, my son, I have not yet been asleep, to-night," said Mrs. Dashleigh, and then, in a moment after, she asked, "What does Lucy say?"

"Mother!" cried John, in surprise.

"Did you think, my darling, I had not guessed your secret?" said the widow. Then there was a pause, while the kitchen clock ticked loudly. "She is mine, mother," said John, at last. "Thank God!"

"Thank God," repeated the widow, suddenly lying down with her face upon the pillow. Poor woman; the instinct of a mother's heart had revealed to her that John was loving his fair cousin so well that his life's happiness was staked upon the issue. She had divined his resolution to leave his home and seek in absence to conquer his passion if he should fail to win Lucy's love.

"Then you know all, mother?" asked John.

"I knew that you loved Lucy," replied the widow, looking up.

"And aunt Betsy?"

"She went home alone to-night on purpose to give you the opportunity to

speak to Lucy which she thought you wished for."

"God bless her!" said John, with fervency.

"I have been watching you through the window all the livelong night," continued Mrs. Dashleigh. "I haven't had my eyes off from you since you first went out till you came to the door again. I saw you sitting on the bench with Lucy, in the shadow, and though I couldn't see you then so plain, I guessed you'd been successful. So I went to bed, but still kept peeping through the window; but when, after she went in, you stayed in the yard, walking about so like a distracted person, I feared all had gone wrong."

"No, mother," cried John, gaily; "all is right; at least," said he correcting himself, "all but getting Uncle Starr's consent; that yet remains to be done."

"Just leave that matter to your aunt Betsy," said his mother. "She can bring it about, she says; though I don't well see how. But now kiss me, and run to bed. You'll not feel like haying it to-morrow, poor boy."

"Humph!" said John, shaking himself; "why, mother, I could pitch a ton of hay over the big beam in five minutes, and not feel it! I'm as strong as an ox. Never fear that I shan't do a good day's work to-morrow. A light heart makes light labor."

And, in point of fact, when the sun went down after his next rising, John had performed such wonders in the hayfield, that to this day old Tite recounts them by way of illustrating his favorite theory of the degeneracy of the later generation; until at last the story has grown so marvellous as to be beyond sober belief.

(To be continued.)

THE LATE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

THE recent death of the Emperor Nicholas affords a fit occasion for placing on record some memorials of his life, with such reflections as may be suggested by an impartial survey of his career.

Nicholas was born in the year 1796. His birth took place at Gatchina, an Imperial country-seat about thirty miles from St. Petersburg. He was the third son of the Emperor Paul I. His elder brothers, Alexander and Constantine, were educated under the eye of the Empress-grandmother, Catharine, according to the French system in vogue during the latter part of the eighteenth century. Nicholas and his younger brother, Michael, remained in charge of their mother, a princess of Württemberg. She was a woman of great purity of mind, of just and elevated sentiments, and of warm domestic affections. Both of the brothers were children at the time of the terrible catastrophe, in which the life of their father was sacrificed. They could only remember him by the acts of paternal fondness which they were not too young to experience.

After the accession of Alexander I. to the throne, the Empress-mother continued to devote herself, with conscientious fidelity, to the education of her children. To her example and influence, the Emperor Nicholas was doubtless greatly indebted for his strong religious convictions, his masculine sense of honor, and the prevailing earnestness of his character. Among his early instructors, the most prominent was Storch, the celebrated writer on Political Economy, whom Nicholas was accustomed to refer to in after life with emphatic gratitude and commendation. The imperial pupil possessed a ready and tenacious memory, and uncommon quickness of perception; but the tendency of his intellect was more in the direction of the military sciences, engineering, and fortification, than of literature. After the overthrow of Bonaparte, the two brothers traveled over Europe, visiting England and the most celebrated capitals on the Continent. One of the Imperial party on this journey, was the well-known Prince Pashkiewitch, at that time a Lieutenant-General in the Russian service. In 1817,

Nicholas was married to a Princess of Prussia, sister of the present king. This union proved singularly happy. His wife was a woman of admirable consistency of character, remarkable for the modesty of her deportment, her mild and affectionate disposition, and her decided domestic tastes. From the period of his marriage, Nicholas led the life of a quiet private citizen, entering, with keen zest, into the pleasures of his fireside, and devoting himself to the happiness of his family, his mother, and a few intimate friends and favorites, to whom he was greatly attached. He found employment for his time in the cultivation of his talent for drawing and painting, and in military exercises with his regiments of guards.

In 1823, his brother Constantine, the heir-apparent to the crown, resigned his claims to the succession, and Nicholas took his seat at the cabinet councils, which were held, for the most part, under the direction of Count Araktsheff, whom Alexander, in the last years of his reign, had entrusted with almost unlimited power. The Count was of a haughty and domineering temper, violent in his prejudices, repulsive in his manners, and accustomed to treat almost every one with a certain degree of contempt, not even always excepting the young Imperial counsellor. The presence of Nicholas at the meetings of the cabinet was, indeed, a mere formality. At that time, he had given no promise of his future greatness, nor was the vigor of his character suspected even by his most familiar friends. He was regarded by the court, and by the public in general, as a man of ordinary stamp, without any presage of the qualities which subsequently ripened in the energetic, impulsive, and persistent Czar. Not that he ever assumed the mask of the hypocrite to conceal his natural endowments. Whatever may have been his faults, no one could justly charge him with insincerity. Both in his public and private relations, and to the latest moment of his life, his open and ingenuous disposition was free from every stain of duplicity. The germs of the eminence which he attained as sovereign of a vast empire were latent in his organization. They were quickened

into life, and luxuriantly developed by his accession to power, and by the electric influence of mighty events.

In the autumn of 1825, Alexander went to Taganrog, port on the sea of Azoff, for the benefit of his own declining health, and that of his wife the Empress Elizabeth. His condition was soon aggravated by an attack of the Crimean fever, and, after a short illness, he breathed his last. During the various stages of his malady—as no telegraph of any kind had then been introduced into Russia—couriers were despatched at least once a day from Taganrog to St. Petersburg, with bulletins from the physicians, announcing the state of the Emperor's health. About twelve hours before his death, a remarkable amelioration in his disease was apparent, and the intelligence was immediately announced to the Imperial family. As soon as it reached the capital, a thanksgiving service was ordered in the chapel of the palace, at which the Empress-mother, Nicholas, the rest of the family, and a few of the most intimate attendants on the Court, were present. On this occasion, Nicholas, for the first time probably, exhibited that devotion to his family and his country, and those energetic traits of character, which had hitherto escaped even the watchful eye of his fond mother.

Scarcely had the service begun, when another courier arrived with the tidings of the Emperor's death. The dispatch, whose contents were anticipated by the ominous black seal, was handed at once to Nicholas. He stepped to the priest, and the Te Deum was interrupted. The Empress-mother, who was seated in a chair near the altar, understood the meaning of the interruption, and fainted on the spot. Restored to consciousness, she exclaimed, "Poor Russia," probably distrusting the good faith of Constantine's resignation, and dreading a bloody strife between the brothers, with the inevitable consequence of civil war. Nicholas instantly beckoned to the priest, and ordering him to bring the Gospel and the Cross before his mother, immediately took the oath of allegiance to his elder brother, then residing in Warsaw. The mournful news was directly forwarded from Taganrog to Constantine. Its reception placed him in a painful dilemma. For nearly two days he hesitated to confirm his re-

signation, and to relinquish forever the hope of wearing the Russian crown. His better genius at length prevailed, and he sent his final decision to St. Petersburg, with his oath of allegiance to his brother Nicholas. Previously, however, in accordance with a senatorial ukase, the oath of allegiance to Constantine had been taken by the authorities in St. Petersburg, and in other parts of the Empire.

The discontented spirits in the capital, who had been seeking the opportunity for an outbreak, endeavored to take advantage of the occasion for the furtherance of their schemes. The mass of the people and of the soldiers were thrown into a state of dismal perplexity. Nicholas was represented as a usurper. Public feeling was excited against him, although the conspiracy, in fact, was directed, not against his person, but against the principle of autocracy. The insurrection broke out on the very day that was appointed for taking the oath of allegiance to the new Emperor. It was headed by several officers of the Guards, whose influence with the soldiery gained them over to the movement. The details of this unfortunate enterprise are generally familiar to the public; but the following incident has never before appeared in print.

The rendezvous of the Guards for paying their salute to Nicholas, on his accession to the Crown, was on the immense square before the Imperial Palace. It had been already rumored that some of the regiments in the barracks had determined not to take the oath. The people were roused to a high pitch of excitement in regard to the alleged usurpation, and began to gather in dark and threatening groups. The staff of the Emperor, with his aides-de-camp, many of whom commanded different regiments, went to the barracks to summon the soldiers to the rendezvous. Nicholas, accompanied only by a single person, the Baron Dellinghausen, a captain in the guards, appeared on the peristyle of the palace, to meet the people. The cry tumultuously arose from the crowd—"You are not the lawful Czar; you ought not to wrong your brother!" Nicholas stood calmly before the frantic multitude, and attempted to give a true explanation of the case. Different battalions, chiefly composed of the conspirators, already stood on the opposite side, shouting the name of Constantine

and of "Constitution," which, following the instructions of the officer, they believed to be the name of his wife. One of the generals, Baron Fredericks, who commanded a regiment of the Emperor's body-guard, had been wounded at the barracks. The colonel commanding under him, a Swiss, named Stuerler, was killed on the spot, by a stroke of the sword in the hands of Prince Shepine-Rostoffsky, a captain of a company, and one of the leading conspirators. The general was brought into the palace senseless, with the gaping wound in his throat, and carried before the Emperor. At the same moment a company of the regiment of Preobrajensky, led by captain Nassacken, marched rapidly towards the peristyle, halted at the distance of some thirty yards, and loaded their pieces at the command of the officer. For Nicholas, it was a moment of terrible suspense. He could not avoid the presumption that the soldiers before him were a band of armed conspirators. Turning quickly to Dellingshausen, he said, "I remain where I am. Do you go into the palace, and tell the Empress to conceal the hereditary Grand Duke." In the midst of personal danger, it was his principal care to preserve the life of the legitimate and direct successor to the throne. Dellingshausen went into the palace as directed, while the Czar remained alone to face the gathering tempest. The company of soldiers, after loading their pieces, resumed their precipitate march, penetrated the crowd, cleared the space before the peristyle, formed in a square, and turned their bayonets against the multitude. It was only then that Nicholas became aware of the friendly intention of the soldiers, who were the first to hasten to his rescue from the infuriated populace.

Upon the arrival of the loyal regiments at the Palace, they drew up in line, opposite the insurgents—the Czar, was again surrounded by a numerous staff, including all the generals in command, and the Grand Duke Michael, galloped off to the revolted troops, to demand an explanation of their conduct. The grenadiers of the body-guard, supposed to be the most determined in their disaffection, on being asked, "What are you doing, boys?" presented arms, saying, "We revolt, your Imperial Highness." Such were the elements at work.

The movement was soon suppressed. In justice to Nicholas, it must be said, that, he endeavored to avoid bloodshed, to the last extremity. He first ordered the artillery to fire over the heads of the masses. This attempt proved ineffectual and he was vehemently urged by his brother, and the generals, to hesitate no longer. A second volley was fired killing and wounding about four hundred of the insurgents. They now scattered in every direction. They were not hotly pursued, and succeeded in making their escape. At a subsequent period, the principal leaders of the revolt, were brought to trial, before a special board of military Commissioners, and the different sentences, pronounced by them, were not set aside by the Emperor.

The accession of Nicholas to power, was, accordingly, by a thorny and blood-stained path. But from the very commencement of his reign, he resolved to present an example of governing the country by absolute will, without the ceremony of a constitution. His faith in the principle of autocracy, was boundless. He aimed at once to efface from the memory of his people, the tragic circumstance which inaugurated his reign. Every branch of the government was burdened with colossal abuses. Some of these abuses were inherent in the principle of despotism, but the greater number of them were the effect of maladministration. The youthful Czar engaged in the work of reform, with energy and self-devotion. For months he labored with such intensity, as to impair his eye-sight. He endeavored to surround himself with new men—men, who were distinguished in public opinion, as well as at court, for their talents and integrity. The various branches of the administration, were entrusted to such persons. He wished to employ them in the higher departments of the Government, replacing the men of mere routine and tradition, with younger and more gifted individuals. But his judgment of character was far from infallible—in fact, he had little insight into human nature, and hence, though sometimes successful in the choice of his servants, he was often deceived by bold and ambitious pretenders. From this defect of perception, he never wholly recovered. He was obliged to make his selection from a comparatively limited number of

persons. In Russia, the administration is exclusively in the hands of the nobility, who, in respect of social and official position, are divided into fourteen classes. As a general rule, each class corresponds with a certain office, which cannot be filled by a person belonging to a higher or lower class. Promotion from one step to another in this scale, depends on the length of active service in each class; and accordingly the higher offices are bestowed in proportion to age, rather than to capacity. Semility is thus made to command a premium.

Nicholas perceived the disastrous effects of such an organization, and soon after his accession to the throne, attempted to make every office dependent on an examination as to character and ability. But this reform, like many others, died in embryo. Still, he subjected the machinery of State to a partial, and, of course, somewhat superficial re-organization. But on the whole, he may justly be called a reformer, and, indeed, in many respects, is entitled to the name of a creator. He eradicated many evils, or at least changed their forms and mitigated their effects. On the other hand, however, he spread the seeds of new evils, which, in some cases, were no less deleterious in their action than those which they supplanted. His intentions, it cannot be denied, were noble and elevated. In judging of their character, we should regard them from his own point of view. They always proceeded from deep and conscientious convictions. He executed many judicious reforms, while he abandoned others almost the moment after their conception. This vacillation in his policy forms one of the most remarkable features of his reign. Many of his best designs were frustrated by the cold and sullen opposition of those by whom he was surrounded. His own indecision added to the difficulty of execution. In the beginning of his reign, he proposed to alleviate the censorship of foreign and domestic publications, and to enlarge the freedom of the press. But in the course of his administration, the censorship became more severe than before. He was deeply convinced of the paralyzing influence of serfdom upon the national welfare and development. He sincerely desired its abolition, or at least, its essential modification. Yet serfdom survives him, subject to the same conditions as when he ascended

the throne. Nicholas wished to transform the serfs into owners of homesteads, on conditions not burdensome to them, or ruinous to the nobility, who heretofore had enjoyed absolute possession of the soil. He issued a ukase on this subject, but its provisions were never carried into effect. Afterwards, he proposed to secure the homestead as a dependence on the landlord, submitting the relations between proprietors and laborers to stringent rules, and placing every detail under the safeguard of the law. With this view he published a ukase concerning inventories, or the labor due from the serf to the proprietor, stating the remuneration to be received by the farmer in arable land, pasture, houses, cattle, and the like; but this ukase also failed to be put into execution.

The principal cause of this apparent unsteadiness of purpose in Nicholas was a deficiency of intellectual power. He was able to conceive and comprehend the general features of any important combination—in this respect, he was superior to all the Russian noblemen in his councils, as well as to all contemporary sovereigns—but he had not the capacity to disentangle and master the details of a project, so as to complete its practical realization. For this, he was obliged to depend almost entirely upon his ministers and other official functionaries. But they were usually opposed to his plans, and would lend no aid to their accomplishment. The narrowness of their mental vision, their long-cherished prejudices, their dread of innovation, and their attachment to the ancient, musty routine, forbade them to sympathize with his purposes, and arrayed them in hostility to his suggestions. No one, not even the most bitter enemy of Nicholas, can call in question his good intentions, or deny that he aimed at the highest good of his Empire. He wished to develop the intellectual powers of the nation, as well as to expand its immeasurable resources of a material character. But he attempted an impossibility in excluding from the motive powers, by which he would act on mind and matter, the most inspiring principle of human action—the love of liberty. In his opinion, Russia was never to throw off the swaddling-clothes of infancy. He committed numerous blunders—some of them proceeding from his temper, others from the

defects of his intellect; but they are chiefly to be ascribed to the impossibility of combining progressive civilization with the principle of authority, or worse still, with the exercise of privilege.

It is beyond the scope of this article to unfold the successive acts and events of his reign, or to trace the steps by which his character became tempered to the hardness of steel. Everything tended to inspire Nicholas with a sense of his own infallibility. He became dogmatic in judgment and arbitrary in will. His capacities gained new strength by exercise, his devotion to business increased his knowledge of affairs, and all his resources were conscientiously devoted to the administration of the government. Still he often proved unequal to the task. In the early portion of his reign, he consulted freely with his ministers and favorites, relying, in a great degree, on their opinions, and permitting himself to be guided by their superior information and experience. But, subsequently, he grasped the reins of empire with a strong hand, making use of his advisers as instruments to accomplish his plans. In this respect, he followed the example of Louis XIV. in his advanced age.

Among the most important acts of his government, was the formation of a systematic legal code, together with the melioration of the criminal law, including the abolition of the knout as a mode of punishment. In his principles of political economy, he was a decided protectionist. The prosperity of Russia was greatly promoted under this system, and to its early adoption she is now indebted for her power to resist the combined resources of the coalition. He organized the army, and in fact, created the navy. His time was principally occupied with the details of the military organization and the foreign policy of the government. He wished to reduce the whole nation to the strictness of military rule, believing that this would be the most effectual check to the progress of a free spirit among the younger portions of the population. Thus, he ordered the pupils in the gymnasiums and universities to wear uniform, and placed these institutions under the superintendence of military men. The medical and surgical schools in St. Petersburg were entirely under the control of the Minister of War. The department of civil engineering, the

construction of roads and canals of every description, the working of the mines, and the charge of public buildings, were all subjected to military regulations. Nicholas, himself, planned and directed the construction of various fortresses in person. He also cherished a strong predilection for architecture. He built several magnificent edifices; for example, the Church of St. Isaac. He restored and embellished the Kremlin, and various other palaces, in St. Petersburg and Moscow, and in other towns of the Empire. Nearly all the architectural plans of public edifices, especially in the cities which were the seats of any administrative departments, were submitted to his inspection and approval.

The first trial of his autocratic principles, in relation to the general policy of Europe, was occasioned by the revolution of 1830, and the insurrection of Poland. Nicholas was crowned as King of Poland, in Warsaw, in the year 1829. He took the constitutional oath, and accepted the position conscientiously; but, doubtless, not very willingly. He decided to give a faithful adherence to the Constitution, as it had been transmitted to him by his predecessor. Its main guaranties, such as the liberty of the press, personal freedom, the publicity of the deliberations of the Diet, and many others, had been successively violated since 1819, by the Emperor Alexander, and his obsequious agent in Poland, the Grand Duke Constantine. To all these encroachments, the nation submitted silently, though sullenly. The conspiracy, discovered in the year 1825, was not caused by the violation of the Constitution, but aimed at the restoration of ancient Poland. The nation at large, accordingly, did not utter any protest against the arbitrary changes in the Constitution. The immediate functionaries who introduced these violations, were Poles; men high in office, and most of them belonging to families of the highest distinction in the kingdom. Their influence produced a strong effect on public opinion. The Vice-King, his council, the council of state, and every minister, down to the lowest official, were all Poles, as not a single Russian, at that time, could have been employed. Nicholas took this mutilated Constitution as he found it. He opened the Diet in person, strictly enjoining on the Polish ministers—who had, hereto-

fore, tasted the delights of exercising arbitrary power—a severe observance of the law. He attempted, as far as possible, to mitigate the rage of his elder brother Constantine, who had been the real, if not the official ruler of Poland. As a compensation for his resigning the Imperial crown, Constantine claimed the uncontrolled sovereignty of that country.

Upon the breaking out of the insurrection in 1830, Nicholas did not hesitate, for a moment, to exercise all the power at his command for its suppression. The protracted issue of the struggle, which at one time, really menaced the position of Russia in Europe, aroused the wrath of Nicholas against the Constitution. Victorious in the end, he set aside the Constitution forever, but alleged the declaration of independence by the Poles as the cause of its suppression. He determined to incorporate this ill-fated nation with the Russian Empire, absorbing its existence in that vast political body. He, however, made a distinction, between the Polish insurrection, and the Russian revolt of 1825. The Russians he considered as his born subjects, and accordingly punished them with greater severity. But as the Poles were brought under the Imperial scepter by political events, their offense was visited with a comparatively lenient retribution. Of the principal Russian conspirators five were hung in St. Petersburg, while not a single Pole was put to death for the insurrection of 1830. It is true that most of the leaders had time to escape to other countries, and two hundred and sixty-seven were condemned to death for "contumacy;" but still several of the chiefs were captured, and among them, Lieutenant Wysocky, the originator and head of the whole conspiracy. His sentence was commuted by Nicholas to transportation for life; and he is still living in Siberia, near the frontier of China, where he owns large tracts of land, and has established a very lucrative manufacture of soap and candles. In the course of years, several small outbreaks of a guerrilla character, followed the great insurrection. A few Russians were killed unawares; and on account of the treacherous and sanguinary nature of these outrages, their perpetrators were instantly shot. It must be said, in justice to Nicholas, that during his whole reign, not more than 400

Poles, at the utmost, were transported to Siberia—some of them for life, and others for a limited time. Although this number is considerable, it still falls short of the current representations in regard to the enormous masses of the transported. These unhappy victims were scattered over the portions of Siberia, that were capable of being cultivated, and now form agricultural and manufacturing colonies.

Among all the Russian ministers and statesmen, Nicholas alone cherished no hatred or animosity toward the Poles. He, indeed, regarded the restoration of the Constitution, or of the distinct nationality of Poland, as an impossible concession; but, in every other respect, he always placed the Poles on an equal footing with the native Russians. The departments of public service were all freely opened to them—he cheerfully consulted their wants and promoted their interests—in spite of the opposition and ill-will of his Russian counselors. He had not the slightest tincture of the Know Nothing sentiment in regard to the Poles or their country. He was no less solicitous for the material prosperity of Poland than of Russia. In this respect even more was done for the former than for his own nation. It was a common remark with him, "that he should allow Poland fifty years to become accustomed to her new political position."

After the convulsions of 1830, Nicholas grew more and more decided in his autocratic convictions. He adopted the belief that he was destined by Providence to be the defender of legitimacy in Europe. He carried out this belief to its logical conclusions, with his usual stern adherence to an idea. In spite of his antipathy to all constitutional forms, he was willing to accept them rather than to permit the violation of the direct rights of a reigning dynasty. He, accordingly promptly recognized the Constitutional Government of Donna Maria of Portugal, considering Don Miguel as a lawless conspirator. But he never assented to the changes which took place in Spain, after the death of Ferdinand VII., as Don Carlos, in his opinion, was the rightful sovereign; and as yet no diplomatic intercourse exists between Madrid and St. Petersburg. For the same reason, he was never reconciled to Louis Philippe, and would even have preferred a

republic, provided it made no attempt at propaganda. From his heart he despised the Orleans dynasty. The celebrated caricature of the *pear*—which, as a likeness of Louis Philippe, for years covered the walls of Paris—was universally popular in St. Petersburg, and could even be found in all possible shapes in the Imperial palace. The fatal infatuation with which he cherished the principles of legitimacy, prevented him from taking a comprehensive view of European events, and exerted a mischievous influence on his Russian policy. The national interests suffered especially in this way, towards the close of his reign.

On all questions of whatever character concerning the rights of Russia, foreign courts and foreign diplomats found him intractable. In the year 1837, an English vessel called the *Vixen*, was detected in carrying gunpowder, a contraband of war, to the Circassians, who were in arms against Russia. The vessel was seized, brought into the port of Odessa, and confiscated, and the crew thrown into prison. The act produced a terrible excitement in the British Parliament. The well-known Lord Durham was sent to St. Petersburg, to demand satisfaction. But his mission was not successful. On one occasion, at a ball of the court, while conversing with Lord Durham, the Emperor raised his voice, so as to be heard by those around him, and said, "I am right in confiscating a contraband of war, whatever be the flag which covers it; and I shall give no satisfaction. Go to war if you like. I am well aware that you can destroy my fleets, and burn some of my harbors and cities; but, pray, make a descent upon Russia, and I can promise you a warm reception."

The turn of affairs in 1848—when monarchs, aristocrats, conservatives, and money-kings of all countries, fell at his feet, appealing to him as their savior—when the unskillful revolutionists receded before him in terror—and he seemed to hold the destinies of Europe in his hands—actually intoxicated Nicholas with a sense of the importance of his position. He believed that the indestructible spirit of liberty was chained, at least, for a long time, if not for ever. He regarded himself as the great pacifier of nations—the only bulwark against the torrent of revolution and popular violence. After

the first blast of the tornado had passed away, defeated absolute sovereigns gained encouragement from his councils, if not from his arms. He thus revived the drooping spirits of the King of Naples; and, in a short time, the liberals were overpowered by the royal troops. It is stated by well-informed authorities, that Nicholas sustained the Pope not only with advice but with money, especially after the flight of the latter to Gaeta. He at once espoused the cause of Denmark against Schleswig-Holstein and the German Diet, opposing the effort for emancipation from what was called a foreign dominion, according to the detested revolutionary principle that had been proclaimed in Germany. He supported the interests of legitimacy and of the royal house of Denmark, while at the same time he protected the rights of his own dynasty, which, in a remote future, might have some claims to the Danish crown. When the partisans of a German Imperial unity proffered the crown of the empire to the King of Prussia, Nicholas strenuously persuaded him not to accept the proposal.

But his greatest mistake as a Russian Emperor, was his hearty espousal of the cause of the Hapsburgs, saving them from ruin by his timely intervention. Cherishing friendly relations for years with the court of Turin, and always treated with the most deferential homage by Charles Albert, he suspended all diplomatic relations, as soon as the king of Piedmont drew his sword against Austria. From that moment he treated the Court of Turin with profound contempt, and even to the last day of his life, refused to recognize the new order of things or the present sovereign. The campaign in Hungary was neither a brilliant feat of arms, nor a sagacious stroke of policy. The Magyars were attacked on all sides by overwhelming numbers, and could not long maintain a successful resistance. The expedition against them was contrary to the national sympathies of Russia. Her people regarded Austria with hereditary dislike. Pashkiewitch and the Russian generals would rather have burned down Vienna than capture Görgey. The protection of Austria was pernicious to the Russian interests. A small Magyar state on the confines of Russia could never be so dangerous a neighbor as an Empire, numbering thirty-five millions of inhabitants, in

a highly centralized condition. Had not Nicholas interfered in their domestic quarrel, the Magyars would have cherished no grudge against him. With the dissolution of Austria, the Slavic nationalities would have been emancipated. Unable to resist the Magyars, who were superior in numbers to each of them separately, the Southern Slavs would have sought the protection of Russia against the hated Magyar rule. The Hapsburgs, as well as Kossuth, threatened to destroy their nationality, and even their native language; and Russia alone could have preserved them from this fate. In case of the dissolution of the Austrian empire, Galicia would have naturally fallen to Russia, and thus, without any effort on her part, she would have extended her dominion and consummated the Slavic unity.

The interference of Nicholas in European affairs was injurious to himself, and unfavorable to the interests of Russia. It excited a general antagonism against him, which still continues, as there is a strong conflict between the aims of England, and France, and the future destinies of Russia. But no justice can be done to the character of Nicholas, unless he is regarded exclusively as a Russian sovereign. As such, with all his faults and mistakes, he has secured to Russia a prominent position among the nations of the world. He presented a powerful stimulus to the feeling of nationality, raising it to a degree of intensity which it could not easily have reached in any other way. With the concentrated power of the government, he devoted himself to the development of the inexhaustible material resources of Russia—resources which, for the most part, had remained hidden until his reign, and not subjected to intelligent human activity. It is, indeed, true, that a long season of peace, and the energy of the national spirit, contributed greatly towards the result; but the impulse came from his zeal, and the direction, from his sagacity. With a wise interest in the education of his people, he enlarged the number of elementary schools, as well as that of the gymnasiums and universities. The attendance on these seminaries was small, to be sure, compared with the bulk of the population; but it surpassed the number of pupils that received public instruction under his predecessor. It is to be regretted, that, in the opinion

of Nicholas, the nation was to be advanced in civilization, only so far as could be done without endangering the interests of the autocracy—to the promotion of which all other considerations were to be postponed. Thus he aimed to produce intellectual machines of limited activity, rather than men of liberal accomplishments and independent thought, so that he might absorb the national spirit in his own individuality. He did not perceive that, even for an autocracy, it is better to blend the population in an equal mass, than to separate it into a variety of privileged classes, and only favoring them with light in proportion to privilege. His reign is not without indications that he saw the need of a more general fusion; but, notwithstanding the military decision of his character, he had not sufficient energy to break down the barriers of distinction, to open broadly to the whole nation the sources of education, admitting nobles, burghers, and peasants indiscriminately to its advantages. The creative powers of Russia would have thus increased to colossal proportions, while the autocracy would not have held a more anomalous position than at present. Under the reign of Nicholas, Finland and Poland have enlarged their material prosperity; and even the solitudes of Northern Asia have received a new light, in the development of public order, and of the first rudiments of a progressive social system.

But if Nicholas failed to achieve everything he wished for the advancement of Russia, it is, nevertheless, true, that she is indebted to him for the degree of prosperity which she now enjoys. He certainly fostered, developed, and gave to the nation, a complete military education. This was partly because the profession of arms was his ruling passion, and partly because he foresaw that the expansive force and greatness of Russia would one day excite the jealousy of the older European states, and give rise to questions which could only be settled by an appeal to military force. Anticipating the inevitable developments of the future—and to which the present Crimean struggle is perhaps, merely a prelude—he organized, as far as was in his power, the national resources and means of resistance. All classes of society complained of this military mania of the Emperor, and often, loud and bitterly. It was

said that all the forces of the nation were crushed and absorbed by the military establishment—that more than one-half the public revenue was squandered or “it—and that an immense productive power was thus diverted to useless objects. In the present juncture, a large majority of the nation does justice to the sagacious foresight of Nicholas, and many now regret that he had not done even more. Without that foresight, Russia would have been unable to face the danger with which she is now threatened, or to oppose a successful resistance to the attacks of the West. In connection with his experienced corps of engineers, the Czar planned nearly all the strongholds which bristle around the Russian borders, as Cronstadt, Sweaburg, Sebastopol, Warsaw, Modlin, Ivangorod, and several others, by which the inroads of the enemy are arrested, and the invasion of the interior of the Empire is rendered impossible. By his special care, the magazines and arsenals were filled with inexhaustible stores of every kind of ammunition; and the astonished world sees Russia coping on equal terms with two European powers, superior to all other States in capital, in variety of resources, and in material and intellectual development. Russia contains in her soil the greatest diversity of natural wealth; but Nicholas knew how to use the granite, converting it into a safe-guard of the national independence and greatness.

In the history of Russia, Nicholas will ever shine as one of her most useful sovereigns, as the efficient pioneer of her ultimate destiny. Absolute power, in his hand, like a two-edged sword, was wielded both for good and evil. He suppressed for a time, many lofty aspirations; but the elasticity of the human mind, and the genius of liberty, are indestructible; and it could not have been demanded of Nicholas to facilitate their expansion. Nevertheless, he unconsciously prepared the soil for other and better seed. The intelligence of the nation has received a quickening impulse. Though comparatively feeble at present, no power on earth can arrest its progress. Nicholas has exhausted the highest logical consequences of the autocratic idea. Neros or Ievans are no longer possible; and sooner or later, disenthralment must come.

No better patriot than Nicholas could be found in Russia. Indeed, he cherished his country with fond idolatry. Both in his intellect and in his heart, the national religion, the autocracy, and the Russian nationality, formed a sacred and indissoluble trinity. With the deep earnestness of his nature, the volcanic force of his passions, he pitilessly crushed whatever stood in the way of the accomplishment of his creed. In the discharge of this duty, as he deemed it, he did not refrain from violence and cruelty; but he committed no act without an impregnable conviction of its justice. He was an autocrat, a Czar, to the back-bone. The saying of the celebrated De Maistre, in regard to Alexander, that “despotism poured out of his nostrils,” is still more applicable to Nicholas. Alexander was an autocrat by temperament, and shrouded his inclinations in mystery. Nicholas was an autocrat by faith, and proudly flung his convictions to the world. His character was transparent as the day. He never attempted to color his private or public actions with any false hue. He hated and despised all tricks, in politics and diplomacy. At one time, he appointed Count Pahlen—a man who had spent his whole life in the camp—to the post of ambassador at the court of Louis Philippe. The Count wished to excuse himself from accepting the office, on the ground of his ignorance of diplomatic niceties. “You are precisely the man,” answered the Emperor, “that I like. I wish to have a minister of straight-forward speech.” On the whole, Nicholas was easy of access, especially to the lower classes. He loved to come in contact with the actual people, and made frequent opportunities for this, in his repeated journeys in the interior of the empire. On his visits to Moscow, he freely mingled with the multitudes, that swarmed around his steps.

The private life of Nicholas was marked by heartiness and simplicity. He was a bourgeois father of a family, in the largest and noblest sense of the term. No better husband and parent could be found in any social condition whatever. He daily visited the nurseries of his grand-children. Sober and moderate in his personal habits, he was fond of luxurious display in his court, in order to do honor to the position. He was scrupulously observant of all

the ceremonies of court-etiquette, surveying, arranging, and directing their execution, and easily irritated by any mistake or omission. This is hardly consistent with nobleness of character, or high intellectual endowments. But even Charlemagne did not consider the ceremonial of his court as beneath his attention. In this respect, however, Nicholas showed less pedantry than Napoleon, but more than Frederic the Great. To his last moment, he retained his passion for directing ceremonials, and, when dying, named the room in the palace in which his corpse was to be publicly exposed. His death was not without a pathetic interest, in its philosophic and Christian simplicity.

From his father, Paul, the Emperor inherited a violent and irritable temper. His passions were easily aroused, and were often terrible in their expression. As the military drill formed the principal part of his daily routine, nothing exasperated him more than any omission, error, or fault, during parades or other military exhibitions. On such occasions he gave way to tempestuous outbursts of anger, but they were chiefly directed against the officers of different ranks, and not against the common soldiers. Nor was his language, at such times, so remarkable for decorum, as for energy. He was aware of this tendency to excitement, and often endeavored to place a restraint upon his temper. His most confidential courtiers, as Benkendorff, Wolkonsky, Adlerberg, Orloff—one of whom, at least, was always near him—were advised to move on instantly, whenever the fit of anger broke out and passion began to master his good sense. At this pre-arranged movement, the Czar stopped short, and quietly followed his keepers. Once, for instance, he told a Colonel at the head of his regiment, that he was not worthy to carry the epaulettes of his rank. As soon as he was pacified, however, he sent to the Colonel the epaulettes and the commission of a General. Each minister, at least, once a week, had an audience with the Emperor, to decide upon the affairs belonging to his department. The subjects thus brought forward were often of an unpleasant nature, and suited to awaken the angry feelings of one less impatient than Nicholas. The cabinet, in which he received the ministers, was situated over the boudoir of the Em-

press. She always remained in this room during the hours of the ministerial audiences. Both the rooms were connected by an interior winding stair-case. The Empress could easily hear any noise in the room overhead, and as soon as she noticed that the voice of the Emperor rose to an angry tone, she would call, "Nicholas! Nicholas!" who hearing the warning of his fair conjugal mistress, would run down stairs, and having calmed his wrath, would return to work. During the last two years, though exposed to all sorts of irritation, he showed a mastery of himself, which none, who were acquainted with the irascibility of his temper, could observe without astonishment.

In proportion as public affairs became entangled, and apparently disastrous to his policy, he exhibited a greater degree of calmness, patience, and forbearance. In his general social intercourse, he could be singularly fascinating, and thus he often captivated the hearts of those who approached him for the first time. He was very familiar with the persons, whom he admitted to a close intimacy, allowing them an almost incredible freedom of expression, even in the way of criticism, and admonition; but he was quick and decided in his resentment at any neglect, arrogant pretension, and unseasonable levity.

Nicholas exercised a lavish generosity towards his favorites; he liberally recompensed all services, and above all, gratefully remembered those who stood by him during the insurrection of 1825. But he seldom forgot and could not forgive an offense. This vengeful and rancorous disposition was the darkest spot in his character. To be really magnanimous with an offender, seemed to surpass the power of his nature. Many anecdotes have been published in illustration of this unhappy disposition, and we here give another, now printed for the first time, affording an insight into the character, both of the Emperor and his son Alexander II.

Before permitting his son to make the tour of Europe, Nicholas wisely determined to give him a thorough acquaintance with his own country. The hereditary Grand Duke, therefore, traveled over Russia, visiting the principal cities and the different provinces of the interior. He daily reported his impressions and observations, to the Emperor. On his journey he reached Tobolsk,

the capital of Western Siberia. According to the prevailing custom, when a Russian Sovereign, or Prince of the blood, travels in the interior of the Empire, he alighted before the Cathedral, where he was met by the Bishops and Clergy, and introduced by them into the Church. A Te Deum was sung. The Cathedral was filled with people. But apart from the crowd, the Grand Duke observed a group of five persons, in the dress of common soldiers, whose features showed the remembrance of better days. On making inquiries, he was told that they had once been superior officers in the guards, and had been condemned to Siberia, for taking part in the insurrection of 1825. One of them Baron Rosen, had nearly lost the use of his limbs. In writing his customary report to the Emperor, the Grand Duke described the incident, and urgently implored the forgiveness of the Exiles. "Allow me, father, to become the mediator between you, the offenders and the nation." Nicholas received the letter with delight, as a proof of the benevolent disposition of his son.

Still, he was unwilling to grant the pardon at once, but, distilled it, as it were, drop by drop. The condemned were sent to the army of the Caucasus, as common soldiers, but with the privilege of recovering their position, by exemplary conduct. After a year's service they were reinstated, first as officers, then as noblemen, and finally resigning their posts in the army, returned home.

Such as he was, Nicholas will not suffer by being contemplated with dispassionate judgment, at a historical distance. However eminent his reign, however admirable many of his personal characteristics, it must still be admitted that a certain incompetency often stamps his purposes and his actions. But on the whole, his existence was rich in endowments and experience, far transcending the common order of human life. His epoch, his contemporaries, and especially the Russian nation will long feel its effects, for good or evil. He simultaneously diffused light and darkness; but light is perennial, and darkness dissolves and disappears in the abyss of Time.

AUSTRALIANA.

THE CAMPBELL TOWN ELECTION.

"**W**HOSE colors are these?"
"The blue, sir?"

"Yes," I continued, "whose are the blue?"

"Young Mr. Wagstaffs," said the hostler, "and his Committee-room's here, if you like to walk in."

"Presently, John."

"You'll have as much drink as you like, sir," said John, "if you'll only pin the blue rosette to the breast of your coat."

Saying which, John took a crumpled favor out of his waistcoat pocket, and, handing it to me, led off the pony (which had, by-the-by, a blue rosette under each ear,) to the stable.

The front door of the *Scotch Thistle* hung back, wide open. It was an unusual circumstance, and one denoting some great event; for, generally speak-

ing, it was half closed; the entrance most used being the one in the gable-end, which led to the tap or bar-room. In the passage were prodigious signs of life. There were countless gentlemen in various costumes. Some in black broad-cloth; others in blue flannel shirts; others in plaid shooting-jackets of different patterns. Some in shining silk hats of the latest importation; others in white felt wide-awakes; and a large proportion in knowing little straw hats, bound with black tape. But all were wearing the blue sash and blue rosette; and were tumbling out of one parlor and into another; and rushing up stairs and out to the yard at the back, where a great red coach was being put through a toilet worthy of the day.

Two strong partisans were knotting a number of streamers to the low iron

railing of the roof ; a postillion, in drab velveteen knee-breeches, was lashing the Union Jack to the brass handle of the boot ; whilst the old post-master of the village, with the assistance of the local coffin-maker and pound-keeper, was making fast a tall pole, with the flag of the Australian League mounted on it, to the back of the coachman's box. Sitting on the large stone trough, with his back against the pump, was Bill Cooper, the carpenter, shaping a cross-piece for a banner of white glazed calico, which bore the motto,

"Alexander conquered ! So shall we !"

And beyond, near the dog-house, (with the old dim-eyed mastiff, his chain quite slack, drowsily looking out with one eye across his nose at the entire proceeding) was Mr. Redwigg, the barber, stuffing a red hunting-coat and a pair of doe-skin knee-breeches with straw ; and with such graceful auxiliaries as a cocked hat, a goose's wing, a pair of Hessian boots, very much worn at the heels, completing an effigy of his Excellency, the Lieutenant Governor of the Colony ;—that distinguished officer, a great lover of field sports, being generally considered hostile to the interests of young Mr. Wagstaff.

Whilst these and other preparations were occupying the attention of the busy and excited parties in the yard at the back of the *Scotch Thistle*, the crowd in front of that hospitable establishment, and, indeed, all through the village, was growing more bulky and alarming every instant. Over the bridge—across the Macquarie river, and down the main road from Tunbridge, and in from the Bush, from beyond Beaufront, and Syndal, and Ellinborpe—farmers and sheep-owners, and shepherds, and sawyers, and kangaroo-hunters who had not been down in a settlement for a twelvemonth, and the wives and daughters of the wealthier settlers for miles round, were flocking in. Some in bullock-wagons, fitted up with cosy sofa-cushions and mattresses for the ladies. Some in carriages, London built, with griffins, and apes, and mermaids (all indicative of family descent,) and other enigmas on the door panels. The carriages, for the most part, drawn by Bob, or Dick, or Towzer, the plough horses ; the fair occupants shining in ribbons and bonnets brought out from England by the last old London liner. Some,

again, in great old family gigs, or chaise-carts, or dog-carts. Most of the shepherds trudging through the sand and dust, in their steel-shod ankle-boots, smoking short, black pipes, with red and yellow neckerchiefs swinging loosely about their broad brown throats and faces. The kangaroo-hunters afoot, too, in their coarse leather leggings, and brown jackets turned up with fur. And then, the young settlers on their stock-hunters, swinging their heavy-lashed riding-whips, throwing their legs out of the stirrups—in the easiest freest, wildlest fashion, coming down upon the town. Young, handsome, hearty, daring fellows—fellows who could ride with a Cossack any day, and fear little to meet a Camanche with his rifle.

Then there is Mr. Gibson, the store-keeper and "dealer in general merchandise" over the way, in his shirt sleeves and spectacles, putting up his shutters, having made every other arrangement for a complete holiday. And there is old Tom Tucker, the blacksmith, locking up his forge, and bidding for a front seat in Billy Bolton's, the rich farmer's, four-wheeled gig, which had just pulled up—to ask for letters at the post-office—the post-master having left his eldest daughter, Aloysius Josephine, in charge, for the day, of her Majesty's mail. And there is Mrs. Bolton herself, who always prefers riding, mounted on Poll, (Poll that has been on the farm at Jacob's Sugar Loaf these sixteen years)—the jolly old lady all in blue ! Blue skirt, blue bodice, blue gloves, and a superabundance of blue ribbons in her bonnet—the bonnet being a dusky white beaver of capacious proportions.

Macduff, the baker, has a blue flag flying from the roof of his bakery ; and so has the sexton of the Established Church, for young Mr. Wagstaff is one of the most respectable of the churchwardens ; and so has Mrs. Cecilia Bunn, the Temperance lecturer, who, on Sunday evening last, delivered a most touching discourse in the vestry, concerning the three missionaries "that were baked," she said, "early last spring by the 'eathens of the Vegee hilands." Mrs. Cecilia Bunn is a widow (a widow these three months only), but, nevertheless, remains true to the principles of her ever-to-be-lamented and never-to-be-forgotten husband, whose principles were identical with those of Mr. Wagstaff—Mr. Wagstaff having employed

Mr. Athanasius Bunn as shoemaker upwards of six years.

But the Wagstaff party has not entire and undisputed possession of the village, nor does the Wagstaff color prevail to the exclusion of every other.

At the further end of the street (the only street in the village) the Griffin party musters pretty strong. There is Mr. Clipper, the tomb-stone cutter, for instance, out in his chaise-cart these two hours, with his wife, and daughter, and two sons. Mr. Clipper being the great organ of the Griffin party in the village and the surrounding country for a radius of two miles, the rest of the party wait for him to move on before they think of it themselves.

There is Chester, the carrier, who wears cross-belts of red, and green, and yellow, the colors of Mr. Griffin, the government candidate, and in front of his hat, just over the crepe, (he's in mourning for his wife,) displays an enormous cockade of the like complexions. The disconsolate but patriotic Chester has made up his mind to walk, for his best horse is lame since his last trip from Launceston, and the other wants shoeing; and old Tom Tucker, who enjoys a monopoly of the business, has sworn not to drive a nail for him till the election is over, and Wagstaff returned. Chester, though no speaker, is of vast service to his party. His accomplishments, as a long-established ornament of the ring and cock-pit, are universally pronounced to be of a very high order; insomuch, indeed, that the public attribute his temporary absence from England to an injudicious exhibition of the same, some time during the Reform-bill agitation.

In one important element, however, the government party is miserably deficient. It wants music. Wagstaff's committee has bought up every purchasable musician in the district, besides sending to Hobart Town for the Brothers of St. Cecilia, who, in marine blue jackets turned up with yellow, are destined presently to occupy, in full force and blast, the roof and back seats of the great red coach.

It is a grievous drawback for Griffin. Under the British Constitution, a band of music is an indispensable element in a parliamentary election. The nomination is dull without it; the contest ill sustained; success impossible. The brightest lights of the British polling-

booths and hustings have laid it down, that the chances of election are decidedly in favor of the party commanding the biggest drum.

Did time permit, it would be easy to dwell at some length upon the eminent advantages which, on such occasions, a band of music possesses, and the innumerable services, in various ways, it is competent to render. The instruments themselves are an invaluable addition to the force of enlightened opinion on either side, and, if skilfully employed, will be sure to elicit many notes, and otherwise produce very striking effects, far beyond their usual compass and attainment. We have seen an able and judicious drummer, somewhere in the south of Ireland, beat time effectively with the left drum-stick, whilst with the right he crushed the white hat and bewildered the brains of a portly collector of the port. A bassoon, tightly grasped, is effective in a charge. The cymbals are speedily convertible into shields. Whilst a glance at one of the illustrations of the *Pickwick Papers* convinces us, that a good tenor trombone, pumped by a strong hand, is most effective in opening a passage or driving back a crowd.

With other elements of success, however, the Griffin party were well supplied. The district Constable was committed in their favor. The night before, he had, with his own hand, arrested and locked up three of Mr. Wagstaff's voters, insisting they were incapable of taking care of themselves, and recording that opinion in the fatal book, which, like the gates of the doleful region, lay open day and night for all such entries. In the eyes of many he seemed to bring the whole power of the law to bear against the interests of the blue cockade. Many, therefore, whose past careers peculiarly exposed them to his influence, were less enthusiastic in behalf of the blue cockade than they would otherwise have been; and some were known to compromise their principles and cheer against their convictions when he was present or his approach announced.

Besides this formidable gentleman, the Griffins had secured the vote and countenance of the Medical Superintendent of the Government hospital and prison, and had also secured the vote and countenance of the Episcopalian chaplain attached to the same institutions.

The Medical Superintendent was a scholar, kept a gig, spoke precisely, and had danced at the Government House on three successive anniversaries of her Majesty's birth-day. In politics, a disciple of Mr. Canning, in religion, a staunch Romanist, in literature, a strict copyist of Dr. Blair, he was a model of moderation, morality, and good taste. Republicanism he abhorred. On the floor of his hospital, he would have waved his last crutch, and have died in bandages and blankets, protesting against the pernicious institutions of America. Delivered into his charge, with power to treat them as he thought fit, Cobbett, and Hunt, and other Radicals of that stamp, would have met with a fate similar to that of the Prisoner of Chillon or Maroncelli at Spielberg. Raspail, Ledru Rollin, Kinkel, and all the more rapid progressionists of the revolutionary school, would have appropriately incurred a speedier fatality. Their mortal remains would have been, in a few days, devoted to the advancement of science. Given the colony to govern, this exemplary gentleman would have eclipsed the austere splendors of Dr. Francia, of Paraguay, and have left to Mr. Carlyle another instance of immutable severity to canonize.

As it was, his sphere and powers were unfortunately limited. His subjects were, for the most part, crippled; and his disposable force, for carrying out his ideas of government, reduced to three watchmen, a matron, and a messenger.

His knowledge of the Scriptures (the Douay version) was profound, his knowledge of the Fathers no less profound. He took a deep interest in the Oxford movement, and had the Puseyite tracts all by heart. In controversy his efforts were incessant. Not a Bible Meeting ever started in the colony, but the worthy doctor, putting on his spectacles, followed on the track. A dozen letters, pointed and barbed with the deadliest texts, tough with passages from Jerome and Tertullian, winged with the spirit of a Templar, went whizzing after the Chairman, and every other speaker on the occasion, through the columns (the gratuitous shooting-galleries) of some highly independent journal. On Sundays, he walked to mass, at the head of his numerous family, with an illuminated volume of hymns and meditations, bound in brass and brown velvet, in

one hand, and a black walking-stick, embellished with the head of St. Dunstan, of Durham, in ivory, in the other. The Griffins had just reason to hail his accession to their ranks with the loudest canticles of joy.

The Chaplain was a man of a different type. The Doctor was thin—the Chaplain was fat. The Doctor was pale—the Chaplain was red; the Doctor above the middle hight—the Chaplain five inches below it. Physic and poison, consumption and cholera, the chill of the winding-sheet, the constraint of the coffin—all were expressed in the former. Brown stout and beef, prodigious good health, the genial warmth of the English summer, all the choicest things (together with the powerful fragrance) of the English larder—all were blended in the latter. With divinity he was little troubled; still less with general literature; incomparably less with the love of the fine arts. He had the care of a motley flock, and he tended the lambs, and the ewes, and the wethers, with the easy punctuality with which the dull shepherds in the Bush watched over the sheep of a less celestial pasture.

In early life he had broken his left leg—it had never been properly set—hence his walk was somewhat peculiar. His salary enabled him to purchase a pony phæton; enabled him, moreover, to keep a horse, a livery servant, a coach-house and stable. The phæton was purchased at auction, and though very old and rusty, was sure and serviceable. It was a double gig, fitted up with a seat for two before, a seat for two behind, four wheels, and two pair of springs. Before the Chaplain bought it, a Baronet of the United Kingdom owned it. For several years, the Baronet had been at the head of the Commissariat department of the colony, and having yearned at length for the white cliffs of his native land, had broken up his colonial household, and left his furniture and other chattels to be disposed of by auction. On the back panel of the phæton he left the heraldic Red Hand of his Order flaming out through cracks and wrinkles. The Chaplain did not disturb it. He had an idea it made him a Bishop.

On the morning of the election, a minute or two before the red coach turned out of the yard of the *Scotch Thistle*, the Chaplain turned the corner

of the main street in his phæton, with his white horse before, and Tim, his livery servant (a robber from Ceylon), in top-boots, drab coat, bulged hat and cockade, behind him. The white horse (he had a black tip to one ear, and a broad yellow patch on the right flank, as if from a burn) was covered with ribbons, special favors from Mr. Griffin himself. His head was an undistinguishable bower of ribbons. The horse, in fact, looked as if he had lost his head, and an entire milliner's shop was exuding from his throat. The Chaplain was embossed in ribbons; his whip bound round with ribbons; the splash-board of the gig festooned in like manner. As for the livery servant! He was a perfect triumph of decorative art.

The Rev. Mr. Wilkins had to pass the *Scotch Thistle*. He did so rapidly, and through a storm of indignation.

"There goes the Bishop!" shouted the coffin-maker.

"Hurrah for Church and State!" cried the post-master.

"How do you sell the ribbons?" roared the barber.

Tremendous cheers follow these exclamations, in the midst of which three dogs assail the white horse and phæton, and a large cauliflower hits the livery servant between the shoulders. The Chaplain reserves his resentment for a more favorable opportunity. He continues his journey without stopping—flourishes the whip—cries out "hurry on, Bob,"—whips Bob smartly—blushes and perspires furiously, and, without looking behind to see if the robber from Ceylon is safe, rattles down the street amid the waving of hostile blue banners, and the beating of drums, and the most opprobrious outcries, and a squall of cauliflowers, turnips, deceased cats, and other ignoble missives. Greatly disturbed in mind and body, he arrives at Griffin's head-quarters;—the decorated robber from Ceylon, doubled up, half dead, behind.

The Medical Superintendent, more provident than the Chaplain, evades the main street by a circuitous route of half a mile; coming upon the ground the same moment as his dearly-beloved brother, but in a far more stylish turnout, and a serener condition of mind and shirt-collar. The Griffins receive him with loud cheers. He acknowledges the cheers with a sedate bow and

a painful smile. The Clergyman is too bewildered to return the compliments intended for him.

Some few other distinguished people having joined them, the friends of the Government candidate, after a good deal of picturesque disorder, fell into column, and, headed by the Medical Superintendent and Chaplain in their respective gigs, proceeded to Campbell Town, a distance of six miles, at which place the election was authorized, by royal proclamation, to take place. In the absence of instrumental music, they enlivened themselves with copious whistling and shouting—*Rule Britannia* and *Nix my Dolly* being the anthems in which they most joyously indulged.

In the meanwhile, young Wagstaff's party had been mustering fresh forces. The red coach had turned out, with six grey horses, in front of the *Scotch Thistle*. The Brothers of St. Cecilia had taken their seats. The most stirring airs had already roused to the highest point of exultation the adherents of the blue cockade. Bill Cooper, the carpenter, had completed the banner on which he had been at work, near the pump in the stable-yard; and with the inspiring intimation on it, that as Alexander conquered so should Wagstaff, it now flapped in the light breeze, borne by a brawny bullock-driver from Mona Vale, amid "the fluttering of kindred devices and the cheers of thousands." So, at all events, the Campbell Town correspondent of the Launceston *Wallaby* stated in his letter three days after the election.

The candidate himself, however, had not yet arrived; and whilst they waited his arrival, the susceptible multitude took note of every new comer, and hailed him with an enthusiasm proportionate to the popularity he enjoyed, his station in society, or the amount of services which, in a pecuniary or any other form, he was likely to render. The very wealthy proprietor of Ellinhorpe Hall (who had subscribed £100 to the election fund, and had promised £50 more in case it were necessary) was vehemently greeted as he jogged in upon the ground astride of his bay pony, and stripped his bald head to salute the banner of the League. There was great applause, too, when Mr. Mackelwhite, the influential Scotch farmer, drove in; and there was loud and long-continued cheering when Captain Skelton, formerly of the barque

William of Normandy, and now the owner of 30,000 sheep and *Skelton Castle*, dashed up in his open barouche and four.

But the applause which welcomed these gentlemen was nothing to that which broke out, and rang again and again, and over and over, when Dr. McGuilicuddy, the ould Irish doctor, spurred across the bridge, mounted on his famous race horse, Garibaldi, and drew up, with magnificent fuss, close beside the big red coach;—Garibaldi proudly fretting and foaming, and the McGuilicuddy himself gasping violently to get out a cheer.

This doctor (the reverse of the other doctor) was an immense favorite. True, upon all occasions, to the honor of his native land; overflowing ever with the eloquence of which it is said to be the exhaustless fountain; retaining, in its full force and flexibility, the mellifluous brogue, which, even in the din of war, has won the heart of stern old soldiers, and bade them, in more peaceful campaigns, turn in winning gratitude to the people whose peculiar privilege it is; full of genial, generous, rollicking, headlong fun; an enthusiastic Catholic, ever prompt to resent the slightest insult flung against the religion of Saint Patrick and Saint Bridget—if need be, to fight a dozen duels on their account, and, like Gallagher, the devout ventriloquist, to bless himself with the sign of the cross before he pulled the trigger; Irish in name, in heart, in voice; Irish in every mood, syllable, and tense; Irish from the tip of the crown to the sole of the foot; Irish before and Irish behind, the doctor was the idol of his countrymen—their oracle and champion.

He was proud of his pedigree. He had a map of the McGuilicuddys tacked to the door of his dispensary; and the silver drinking cup of his grandfather stood, full of dust and cobwebs, amongst the graduated glasses and compounding mortars on the chimney-piece. His library was small, but contained "the Annals of the Four Masters," "Walker on Irish Costume," "O'Connor's Dissertations," and a mildewed edition of "the Cambrensis Eversus." After dinner he loved to recount the glories of the ancient days, when the white-robed bards were in full play, and the red deer were plentiful,

and the veils of the beautiful daughters of Findalve were bound with a golden bodkin, and the princes of Ulster appeared at the English court with their Galloglachs, bareheaded, armed with hatchets, and in yellow surplices dyed with saffron.

The calls on his professional services being few, he devoted most of his time to the growing of wheat, the sports of the field, and the business of the race-course. Not a kangaroo-hunt took place within miles of him but James McGuilicuddy was there, in his red coat, doeskin breeches, blue bird's-eye cravat, and top boots. Foremost in the field, nothing failed him, nothing scared him. No scrub too close; no ground too broken; no fence any way too trying; he dashed through the worst, tore through wattle-trees, and rocks, and swamps,—cleared everything before him—left everything behind him—and what his horse balked at he did himself.

On the race-course he was not quite so successful, though fully as adventurous. In six years he won but one race. The year before this election, he had entered a favorite horse for the Governor's Cup, at Green Ponds (the doctor, by-the-by, had called this horse after St. Lawrence O'Toole, a deceased archbishop of Dublin); had trained him at great expense; staked considerable sums upon him, and, with the certainty of his winning, had speculated deeply in poultry and tulip roots. The heavenly horse, however, broke down, and the doctor, who was a staunch O'Connellite, peremptorily changed his name, in derision and disgust, to that of *Young Ireland*.

Young Wagstaff, the popular candidate, was the eldest son of Robert Wagstaff, Esq., of Mona Vale. The old gentleman hailed from the Isle of Man; had been born there; had realized a handsome fortune there, or thereabouts, by privateering in the Napoleonic war, (his political opponents averred it was by the basest smuggling) and having emigrated, shortly after the Treaty of Vienna, to Van Diemen's Land, had purchased a vast tract of land along the Macquarie river, two miles above the town of Ross—the busy scene of this day's great proceedings. On this property he had built a commodious house, popularly known as Wagstaff's Warehouse; and on the

extreme point of a high, beautifully-wooded hill behind it, he had built a tall, round tower, in which it was his intention to be buried, and which the public alluded to invariably as Wagstaff's Lookout.

He was a man of few words, few ideas, but great muscular action. A severe blow from a cutlass had left, across his left temple, an indisputable token of his early difficulties and pursuits. His friends spoke of it with levity as his *letter of marque*. Brought up in the midst of much rude fellowship, and having had few opportunities of acquiring the graces of social life, his wealth was to him rather an incumbrance than otherwise. He was completely at a loss how to make use of it.

He bought carriages, and hammer-cloths, and silver-plated harness; gold hat-bands, yellow velvet knee-breeches, white stockings, plated buckles, cravats, pomatum, and powder for his footmen, butlers, and coachmen; he bought dinner services, which it was a feast in itself to look at; tea-urns and tea-pots, egg-spoons, fruit-knives, fish and souplades—any one of which would have been a sumptuous testimonial to the greatest benefactor the world ever saw; he had his carpeting and furniture designed from the bath-rooms (so the upholsterer persuaded him) of Louis Quatorze; he had the walls paneled and frescoed in imitation of the Villa Pamfili, (so the painter and glazier, a profound sycophant, convinced him) and, to crown all, as he never could discover what crest, motto, or other heraldic device specially belonged to his family, adopted that of his native land. Hence it was, that on the handles of his knives and forks, his souptureens, hammer-cloths, livery buttons, bed linen, table cloths, and family Bibles, the Three Legs of Man figured away as Wagstaff's coat-of-arms.

People laughed at him, to be sure; and, reverentially, thought no more of his grandeur than they did of her Majesty's mail coach, with all its crimson blazonry, post-office authority, and music. He was rich, and the Golden Calf, even with a chosen generation, was an object of adoration. Devoted to agriculture, in all its branches—devoted to sub-soiling, thorough draining, fencing, sheep-washing, tobacco-raising, and stall-feeding—he employed a multitude of hands, and so secured the in-

terest and sympathies of the laboring population. He gave large dinner-parties. He gave balls and pic-nics. He occasionally ventured on private theatricals. Thus he secured the favorable consideration of all the genteel or pretentious people of the neighborhood—the consideration of all who were unable to compete with him in the splendid profusion of his entertainments, and derived from his patronage (from the fact of their being invited, from time to time, to his festivities) the reputation of being highly respectable and thriving.

Thus strengthened, old Wagstaff determined that the Legs of Man should move another step up the social ladder. Political events favored the experiment. The colony had just received a new constitution. Under certain restrictions, regulating the franchise, etc., the colonists of Van Diemen's Land were empowered to elect a given number of representatives to a Legislative Assembly; which Assembly were to pass whatever laws they deemed fit for the improvement and, to some extent, for the government of the country. These laws were to be subject to the approval of the Privy Council in London. Two-thirds of the Assembly were to consist of members chosen by the popular vote; the other third of members appointed by the local vice-regal Executive. Heretofore, the laws immediately affecting the colony had been made by a council nominated solely by the Crown.

A crisis had arrived. The eyes of Europe were upon it. The world stood still to watch it. So the orators and editors of the young colony declared. The ambition, the patriotism, the political influence of the free colonies had now an opportunity for development; and men, who, for various reasons, had declined the privileges with which the colonial government had previously offered to invest them, now came forward, hat in hand, soliciting those same privileges from the new power—the electoral body which the Parliament of Great Britain, amid the loudest babble and confusion of tongues, had called forth. Even now, trained, as they had been, in the austere school of mere Red Tape officialism; trained, as they had been, to look exclusively to the nominees of the Crown for every assistance, favor, and advantage, a healthy spirit had broken out among

the principal men of the colony, and, with thorough earnestness and enthusiasm, many of them, as has been said, aspired to be the representatives of the people, where they had, in times past, with contemptuous indifference or positive hostility, refused to be the representatives of the Crown. That which the popular vote would give them, was esteemed to be the higher and nobler order of representation. It would be the measure and expression of their social influence; the good opinion in which they were held; the position, weight, and power, which openly, amongst their neighbors, their friends and foes, they had fought for and acquired. The representative aspect given to them by the Crown, or rather the second-rate subordinates of the Crown, might give the measure only of their obsequiousness and gentility.

Besides, there was now a grave question pending between the free colonists and the servants of the Crown. The latter were obstinately in favor of the continuance of convictism in the colony; were obstinately in favor of the colony still being, and for years continuing to be, the depository of the crime which the ermined authorities at home had shipped off, or might find it, hereafter, expedient and wholesome to export. Their salaries, in truth, depended on the perpetuity of the curse. Their stipend was in a dunghill. The same flood that would wash away the foul garbage, would leave them without a penny. Hence we have seen the Medical Superintendent, in his gig and grim inflexibility, devoting himself to the cause of Mr. Griffin; whilst his dearly-beloved brother, the disabled chaplain of the Government hospital and prison, disguised himself, and his old horse and equipage, in the cockades and sashes of that gentleman.

To this system—to this forced importation of idleness, mischief, and wickedness into a fair island, which Nature had made so inviting to all that was active, manly, most excellent and beneficent, and which latter would have flowed in spontaneously but for the coerced intrusion of the former—the free colonists were vehemently opposed. Against it they had been at war upwards of ten years; against it they had petitioned and protested; against it they had held meetings all over the country; eaten innumerable dinners;

drunk incalculable toasts; against it they had signed pledges, binding themselves solemnly to the disuse of convict servants; and, in the spirit of this pledge, they had gone so far as to break off all social and private intercourse with the Government officials, from the Lieutenant Governor down to the Medical Superintendent, who had declared themselves, or were known or suspected to be, the friends of Transportation; against it, last of all, they had organized themselves into a formidable League—League embracing the colonies of New South Wales, Victoria, and South Australia, in Australia Proper—which League was designed and sworn to resist, by every possible constitutional means, the introduction and settlement of fresh convicts in the country.

To give efficacy to this League a treasury of £50,000, two local secretarieships, and a parliamentary agency had been established; whilst a flag—five stars on a blue field—had been adopted as the popular type of the confederacy. It was this flag which now floated from the roof of the big red coach in front of the old *Scotch Thistle*. And this, the first election for members to serve in the Legislative Assembly of the colony, was too important an occasion for the members of the League to contemplate without a demonstration of their force and a contest for supremacy.

Consequently, in every district, empowered to return a representative to the Assembly, a member of the League had published an address, pledging himself against the Government, and, for the honor and happiness and good name of the colony—their adopted country—calling on the constituency to elect him. In most instances, a candidate on the Government side, also, appeared. The friends of the former were called, Abolitionists; the friends of the latter, Pollutionists. In no instance, however, did the two parties so rancorously meet and so desperately fight, as in this of the Campbell Town election. The League had put forward its best man. The Government had done the same.

Campbell Town, (in Van Diemen's Land, though a very small town when compared with Edinburgh, or Dublin, or Brussels, or Madison in Indiana, is important enough considering the size and interests of the country in which it is situated. It is the fourth largest in the island, Hobart Town, the seat of

Government being the first; Launceston, the northern port, being the second; Oatlands, the capital of the Midland districts, ranking as the third. Pridden's "Australia," or West's "Tasmania," explains all this.

The town consists of one entire flourishing street, and three broken and very languid ones. The former is ornamented with three hotels, two butcher shops, several tailors' and milliners' establishments, half a dozen private residences (the doctor, the principal lawyer, a Parisian daguerreotypist and professor of languages, a widow from Wales, along with a retired color sergeant and a Baptist preacher, inhabit them), and, last of all, the Episcopalian church, in a green field, speckled with white headstones and tombstones, hemmed in with a frail fence of the native oak and gum tree. The Police office is situated in one of the smaller streets. It is the vital institution of the place. Without it, Campbell Town would expire.

The principal hotel is kept by an Irish widow. She is broad, mature and sprightly. She has radiant round cheeks, black eye-brows, finely pencilled, the snowiest teeth, a mighty arm, a noble waist and a ponderous foot. She prides herself on having the most fashionable hotel in the country.

"Sure," she says, "the Governor stops here, and the Members of council, and his Lordship, the Bishop, and that's what Mrs. Morrison, above at the Blue Bear, can't say."

The widow's name is Kearney. She left her native town of Prosperous, county Kildare, Ireland, fifteen years ago, and, with much composure, buried her husband two years ago last June. She has been busy for the last six months, superintending the completion of a monument, destined to make known to an ignorant and heedless public the countless virtues he possessed. The monument is composed of green and gray marble. It represents an ancient shield, has the name of James Kearney in the centre, and the consolatory ejaculation of

"Erin go bragh!"

in gilt letters at top.

Mrs. Kearney is a patriot. She tells everybody she was born in Prosperous, and boasts, with swelling heart, that Prosperous was the place where the

"boys" burned the barracks over the heads of the North Cork Militia, in '98. She wears a profusion of green silk and satin, going to mass every Sunday; has likenesses of Brian Boru, Daniel O'Connell and Father Tom Maguire, in her principal parlor; and entertains several friends (including the priest) at a sumptuous dinner, on Patrick's day. This feeling decides her course on the present occasion. She sides with Griffin and the Government, just for the sake, she says, of the green they have mixed up with the red and yellow. A large flag, in which those colors have been set forth, swings from the middle window of the second floor, whilst the widow's cap is enlivened with delicate little tricolor ribbons, corresponding with the flag. Some people hint it is because the Governor stops there, that Mrs. Kearney avows herself a Griffin. But Mrs. Kearney repels the imputation; and those who know her best receive it with a smile. That she is not actuated by base considerations, the fact of her being on the unpopular side of the contest should be a sufficient evidence. Five panes of glass, broken by the public, and her front door, defaced with contemptuous inscriptions, in chalk and charcoal, bear witness to the brave disinterestedness of her conduct. But some people hint, again, that the popular side is not, after all, the paying side; and that the Government party, small as it is, runs up a larger bill at Mrs. Kearney's, in the course of the year, than ten thousand of the Great Public would have the means or the disposition to do in the course of ten years. But it is thus that, in every age, in every clime, the noblest sacrifices are expiated away, and virtue here below, fails to reap its due reward.

The hotel, at the other end of the town, is kept by a gentleman, one time burgher of Liverpool. Some difficulties, however, of a trivial nature, brought him face to face with an enlightened jury of his countrymen; to which circumstance his residence in the fairest island of the South Pacific is somewhat logically ascribed. The fact is, in a bewildered moment, he had the infelicity to mistake an old Colonel's boots for his own, and never having discovered the mistake until a certain very grave functionary in blue awoke him one morning from the delusion, he was

indicted for an illegal appropriation of goods, to which it appeared he could lay no reasonable claim. His name is Englebert. Long since emerged from the discolored mist in which his early labors in the colony were enveloped, he now shines in the genial light which encompasses ever and pervades the temple dedicated to the refreshment of the traveler. He has spanned his doorway with an effulgent Rainbow, and, under that arch of promise, he looks complacently on the fast subsiding waters of his affliction, and, far off ahead, beholds the gladsome peaks of a new creation, tipped with gold, jutting up and glittering in the recovered sunshine. He is a reformed man, is Englebert. And of such a one as he, whose penitence, the gentlest, noblest Teacher of the world has said, "the Angels weep with joy to celebrate," it is not altogether too profane for us thus to speak. Not even though this paper gives but the lighter impressions of a scene, which to a young community was one of no slight moment, and, with all its oddities and grimaces, had much sound worth and goodness, in hidden veins, branching out and vibrating through it.

The Rainbow was a handsome building—had, at all events, a handsome face. It was built of stone—a light brown stone; had two front doors; one opening backwards into the main hall and office—the other, the same way, into a large room, used occasionally for public meetings, public dinners, subscription balls, agricultural exhibitions, and Ethiopian serenaders. Outwards, these two doors opened upon a stone platform, running along the entire front of the house, and descending to the level of the street by six tiers of steps. On this platform, the nomination was to take place.

The Returning Officer, the Police Magistrate of the District, had already come upon the ground. He had the proclamation authorizing the election, under his right arm, in a brown-paper portfolio. Fidgetty in the quietest of times, his restlessness this morning verged upon delirium. With short stac-

cato steps, in a sparkling little boot, he beat up and down the platform, pulling off and putting on his hat, a white one, with very broad brim, turned up with green; pulling his wig, a brown one, with long flat side curls, sometimes in the rear and sometimes by the forelock; pulling up his shirt-collar; tightening the cravat; now buttoning up his coat, (a claret colored dress-coat, with very stiff, short tails,) and then ripping it all up again; by every conceivable operation, impetuously endeavoring to ease the irritation, which a keen consciousness of the greatness of the occasion, acting on a highly impressionable nature, had produced. The Head Constable was likewise at his post. His stout figure, red face, gray hairs, short legs, short neck, glazed cap, brass buttons, canary-colored walking-stick, and capacious waistcoat, (the pattern copied from a draft-board) were all there. A strong detachment of his force, in blue flannel shirts and black leather waistbelts, was close at hand; whilst on the little bench, outside the Police office, a special messenger, smoking his pipe and writing his name with his bayonet in the brick-dust before him, sat ready to swing himself into the saddle at a moment's notice, and speed away to the neighboring stations, to call in reinforcements, in case any serious violation of the peace took place. The arrangements of the Head Constable were admirable. It was clearly impossible that any attempt to throw off the crown of England, and substitute the red bonnet of Republicanism, could that day succeed. So strong was this conviction, that quite a number of ladies (the Baptist preacher's wife and others equally fashionable) had taken up a position inside the church-yard, right opposite the platform, and were now, with various emotions, awaiting the arrival of the candidates and their respective forces.

But it was past two o'clock, past noon, when they came in sight, and as the serious proceedings of the day then commenced, and as they continued to a late hour that evening, we must hold them over for a month.

FIFTY-FOUR HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

FIIFTY-four hundred years ago,
When the world was in its prime,
Two lovers sat in a shady grove,
Hand in hand, and their talk was love,
Far away in an eastern clime.

The birds were singing overhead
In the rustling boughs, whose checkered shade
Through waving vine and self-made wreath
On the lovers fell who sat beneath.
Beside, a sparkling fountain played,
Whose foaming waters down the dell
In snowy whirlpools rose and fell;
And in the west the summer sun,
His daily journey almost done,
Was spying how things went on below
For the sun is curious, you must know,
And he gazed with a very inquisitive stare
On the two fond lovers sitting there.

"O Maiden!" cried that ardent youth,
"Never, oh! never doubt my truth;
Yon flowing waters shall check their course,
And, rushing back, regain their source,
Before this heart, now only thine,
Shall worship at another shrine."

"And I," said the maiden, "as true shall prove;
The sun that now, in the glowing west,
Is hastening to his nightly rest,
Ere thou shalt cease to possess my love,
Shall wheel his coursers and back again
Impel his car over heaven's plain."

The sun was amused all this to hear
And gave one look extremely queer;
Then pulled a bright cloud over his head
To hide his laughing, and went to bed.

Another year had now rolled by,
And the sun looked down again from the sky;
The sparkling fountain met his view,
The waving trees and wild vines, too,
The birds were singing, the waters flowing,
The turf was springing, the roses blowing,
But the handsome youth and the maiden fair—
Where could they be? for they were not there.

The maiden was wedded, but not to him
To whom she had plighted her troth before;
She took old Dives with countless store
Of gems and gold, a prince of the east,
With twenty-five hundred camels at least;
And the youth had set his affections on
A wealthy widow of Babylon.

Alas! that man should be so fickle!
 Alas! that woman should be so frail!
 How sad that Mammon should thus prevail,
 And vanquish Love! But I never knew
 A case of the kind, nor, I'm sure, did you;
 Such things are unknown in modern times
 And in our land; but this, you know,
 Was fifty four hundred years ago
 And far away in eastern climes.

SLAVERY IN THE OTTOMAN EMPIRE.

MUSSULMAN slavery possesses some of the peculiarities of slavery in the patriarchal ages. It may, indeed, more correctly, be called bondage. The slave is bound to serve his master for an indefinite term of years, after which he regains his freedom, and a condition of perfect equality with his late owner, who may himself have formerly been a slave.

By Mussulman holy law, or the law compiled from the Koran, an individual can become a slave by birth, or by the chances of war. He becomes entirely deprived of all civil liberty by either of these causes, and belongs wholly to his master or mistress, whatever may be the condition, religion, or age of the latter. Thus, slaves are persons born of slaves, whether Mussulman or not; and all enemies who fall into the hands of Mussulmans may become slaves. Should the captured Christian, Jew, or Pagan, embrace the Islam faith, he does not by it obtain freedom. A Mussulman foe, by capture, only becomes a prisoner, and not a slave; for it is a fundamental principle of the religion of Mohammed that none of his followers, born of free parents, can ever be enslaved.

These points in Mussulman slavery are mentioned only to show that the blacks brought to Constantinople from Egypt and Barbary, captured in Sudan or Nubia, are Pagans, and that, though they may subsequently become Mussulmans, they do not, as a consequence, become free. The enslaving of such blacks is deemed legal by Mohammedans, on the ground that a fundamental principle of Islamism is, that the faithful shall forever be at war with all non-Mussulman peoples, and strive

to reduce them to their own faith, or to the condition of tributaries. From these two conditions there is but one release—by the sword, or by treaty. The former destroys the people who will not embrace the true faith, or submit to it as rayahs or tributary subjects, and the latter grants them temporary relief so long as the conditions stipulated for in the treaty are conformed to. Thus, in former times the Barbary princes more strictly maintained the law of Islamism than at present, by requiring of the government, or people, with which they condescended to make treaties of peace and traffic, a stipulated tribute, which each new Consul was held to bring with him. Since then the rigidity of the Islam law has been relaxed before the increased strength of other governments.

The white slaves of Circassia, purchased by the more opulent Mussulmans of Constantinople, are held to be the children of Pagans. Just as the black slaves of Central Africa are captured in warfare by enemies, among other tribes than their own, and by them sold to the slave-dealing Egyptians, so the Circassians are held to have been captured in the petty wars supposed to be waged among the different tribes of the Caucasus. In the latter case, however, this supposition is a fiction; for no such petty wars exist, and the young persons, male and female, conveyed from Circassia to Constantinople, have become enslaved by no such process. They are simply conveyed thither by their own parents or relatives, with or without their own consent, and sold by them to the childless, or the voluptuary. The traffic, therefore, is illegal, and forbidden by Islam law.

But, before dwelling upon this illegal slavery, let us enter more fully into the peculiarities of that which is legal.

A slave cannot be owned by his or her relative. So soon as a slave becomes, by purchase, inheritance, or gift, the property of one so nearly related to him as to be prohibited in marriage, he becomes free. This principle prevents the master or mistress from marrying a slave; such a marriage, if it were practicable, would at once free the slave; and for this reason, whenever a female slave becomes the mother of her master's child, she is entitled to her freedom. Should the Circassian slave, or bond-maiden, whose person as well as services appertain to her master, have the good fortune to bear him a child, she becomes the equal, in every respect, with her child and its father.

These principles, established by Mohammed, are humane and equitable, but his followers, less virtuous than himself, have adopted means for their corruption and evasion. Many of the Mussulman Effendies of Constantinople prefer to fill their homes with Circassian female slaves, rather than avail themselves of the liberal privilege of the Prophet, and marry four wives. They prefer to lord it over the helpless slave, rather than to bear with the demands of the free woman, who, though she may be divorced at will, without any cause, may, nevertheless, possess relatives whose influence could be brought to bear against the master's comfort or his prosperity. Jealousy and ambition must be stifled in the slave, whilst it would be expressed by the free wife; and it is common for the daughter of the man of rank to stipulate that she shall have no rival or equal in her husband's harem, previous to giving her consent to become his wife.

Another reason for this preference in favor of the slave is, that whilst legal wives will not consent to adopt measures for the suppression of child-birth, the fearful slave is compelled to take drugs, and to use other means revolting to humanity, to produce abortion. On this subject some melancholy cases may be adduced. Previous to the decease of Sultan Mahmoud, the father of the present Sultan, he had bestowed a beautiful Circassian slave upon his son, now Sultan Abdul Medjid, and

this slave became pregnant. It is a principle of the Ottoman government, that neither the brothers nor the sons of the reigning Sultan can have any children, and that their sisters and daughters may only have female offspring. From some cause or motive not known to the public with any degree of certainty, the slave of the Prince heir-apparent would not, it is said, adopt any of the usual means to produce abortion. It is believed that the humane feelings of the Prince revolted at the idea of such an enormity, and that the fact was concealed from the inmates of the Imperial harem,—that as Sultan Mahmoud was fast causing his own death by habits of intemperance, which soon ended his career by delirium tremens, the friends of the Prince induced him to hope for an early accession to the throne, and the consequent right of life to his child. But be this as it may, the prolonged existence of the Sultan, and the requisitions of the Ottoman Court, called for the sacrifice of the yet unborn child, or the death of the rebellious slave. The public soon learned, with more than ordinary pain, that the refusal of the young Circassian slave, who had been the companion of the Sultan's eldest son, to destroy her child, had caused her own destruction, and that she had been torn from his embrace to be strangled.

Another case occurred with one of the highest pachas of the empire, a brother-in-law of the Sultan, and now one of his highest ministers. Among his female Circassian slaves, was one who enjoyed his favor in an uncommon degree. He, nevertheless, required her to use means for the destruction of her unborn child; this she deferred so long, that her own life would probably be sacrificed by their adoption. Urged by threats of extreme violence, and by the withdrawal of her master's favor, the slave found means of escaping from his harem, and of access to the mother of the Sultan, whose benevolence, during her lifetime, was frequently appealed to by the unfortunate of Constantinople, of both sexes; and throwing herself at her feet, exposed her condition, and implored her protection. Soon afterwards it was rumored that the Sultan's mother had forbidden the Pacha from using any violence to the Circassian slave, and that he had consequently permitted her to live without molestation.

It has already been said that the Sultan's sisters are allowed, by the rules of the Ottoman Court, to have female children only, and as the remark may seem to require explanation, we add, that the female branches of the Ottoman dynasty are always married to pachas, of course, of the highest rank; that, in former reigns, the happy bridegroom, on the day following his union with the sultana, set out upon a journey to one of the more distant pachaliks of the empire, as its governor, from which he never again returned to rejoice the heart of his wife. This regulation existed for the purpose of preventing the possibility of any offspring from the marriage of the sultana, and was more humane than the one now observed at Constantinople. The Sultan's sisters, who were four in number, though one only now remains, were freely permitted to bring forth their children, but the males were invariably strangled at the moment of their birth, and the females only allowed to live.

Some years ago, during the lifetime of Sultan Mahmoud, the wife of the pacha alluded to in the preceding case had been assured by her father that the child which she was about to bear should be allowed to live, whether male or female. All her previous children must have been males, for none had lived, and supposing that the one yet unborn might be of the same sex, she had, by imploring her father's mercy, induced him to promise that it should be spared. Notwithstanding this promise, her child lived only one day, and it was said that she had good reason to believe it was strangled by her side, in her bed. When she could find sufficient strength for the effort, she arose from her couch, and from her window, which overlooked her father's palace, cursed him as the murderer of her innocent child. The husband of this sultana is a Circassian, and had been for many years a slave of one of the highest dignitaries of the empire.

We have already stated, that by the Islam holy law, Mussulmans are always at war with the rest of mankind, except those tributary to them as rayahs or received under the cover of safety and pardon (*Musta'amen*) by treaty stipulations, which are supposed to give to the Mussulmans an equivalent for the tribute which would otherwise have been exacted. In Islam law, all

persons, not thus situated, are denominated *Harby*, which means that they are in a state of warfare with all Mussulmans. For this reason, all the inhabitants of South America, for example, come under this condition, and may be attacked and reduced to slavery, at any time, by any Mohammedan nation.

By the same Mussulman law, any person in foreign slavery becomes free by passing into a Mohammedan land, and there professing the Islam faith. It is on this principle that any foreigner becomes a naturalized subject of the Sultan, so soon as he claims to be one and adopts his religion. Any foreigner may also become rayah or non-Mussulman subject by claiming that privilege. It is narrated of the Prophet, that, upon a certain occasion, a number of Pagan slaves took refuge in his camp and embraced his new faith. He established the rule above-mentioned by declaring them at once free, without any regard for the claims of their late masters, who naturally took a different view of the case.

Each black slave, when sold, is registered in a document called *Penjik*, delivered to the purchaser by the vender, and this is given over to the slave when manumitted. No slave can own anything, and he cannot even purchase his freedom with money acquired whilst yet in a state of bondage. On the other hand, the master is wholly responsible for the debts of his slave, or for any penalties of a pecuniary nature to which the latter may be condemned by law. He may employ his slaves on whatever kind of service he pleases, and his power over them is so absolute that, should he, in correcting one of them, have the misfortune to wound, or even kill, he cannot be legally prosecuted for it. Nor can the relatives of the Mussulman slave appeal to the law of talion, in case the master has been the cause of his death without reason. He can give them away, or leave them as an inheritance, and separate the members of a family of slaves as he may deem proper. A peculiarity of the law establishes that whilst the master cannot, on selling a female slave, make any reservation of a child yet to be born, still he has a full right to declare that, when born, it shall be free.

Should a master refuse to provide for the support of his slave, the latter is

free to work for his own support; and in case the master does not possess the means of providing for his slaves, they can require him to have them sold, or compel him to give them their freedom. He may give his slaves in marriage to whomsoever he pleases, and they may be married to free persons or to slaves. He cannot, however, require any of his slaves to live together without marriage, nor can he separate them after they are thus united in wedlock. He may bestow his female slave upon his son, or even marry her to him, provided always that she has never been his own concubine. The children of a female slave always belong to her master, even when the father is free; and the children of a free woman are also free, though their father may be a slave.

A master can have free intercourse with his slaves, if they do not oppose it; not, however, with two sisters, nor with mother and daughter, aunt and niece. This intercourse is also restricted to Mussulman, Christian, and Jewish slaves, and not with the Pagan; and any children thus born to him become legitimate, by his acknowledgment. For this reason, all Circassian slaves, once purchased by Mussulmans, and admitted into their harems, are considered as being Mussulmans, though their parents may have always been Pagans. It is not uncommon, at Constantinople, for a parent to purchase for and bestow upon his son a female Circassian slave, as a legal concubine; yet it is generally supposed that no gentleman would sell a female slave with whom he had had that relation, and the law does not authorize a son to establish such a tie with his father's slave, until he has acquired that right, by gift, from the father.

It can readily be imagined how a master, after using this legitimate right over the person of his female slave, may dispose of her, or give her away, at an early period, and thus preserve himself against the consequent responsibilities. The law, however, provides against this, and even a free woman cannot marry again, after divorce, until the expiration of a certain term. A man may acknowledge his child, born six months after the sale of his slave, and the term is even extended to eleven months should he die after having made a declaration to that effect.

A master cannot marry his slave until he has freed her; but should she, after thus receiving her freedom, refuse to marry him, he cannot compel her, nor return her again to slavery.

The modern Sultans of the Ottoman Empire never marry. The mothers of their children are always Circassian slaves, whom they have purchased, or received as presents. Although the harem of the Sultan must contain some hundreds of female slaves of both colors, it is said, at Constantinople, that the number of the Imperial favorites amount to only some six or seven, and these are called, in Turkish, *Kadens*, or wives, though it is believed they have not been legally married to him. To bear a child to the Sultan is a distinguished honor, and insures a high rank and consideration, even though the child does not live. To prove barren would be to lose all hope of consideration and freedom; and it is not uncommon for the Sultan to bestow such a female Circassian slave upon an officer of his government, whom he desires to honor. No female slaves of the Sultan are ever sold, and, after his death, those whom his son and heir may not choose to retain in his own harem, are provided for in separate establishments, and supported by pensions.

It is common, at Constantinople, for a Mussulman wife, who is barren, to purchase and present her husband a white or even a black slave, so that he may not be childless. This is sometimes remarked there, by the circumstance that a wife is seen accompanied by a black slave, bearing a mulatto child. There is reason to believe that this generosity is not very common among the higher families, in which, if report is correct, there is quite as much jealousy as in those of European cities. Indeed, for a Turkish gentleman of rank, now, to have more than one legal wife, is of rare occurrence, and but few venture to have slave favorites in their harems. This, they assert, is to avoid expense, and to prevent the evils of jealousy. So absolute is the rule of most Mussulman wives, that, with all the license permitted by Islam law, few pachas, beys, or effendis, dare even to have any known relation with their Circassian slaves. Should such an offense be discovered, there would be no peace in the family until the master

expelled the innocent and helpless slave, which he would most probably do, by bestowing her, if childless, upon some one of his own dependents.

These "rights of woman," in Constantinople, extend so far as even to penetrate the harem of the Sultan. An instance, not long since, occurred, which will serve to elucidate this fact. Among the many Circassian slaves of the Imperial harem was one whose beauty proved to her to be, indeed, a "fatal gift," for it attracted the attention of her master, and she soon found herself fast rising in his favor, greatly to the indignation of his elder favorites, and the mother of his children. Soon she became the object of their wrath, and the subject of intense harem intrigue. The favor and natural kindness of the Sultan won her warmest affection, and she was sincerely attached to him. This affection was, it is said, returned by the Sultan, and he was grieved at the disorder to which it had given rise in his family circle. Finally, unable further to withstand the cabal, the Sultan, for the sake of harmony, bestowed her upon one of his chamberlains, a young man, remarkable for masculine beauty and graceful demeanor.

Her new master treated her with all delicacy and respect, and bestowed upon her every object of luxury which she could possibly desire. But her despair knew no limits; she could find no consolation for the loss of the Sultan's favor, and the high consideration attached to it. Day after day, and week after week, passed without producing any change in the state of her mind, and, after pining away beyond medical relief, she, at last, found comfort and repose in that receptacle of all the broken-hearted—the grave.

When a master has freed a slave in order to marry her, the nuptial tie is registered by the Mollah of the quarter, town, or village, and, in most cases, this is done by proxy. Each party is represented by a friend, who declares, in the presence of two witnesses, that he is the duly appointed proxy of the party engaging in matrimony, for one stipulated immediate dowry, and one conditional. The former consists of presents offered to the bride, generally wearing apparel and jewels; the latter is a sum of money, to be given her in case of divorce. A divorce from a Mussul-

man husband, like the freedom of a slave, consists simply in a short declaration, such, for example, as, "I divorce thee," or, "Thou art free." This, it may readily be supposed, is sometimes uttered in moments of anger, to be subsequently repented of. The mistake can be remedied three times before the Mollah, without any inconvenience; the third divorce, however, precludes a renewal of the bonds of matrimony between the same parties, until the woman has been legally married to another man.

On the subject of concealing the faces of females in Mussulman countries, it may be said that it is more an Eastern custom than an ordinance of the Koran. In the times of the Arabian Caliphs, it is believed that Mussulman females did not conceal their faces, or lead the lives of seclusion now common to them in all Eastern lands. The usage owes its origin to more recent days, and, at Constantinople, at least, if not elsewhere, is falling somewhat into disuse. It is considered quite as indelicate for a Mussulman lady to bare her face, as for a Christian lady to expose her ankles, but not an indication of an absence of virtue in the one more than in the other case.

At the present time, a Mussulman woman, of mature age, is not allowed to show her face to any man but her master, husband, or near relatives. So soon as a wife is divorced, or a slave free, she must put a veil over her face, and conceal it from him to whom she has just exhibited it with entire liberty. Thus the white and black slaves of a Mussulman's harem, meet him there, without any embarrassment, and his sons, of whatever age can freely visit it without causing its inmates to fly their presence, as would be the case were they strangers. For this reason, no Mussulman can possibly employ free white or black women in his harem. He must have slaves or employ Christian females entirely, to serve his wives and daughters. The word harem is only used to signify the women's apartments of a Mussulman gentleman's house, in contradistinction to those for the reception of his male guests, called *Salamlik*. The harem is usually occupied by his wife or wives, daughters, sisters, or mother, and their attendants, who, as above stated, must, by the present custom, be slaves. It is highly errone-

ous to suppose that the master does, or even can, have free intercourse with any or all of these slaves; for besides other reasons of a social and domestic nature, already alluded to, their own consent is absolutely necessary. In case of a slave's opposition to her master's will, he can sell her to whomever he pleases, give her away, or otherwise induce her consent; but, in the event of violence on his part, she may require him to sell her, like any other slave.

We have already said that the Mussulman's slave is held in bondage for an indefinite period. This term is left at the option of the master. The Prophet in the Koran says, "The faithful who manumits his slave, frees himself from the pains of humanity, and from the torments of eternal fire." No stronger injunction could be offered to masters than this, which shows the humane sentiments of the prophet and law-giver of Arabia. Seven years is the usual limit of Islam slavery, though there is no obligation which restricts the master to that period. Black slaves are generally purchased only for domestic service, and form the lower grade of servants in all Mussulman houses. They are bought young, say at the age of seven to twelve years, and generally are fresh from Egypt, entirely ignorant, and therefore quite incompetent to be of much service. In most cases, the slave, at the expiration of the usual term of years, has scarcely acquired sufficient address to recompense the owner for the amount expended on him, so that he becomes free at the moment of his usefulness. Many refuse to accept of their freedom, preferring to remain in nominal bondage with their masters. It is also a custom at Constantinople, in manumitting a slave, for the master or mistress to set him up in some kind of business, by which he may be enabled to gain a livelihood, and oftentimes they procure the freed slave an opportunity to marry. This is done by finding a friend who is about to free a slave suitable for the purpose, and to unite with him in this act of Mussulman benevolence. By this means many of the families of Constantinople are enabled to retain their black slaves, with their wives, in their houses, without such embarrassment to the latter as if they were declared legally manumitted. On such occasions, it is customary to give them

their *Penjiks* of freedom, but without any declaration.

A few years ago, a market for colored slaves existed in Constantinople, called *Essie Bazaar*, or the market for captives, under the direction of an officer called *Essiejiler Kehdyaser*, and in its vicinity dwelt several matrons, called *Ehl Khibré*, women of experience, whose business it was to examine female slaves, at the request of purchasers. The males sold for from one hundred to one hundred and fifty dollars, and the females seldom averaged higher. Indeed, the latter sold for more than the former, whenever they had already been in service—especially when qualified to serve as cooks. The males were purchased generally in the view of serving their masters as body servants, but always remained in a low condition. A few of them, after being manumitted, were placed in the Sultan's army, where the influence of their former masters procured them promotion. Some rose to the rank of lieutenant or captain, and in a few instances to that of major. A black slave of Sultan Mahmoud became a military pacha, and as such commanded the fortresses of the Dardanelles in 1844. The prejudice existing among Mussulmans against colored men is slight, but no endeavor being generally made by masters to elevate the mental condition of their black slaves by education, they remain quite as ignorant as when first purchased, and only become somewhat improved in deportment, manners and habits of cleanliness.

A few years ago, whilst Lord Palmerston was Minister of Foreign affairs in England, the Ottoman Government was strongly urged to suppress the black slave-market entirely. About the same time the Bey of Tunis prohibited slavery in his Viceroyalty, and the Pacha of Egypt—the wily old Mehemet Ali—being urged to do something of the same sort, consented to compromise the matter by establishing a tax, of five hundred piasters, on each slave shipped from Alexandria. This tax went into his own treasury, but, at the same time, he desired to create the belief that it would have the effect of checking the slave trade. Rechid Pacha then filled the office of Minister of Foreign affairs at Constantinople, and the wishes of Lord Palmerston were acceded to. This half-and-half measure for the suppression of

black slavery had the effect of greatly aggravating the condition of the slaves, and did not, it is believed, at all diminish the traffic itself ; for whilst the slaves from Tripoli and Egypt had previously been offered for sale, in a comfortable and humane manner, in a commodious building, provided with numerous private apartments for females, they are now exposed for sale in wretched huts, covered over with ragged straw mats, through which the rain passes upon the miserable beings, near the *Al Bazaar* or Horse Market of Constantinople, greatly to the disgust of all benevolent passers by. They number about two thousand annually.

The greatest objects of luxury among Mussulmans of rank are white slaves and horses. So soon as an effendi possesses a house, he commences furnishing it with the former. Even the poor man in humble life, who cannot afford to marry, saves sufficient money to purchase a slave, who fills the double character of servant and concubine, and he may legally legitimize any children she bears to him. The birth of the first child gives her, as has already been shown, manumission, of which nothing can deprive her, though, indeed, she may not fully enjoy it until his death. In the mean time, however, she cannot either be sold or given away. Indeed, her master will, most probably, manumit her legally and marry her ; she may be his only wife, and, by following his fortunes in life, be elevated to the highest ranks in the Empire. Many instances are known of this kind, and quite recently a Mussulman gentleman, who has only a slave wife, was raised to the office of Grand Vizier.

The white slaves, now brought to Constantinople only from Circassia, are sold in private houses, in a small quarter of the city near Top-khaneh. A few years ago they were frequently brought down from Trebizond to the Capital in English steamers. Russia, since 1824, has endeavored to prevent the white slave-trade of Circassia, and has had light vessels of war stationed off the coast to seize upon any boats containing young persons, male or female, with the appearance of slavery. The slave-dealers, after collecting a certain number of likely boys and girls, would watch opportunities when the Russian cruisers were out of the way ; then, suddenly

embarking them, set sail for Trebizond or the neighboring coast. In the English, Austrian and Turkish steamers which ply between Trebizond and Constantinople, they would take passage, and, after landing their treasures at the Top-khaneh wharf, keep them in private houses until they were disposed of.

It is generally admitted at Constantinople, that these Circassian slaves are legally no slaves at all. They are children brought for sale by their own parents or relations, and consequently the traffic is, strictly speaking, illegal. No duty is paid upon them at the Capital, and though the dealers are often seen proceeding through the street, followed by girls who, from their costumes, are readily recognized as slaves being taken to purchasers, still, no public sale is known to take place any where in Constantinople. It is rarely that boys are now brought for sale ; the traffic, for many years past, having been mainly limited to the fairer sex. Their price varies greatly according to the girl's degree of comeliness, her age, and accomplishments. It will readily be supposed that the latter must be few, and that they have all to be acquired in the harems of the opulent effendis of the Capital. The prices vary from three hundred to two, three, four, or even five thousand dollars. Many of the wives of pachas, beys and effendis purchase young girls of six or eight years of age, for the purpose of re-selling them with a profit after keeping them three or four years, and teaching them such accomplishments as recommend them to the young gentlemen or ladies of the harem. Very often they are given as presents or bribes, to secure the interest of the receiver in behalf of the donor or her husband.

But both the trade in Circassian slaves and the Mussulman custom of preferring bond-women for wives in place of free ones, has received a severe blow from two Firmans or Imperial Ordinances, lately issued on the subject by the Sultan. There cannot be a doubt, that the same influence, which caused the black slave-market to be closed, has now produced this decision against the white ones. In the latter case, the Sultan certainly makes a great sacrifice, for his mother was a Circassian slave, and so are the mothers of his own children. The revolution which it will make in

Mussulman domestic life must be a serious one, and have a strong tendency towards the civilization of the future Ottomans. Henceforth the Sultan must marry free ladies. These two Firmans are both addressed to Mustapha Pacha, Commander-in-Chief of the Sultan's forces at Batoum, a small port of the Black Sea, near the Circassian frontier. The first is as follows:

"To thee, my excellent Vizier: Be it known that man is the most noble creature of God's works, to whom He has given, as a source of his superiority and happiness, the gift of liberty. Yet, contrary to his primitive destination, the Circassians have adopted the strange habit of selling their own children and relations into slavery; and, what is still more remarkable, they steal the children of their neighbors for the purpose of selling them like so many dumb animals or inanimate merchandise. Now, this conduct is incompatible with the will of the Divine Creator; it is, therefore, wholly reprehensible, and meets with my entire disapprobation. In the view, then, of putting a stop to this traffic, I have given efficacious advice and the necessary orders to the Circassians on the subject, and have issued orders, to all the civil and military authorities on the coasts of the Black Sea, that measures be adopted to prevent the embarkation of slaves in the ports usually visited for that purpose."

"In this view, the present illustrious Firman has been issued from my Imperial Divan, and when you have become informed of its contents, you, my excellent Vizier, will exhibit the zeal which has ever characterized you, by attending to the execution of my sovereign will. You will make it known to all of the Circassians; you will prevent their landing any more slaves in the ports of the Black Sea; and as it is necessary to punish those who may venture to disobey—those who become guilty of selling their children and relations, or of stealing the children of others with the view of selling them,—you will see that this is done. Issued on the 10th day of the moon of Moharem, 1271. (October 15, 1854.)"

The second Firman is still more remarkable, inasmuch as it would seem to show that the Sultan had only just heard of the fact that slaves were brought from Circassia to Constantino-

ple, and that his mother and wives—if they may be so called—came from that region.

"To thee, my Vizier:

"It has been learned and verified that there are individuals who take women and children in Georgia, and sell them as slaves. I need not state how blamable and abominable this conduct is. Independent of the injustice done, it is contrary to honor and humanity, on which account I have given orders that hereafter rigorous opposition be shown to it in that country, and that any one, having the audacity to do such a thing, shall be severely punished. With this view the present Firman has been issued by my Imperial Divan. Instructed in my intentions, thou wilt make known, to whomever it concerns, what I have thus commanded. If, hereafter, any persons engage in this traffic, both the seller and the buyer must be severely punished.

"Thou wilt take strong measures that, every one knowing these orders on the subject of the sale and purchase of slaves, no one may engage in so abominable a traffic; thou wilt do all in thy power to find out any women or children who may be in the hands of another person, and see that they be restored to their families and friends. Vizial letters have been addressed on this point to the Pacha of Trebizond, and the governors of Janik and Lazistan, containing instructions that no women or children, thus carried off, may be permitted to pass by land into the interior of Anatolia, nor be disembarked upon any point of the coast; and thou wilt keep up a continual communication with these two functionaries on this important subject.

"Place entire faith in the Imperial Cypher at the head of this order, and conform strictly to its contents.

"Moharem 10, 1271. (October 2, 1854.)"

If these two Imperial Firmans were not issued simply to conciliate the influence which called them into existence,—if the Ottoman Government does not continue to permit, as heretofore, Circassian slave-dealers to bring young male and female slaves, in the guise of their own children, for sale to Constantinople—the extinction of this branch of Islam slavery must have a beneficial influence upon Ottoman society.

LIVING IN THE COUNTRY.

An event—Wolpert's Roost—The Nepperhan and its Legends—Mr. Sparrowgrass descends to the Infernal Regions on a Dumb Waiter—Carrier Pigeons and Roosters—The great Polish Exile—Poetry—Altogether a Chapter of Birds.

WE have had an event in our family. The children are half crazy about it, Mrs. Sparrowgrass says she cannot lay it down for a moment; when she does, Miss Lobelia, our niece, takes it up, and there she will sit over it, in her lap, for hours together. It is called "WOLFERT'S ROOST," a new book, by Washington Irving. When I brought it home in my carpet bag, and opened it at our winter tea-table, and read all about the Nepperhan (our river) to the boys, their eyes dilated so, that I seemed to be surrounded with the various mill-ponds of that celebrated stream. Here we are within the enchanted ground, and the shadow of the great "Katrina Van Courtland, with one foot resting on Spiting Devil Creek, and the other on the Croton River," is over us. It is pleasant to know that, in case of invasion, we are in the same county with the lusty goose-gun of the iron-hearted Jacob Van Tassel; and, even in biting winter weather, there is a sort of local pride in the reflection, that the north wind cannot approach us, without making all the weathercocks on the "Roost" point towards Yonkers.

As for our eldest, the reading to him of "The Adalantado of the Seven Cities" and "The Three Kings of Bermuda" has filled his head with ships, sails, anchors, salt-water, and ambergris,

"Nothing of him—

But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange."

and while perusing "Mountjoy," I observed our niece, Miss Lobelia, glancing contemplatively more than once at her slipper. "Uncle Sparrowgrass," said she, "you have been to Wolpert's Roost, I believe?" I answered, with as much humility as I could muster, that I had, and proceeded to give a full and minute account of the particulars; how L. G. C. and I walked from Dobb his ferry, upon the rigid back-bone of the aqueduct, to Dearman's one memorable summer day; how the Roost looked, and every thing about it;—the rough-cast walls, overclung with Abbotsford ivy, and trumpet creeper—the crow-step gables—the sunny-side pond, with its navy of white, topsail ducks—the Spanish chestnut that stood on the bank—

the splendid tulip-trees in the ravine back of the Roost—Gentleman Dick in the stable—the well-worn tiles in the hall, and the Stadt-House weather-cock on the peak of the roof. Miss Lobelia interrupted me—"is Mr. a—a—I mean, what became of the heroine of the footsteps?" "Oh, ho," thought I, "I see where the shoe pinches," and then gravely answered, "Mountjoy is still a bachelor," at which our niece glanced furtively again at her little slipper, and a fleeting dimple faded from her cheek, as I have seen a farewell ship gleam for a moment in the sun, then vanish in shadow.

There's magic in the book, it hath bewitched every body! What I most admire in it is, the juvenile air it has; there is a freshness about Wolpert's Roost, a sort of Spring-like freshness, which makes it more attractive than any thing else Irving ever wrote. It is a younger brother of the Sketch Book, not so scholarly, perhaps, but sprightlier; fuller of fine impulses—genius—fire—spirit! And then it has mentioned our village once or twice; and the beloved Nepperhan river rolls along, no longer a dumb feeder of mill-ponds, but a legended stream, that "winds, for many miles, through a lovely valley, shrouded by groves, and dotted by Dutch farm-houses, and empties itself into the Hudson, at the ancient Dorp of Yonkers!"

"The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
The fair humanities of old religion,
The power, the beauty, and the majesty,
That had her haunts in dale, and piney mountains,
Or forest by slow stream, or pebbly spring,
Or chasms and watery depths."

may now visit the sacred shores of the Saw-Mill river—the Nepperhan. A touch of Irving's quill, and lo, it is immortal! As Arno to the Tuscan, or Guadalquivir to the Andalusian; as the Ganges to the Hindoo, or the Nile to the Egyptian, henceforth and forever the Nepperhan to the Yonk—to the future citizens of the ancient Dorp of Yonkers.

"Bottom, thou art translated."

We, too, have our traditions, and some remain untold. One is that of the horse-

ghost, who may be seen every Evacuation night, after twelve, on a spectral trot towards the City of New York; and the other is the legend of the Lop-horned Buck, who sometimes, in a still summer evening, comes through the glen, to drink from Baldwin's phantom-haunted pond. When these are recorded, in a future *Wolfert's Roost*, then will the passenger, by loitering steam-boat, or flying train, draw a long breath as he passes our village, and say, "there! look! behold! the ancient Dorp of Yonkers!"

We have put a dumb waiter in our house. A dumb waiter is a good thing to have in the country, on account of its convenience. If you have company, every thing can be sent up from the kitchen without any trouble, and, if the baby gets to be unbearable, on account of his teeth, you can dismiss the complainant by stuffing him in one of the shelves, and letting him down upon the help. To provide for contingencies, we had all our floors deafened. In consequence, you cannot hear any thing that is going on in the story below; and, when you are in an upper room of the house, there might be a democratic ratification meeting in the cellar, and you would not know it. Therefore, if any one should break into the basement, it would not disturb us; but to please Mrs. Sparrowgrass, I put stout iron bars in all the lower windows. Besides, Mrs. Sparrowgrass bought a rattle when she was in Philadelphia; such a rattle as watchmen carry there. This is to alarm our neighbor, who, upon the signal, is to come to the rescue with his revolver. He is a rash man, prone to pull trigger first, and make inquiries afterwards.

One evening, Mrs. S. had retired, and I was busy writing, when it struck me a glass of ice-water would be palatable. So I took a candle and the pitcher, and went down to the pump. Our pump is in the kitchen. A country pump, in the kitchen, is more convenient; but a well with buckets is certainly most picturesque. Unfortunately, our well water has not been sweet since it was cleaned out. First I had to open a bolted door that lets you into the basement-hall, and then I went to the kitchen-door, which proved to be locked. Then I remembered that our girl always carried the key to bed with her, and slept with it under her pillow. Then

I retraced my steps; bolted the basement-door, and went up in the dining-room. As is always the case, I found, when I could not get any water, I was thirstier than I supposed I was. Then I thought I would wake our girl up. Then I concluded not to do it. Then I thought of the well, but I gave that up on account of its flavor. Then I opened the closet doors, there was no water there; and then I thought of the dumb waiter! The novelty of the idea made me smile: I took out two of the movable shelves, stood the pitcher on the bottom of the dumb waiter, got in myself with the lamp; let myself down, until I supposed I was within a foot of the floor below, and then let go!

We came down so suddenly, that I was shot out of the apparatus as if it had been a catapult; it broke the pitcher, extinguished the lamp, and landed me in the middle of the kitchen at midnight, with no fire, and the air not much above the zero point. The truth is, I had miscalculated the distance of the descent—instead of falling one foot, I had fallen five. My first impulse was, to ascend by the way I came down, but I found that impracticable. Then I tried the kitchen door, it was locked; I tried to force it open; it was made of two-inch stuff, and held its own. Then I hoisted a window, and there were the rigid iron bars. If I ever felt angry at any body it was at myself, for putting up those bars to please Mrs. Sparrowgrass. I put them up, not to keep people in, but to keep people out.

I laid my cheek against the ice-cold barriers and looked out at the sky; not a star visible; it was as black as ink overhead. Then I thought of Baron Trenck, and the prisoner of Chillon. Then I made a noise! I shouted until I was hoarse, and ruined our preserving-kettle with the poker. That brought our dogs out in full bark, and between us we made night hideous. Then I thought I heard a voice, and listened—it was Mrs. Sparrowgrass calling to me from the top of the stair-case. I tried to make her hear me, but the infernal dogs united with howl, and growl, and bark, so as to drown my voice, which is naturally plaintive and tender. Besides, there were two bolted doors and double deafened floors between us; how could she recognize my voice, even if she did hear it? Mrs. Sparrowgrass called

once or twice, and then got frightened ; the next thing I heard was a sound as if the roof had fallen in, by which I understood that Mrs. Sparrowgrass was springing the rattle ! That called out our neighbor, already wide awake ; he came to the rescue with a bull-terrier, a Newfoundland pup, a lantern, and a revolver. The moment he saw me at the window, he shot at me, but fortunately just missed me. I threw myself under the kitchen table and ventured to expostulate with him, but he would not listen to reason. In the excitement I had forgotten his name, and that made matters worse. It was not until he had roused up every body around, broken in the basement door with an axe, gotten into the kitchen with his cursed savage dogs and shooting-iron, and seized me by the collar, that he recognized me,—and then, he wanted me to explain it ! But what kind of an explanation could I make to him ? I told him he would have to wait until my mind was composed, and then I would let him understand the whole matter fully. But he never would have had the particulars from me, for I do not approve of neighbors that shoot at you, break in your door, and treat you in your own house, as if you were a jail-bird. He knows all about it, however,—somebody has told him,—*somebody* tells every body everything in our village.

That *somebody* reminds me of a queer fowl that roosts in the village, and in all villages, to hatch disturbances among weak-minded people. I allude to the Carrier Pigeon. The Carrier Pigeon tells you all your friends say of you, and tells your friends all you say of them. The mode of tactics is somewhat in this wise. She goes to Mrs. Kornkobbe's, takes tea with that lady, pets the children, takes out her needle and thread, opens her little basket, pulls out a bit of linen, with a collar pattern penciled upon it, puts on her thimble, then stitches away, and innocently asks Mrs. K. if she has heard that ridiculous story about her husband.

Mrs. Kornkobbe has not heard of it, but bridles up, and would like to know who has had the impudence to say any thing about her husband ! The Carrier Pigeon does not like to mention names, but vaguely hints that something is in the wind. Mrs. K., of course, is anxious to know the particulars. Carrier Pigeon would not for the world hurt

Mrs. K.'s feelings, but, just for her own satisfaction, she would like to ask "where Mr. Kornkobbe's father was born ?" Mrs. K. is completely nonplussed by this question, for, to use a mercantile phrase, she had never been posted up in regard to the incubation of her father-in-law, deceased some twenty years before she was married and two years before she was born. Carrier Pigeon, seeing Mrs. K.'s trepidation, adds, carelessly, as it were, "Your husband is an American, I believe ?" Mrs. K. catches at that, and answers "yes." "German name ?" Mrs. K. replies in the affirmative. "That is all I want to know," sighs the Carrier Pigeon. Whereupon Mrs. K., who is wrought up to fever point, answers, "But that is not all I want to know ;" and, by dint of a deal of persuasion, finally draws out the important secret : the Carrier Pigeon has heard it reported all over the village that Mr. Kornkobbe's father was nothing but a low German shoemaker. Now, if there is any information that Mrs. K. desires next in the world, it is to have the name of the person who said so ; and Carrier Pigeon, after a temporary struggle between duty and propriety, finally, but reluctantly, gives up Mrs. Marshmallow as the author, at which Mrs. Kornkobbe lets loose all the pent-up fury in her soul upon the whole Marshmallow tribe, from the old grandfather, who hands around the plate in church, down to the youngest member of the family, just recovering from the united attacks of sprue, measles, hooping cough and chicken pox.

The next day Mrs. Marshmallow, who really loves Mrs. K. like a sister, and who possibly might have reported, by way of a mere joke, and not as a reflection, that Kornkobbe, senior, had been a Teutonic cordwainer,—the next day, Mrs. Marshmallow is visited by the Carrier Pigeon. Now Mrs. M. is a lady of much stronger mind than Mrs. K. : not so easily excited by any means ; but Carrier Pigeon, by dint of hints, innuendos, and all the artillery of shrugs and smiles, finally manages to excite her curiosity ; and then, when pressed to divulge, after binding up Mrs. Marshmallow not to tell a living soul, and taking other precautions of like nature, reluctantly, after struggling again through duty and propriety, allows Mrs. Marshmallow to draw from her all and every thing Mrs. Kornkobbe had said about *her* the previous evening ;

but, of course, does not say a word of the use she had made of Mrs. Marshmallow's name, by which the fire had been kindled so as to bring Mrs. K. up to the scalding point. And, as the tone of the Carrier Pigeon would lead Mrs. M. to believe that all her friend, Mrs. Kornkobbe, had said, was gratuitous, she at once makes up her mind that Mrs. Kornkobbe is a base, cold-blooded, double-faced, malicious slanderer. How pleased she is that she has found her out. Explanation is out of the question; neither Mrs. K. nor Mrs. M. will descend to notice each other, and Mr. Marshmallow and Mr. Kornkobbe go down to town in separate cars from that time and forever.

I love to see the Carrier Pigeon; to admire its pretty glossy neck, its mild eyes, its chaste and elegant plumage; but Mrs. Sparrowgrass and I have determined never to listen to its dulcet voice, whether it bring accounts of how our neighbors look, or how we look ourselves when others see us.

We have gotten another rooster. Our Bantam disappeared one day; but we do not think it a serious loss, as he was of very little use. While he remained with us he kept up a sort of rakish air, and swaggered among the young pullets, just as you sometimes see an old bachelor with a bevy of buxom damsels; but the dame Partlets did not have much respect for him, and I am afraid he was terribly hen-pecked by Leah and Rachel. He left us one day. Probably he made away with himself—there is a great deal of vanity in a rooster, and wounded vanity is often the cause of suicide. One evening, on my return from the city, Mrs. Sparrowgrass said she had a surprise for me—a present from a friend. It was a Rooster; a magnificent black Poland cock, with a tuft of white feathers on his crown, and the most brilliant plumage in Westchester County. There he stood, one foot advanced, head erect, eye like a diamond, tail as high as his top-knot. There, too, was his mate, a matron-like, respectable looking female,

who would probably conduct herself according to circumstances, and preserve her dignity amid the trying difficulties of her new position. "A present from Judge Waldbin," said Mrs. Sparrowgrass. "So I thought," said I; "generous friend! do you know what I intend to do with his rooster?" Mrs. Sparrowgrass got frightened and said she did not. "Put him in verse," said I. Mrs. Sparrowgrass said she never heard of such a thing. But I will, Mrs. S., though I cannot write verse except upon great occasions. So, after a hearty supper and two cigars, I composed the following:—

TO MY POLAND ROOSTER.

"O thou, whatever title please thine ear,
He-chicken, Rooster, Cock, or Chanticleer;
Whether on France's flag you flap and flare,
Or roost and drowsie in Shelton's elbow-chair;
Or rouse the drones, or please the female kind,
And cluck and strut with all your hens behind;
As symbol, teacher, time-piece, spouse, to you
Our praise is doubtless, Cock-a-doodle, due.

Oviparous Sultan, Pharaoh, Cesar,
Sleep-shattering songster, feathered morning-star;
Many-wived Mormon, cock-pit Spartacus,
Winner alike of coin and hearty curse;
Sir Harem Scaram, knight by crest and spur,
Great, glorious, gallinaceous Aaron Burr,
How proud am I—how proud you corn-fed flock
Of cackling hours are—of thee, Old Cock!

Illustrious Exile! far thy kindred crow
When Warsaw's towers with morning glories glow:
Shanghai and Chittagong may have their day,
And even BRAHMA-POOTRA fade away;
But thou shalt live, immortal Polack, thou,
Though Russia's eagle claps thy pinions now,
To flap thy wings and crow with all thy soul,
When freedom spreads her light from Pole to Pole.

"I think," said Mrs. Sparrowgrass, "I have heard something like that before."

"No doubt you have," said I; "part is from Pope, part from Halleck, especially the pun in the first stanza; but how can you make decent poetry in the country without borrowing a little here and there, unless you have the genius of a Homer, or an Alexander Smith, Mrs. Sparrowgrass?"

SCIENCE AND NAVIGATION.*

IN the progress of human knowledge, it is interesting to observe that the modes and degrees of advancement are as various as the subjects. While, in one direction, the treasures of thought and experience accumulate slowly, in another, a sudden discovery or a novel process of investigation creates a new branch of science, which is thenceforward recognized as a distinct pursuit.

"When," says Condorcet, in one of his eloquent *éloges*, "the mariner determines his longitude by means of the lunar problem, and thus secures his vessel from shipwreck, he owes his safety to speculations which were pursued two thousand years ago, and were solely prompted by a love of science." The truth here announced in such a striking manner, which unites, in the bonds of a common intellectual nature, the contemplative disciple of Plato with the hardy seaman, who entered yesterday upon his adventurous voyage, affords an example, perhaps the most impressive in history, of knowledge advancing by slow and hesitating steps—now arrested in its march entirely—again accelerated by the revelations of genius, or by the results of labor.

From the time when Archimedes and Apollonius meditated upon the curves generated by the sections of the cone, and added to the number of their properties, to the period when Kepler discovered that these curves were described in the heavens, and that the knowledge of their properties comprised an interpretation of the laws of planetary motion, how wide and barren the interval. After this, however, the progress is more steady, though still slow.

At the close of the next century Flamsteed communicated the results of his labors in the observatory to Newton, by whose genius they were made the foundation, rude but solid, of the lunar theory. The next most conspicuous advance is the publication by Maskelyne of his lunar method, in 1767. The last step is the improvement of the moon's tables, by the joint researches of Walker and Peirce here, and of Adams in England.

Between these leading events, all the intervals, except the first, are filled with

labor and study, and are rich with discoveries of new facts and important generalizations. And yet the knowledge which now enables the astronomer to furnish the seaman with lunar distances more accurate than his means of observation, has only proceeded by very gradual and unequal advances, and dates its commencement from the musings of the Academy, and the observations made before the Christian era by Hipparchus of Rhodes. Before turning over this brief but instructive page in the history of science, a single reflection must be added. It is suggested by considering that universal homogeneity, cognition, and affiliation of the intellectual nature of men throughout all the ages of the world, on which depends the fulfillment of the law of progress of the human race. What the Greek philosopher had left unfinished in the schools of Athens, the German student, living in a remote age, and under circumstances widely different, resumes precisely at the point at which it was relinquished, and carries it forward as if his own new thoughts were the continued operation of the same mind, interrupted only by the repose of sleep, instead of ages of war and tumult, of barbaric desolation and mental darkness.

In this exemplification of the absolute and continuous relation of mind with mind, we have a proof of the unity of nature in the diverse races of men; and, in the subjects of inquiry, we have an evidence of the likeness of man to the image of his Maker; for these subjects are the laws framed by the infinite mind for the government of the material world, and so framed as to be intelligible to the finite mind, which is thus taught to know the ordinances of Heaven!

As regulated by Him to whom a thousand years are as one day, that gradual development which leads dimly up to the "fullness of time," seems to our imperfect and impatient thinking tedious and disconnected.

"But apt the mind or fancy is to rove
Unchecked."

If we have looked at this view of the

* *The Physical Geography of the Sea.* By M. F. MAURY. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1855, pp. 274.

subject, it is not with irreverent wonder; but rather because it affords us an opportunity to remind the earnest student and laborer in the field of pure science—the searcher after truth for truth's sake—how mysteriously all parts of human learning and thought are linked together, and to teach him to trust that, even in this world, the faithful servants will find their reckoning.

Let us now look at a science which exhibits another mode and degree of advancement—the science of Physical Geography—the very title of which is only lately introduced into our catalogue. A few years since, all the knowledge coming under this head was included in Geography and Geology. But the researches and discoveries of Humboldt, Ritter, Steffens, and Guyot, added such vast stores to the former scanty collection, that it was necessary to create a new department in which they could be suitably arranged. Nothing affords so striking an indication of progressive improvement as these subdivisions of science. The building becomes too small to contain the accumulating riches of knowledge, and wings must be added.

The term "Physical Geography," in its most extended meaning, is made to comprehend a vast variety of subjects, belonging of course to the physical condition and structure of our globe, but touching, in one extreme, upon the relations it holds to other bodies in space, and, in the other, upon the races of man by which it is peopled.

A writer upon Physical Geography fifteen years ago, would have found it difficult to compile a work of respectable dimensions, unless he had been allowed to enter very far into the domains of Geology and Natural History. He would have included in his plan some account of the structure of the earth, and of the disposition of the materials composing its crust, and also a brief view of the distribution of animal life on its surface.

If we were to take our idea of the sphere and extent of the science of Physical Geography from the admirable compilation of Mrs. Somerville, we should say that in a general way it might include every thing in art, in nature, and in the natural sciences. On the other hand, Mr. Hamilton, the President of the Royal Geographical Society, says:—"By Physical Geography, I

mean every thing relating to the form and configuration of the earth's surface, as it issues from the hand of Nature, or as it is modified by the combined effects of time and weather and atmospheric influences;" leaving out art and man. Count Annibale Ramuzzi, in a work published at Bologna, in 1840, (we are quoting from an essay of Mr. Hamilton) divides geography into two branches—pure and statistical geography; the former professes to describe the result of physical force—the latter, the effects of moral force.

But if we follow the latest and best authority on this subject, we shall find that Guyot, in the revised edition of that most instructive and enchanting work, "The Earth and Man," after the example of Humboldt, Ritter, and Steffens, defines Physical Geography to be "not only the description of our earth, but the physical science of the globe—or the science of the general phenomena of the present life of the globe, in reference to their connection and their mutual dependence." Nothing, perhaps, could have been said which would give a more lively idea of the uncertain limits of this science, and of its state of rapid development, than this variety of definitions. We shall adhere to the last—not only because it proceeds from the highest authority, and is satisfactorily sustained in the work just mentioned, but because it is entirely borne out by Maury's treatises; which, if they had been wholly confined to facts of observation, and strict deductions from them, unmixed with speculations, might have been distinguished by this definition as a title.

Having now come to these treatises, composing the "Physical Geography of the Sea," which is our present subject, let us, in the beginning, say a few words as to the origin and conduct of that system of research which has led to such rich acquisitions, and has produced such extraordinary results in the practical world of business, as well as in what practical people love to call the speculative world of science.

It has always been the custom for sea-going ships to keep a record of the occurrences, facts, and appearances of their voyages, in a succinct and abbreviated, but perfectly clear, systematic, and intelligible form, called a log-book. The occurrences and facts recorded are those connected with the sailing and

navigation of the ship, and the appearances are the principal phenomena of the atmosphere and of the sea. The record is kept by the most responsible officers of the ship, and is closely inspected by the captain. The manner of keeping it is such that it must be copied at the close of every day, and it undergoes revision while the events and phenomena it registers are still fresh in the memory of the officers. Thus, it will be seen, that a ship's log-book has great claims to confidence on account of the intelligence of the observers, and the care bestowed upon it. These claims are still further strengthened, by the great value attached to the log-book as the only authentic narrative of the events of a voyage recognized in law. This circumstance, as may readily be imagined, increases the pains and the responsibility, so that, if the facts and phenomena recorded in the log-book should ever have any use, they may be relied on as strictly accurate.

When the voyage terminated, the log-book was put away, (we speak now of past times) in a safe place, and very rarely was there occasion to disturb its repose. From the shelf it passed to the garret, where it was soon covered with dust and oblivion. Its author, still employed in collecting the materials of other log-books, would, during the period of his active life, forget his former silent companion. It would never again see the light of day, except when called forth from its obscure retreat to revive the recollections of the past. We can imagine the gray-haired seaman pondering over the records of his youthful voyages, closing with a heavy sigh the pages which bring back the scenes of his fresh and early life, and exclaiming, in that language which with its tender iteration touches the very heart of our melancholy, as memory searches after vanished hours and joys of other days—

"Ehen fugaces Postume, Postume,
Labuntur anni."

But, beyond this gentle office, the old log-book had no worth. It was a picture of life, to be sure, but so dull and unchanging, so without light and shade, without atmosphere and perspective, that no one could desire to look at it. There was no individuality in it; and therefore the old log-book, when it had survived its generation, became mouldy

and offensive, and, suffering the lustration of fire, went where "there is no remembrance of former things."

It is reckoned as conspicuous among the many triumphs of modern art, that it has, in various ways, brought into beneficial use substances which, till now, had been regarded as worthless. Thus it furnishes the means of support for the laborious, and of wealth for the enterprising, out of that which ignorance formerly condemned as of no value.

An invention which brings out such a result, is in art what Maury's discovery of the utility of old log-books is in science; but the latter has all that superiority over the former which science has over art—that is, which general knowledge, comprising a large body of truths and principles, has over particular knowledge employed to effect some one special object.

But the general reader will ask, What these log-books contained which Maury found so serviceable and so prolific, but the value of which others had failed to perceive? They contained very full and accurate notes of the state of the wind and weather, during all seasons of the year, in all parts of the navigable seas. They also contained frequent observations of the currents of the ocean, of the temperature of the water and air, and of the barometer pressures. And further, there were to be found in them occasional observations of remarkable occurrences, such as "red fogs," and "sea-dust," and in the log-books of whale-ships information concerning the habitat of the various species of the whale. Now a single one of these manuscript journals had in itself no interest; the owner or ship-master was not, therefore, much out of the way in his estimation of its value. A single sea-journal was like an isolated astronomical observation, in which there is no meaning beyond itself. But when all these log-books were combined, they resembled a volume of astronomical observations, in which the appearances of the heavenly bodies are registered so often, and in so many different parts of the heavens, as to afford the means of determining the laws of their real or apparent motion.

This combination, which was "to collect the experience of every navigator as to the winds and currents of the ocean, and then to present the world with the results, on charts, for the improvement

of commerce and navigation," was the happy conception of Maury's genius. In order to form a correct judgment of the moment and significance of this conception, we must consider that its effect was as if Maury had, by a stroke of magic, (genius is not unlike magic in its operations,) distributed in every frequented part of the high seas, an army of ten thousand intelligent friends, who were to collect for him the information he wanted. In executing his wishes, they were to be regardless of danger or suffering. They were to encounter the extremes of heat and cold, the rage of the southern capes, the blighting fervor of the tropics, the water-sprouts and the "sulphurous and thought-executing fires" of the Gulf-stream, the obstinate monsoon, the dangerous gale and the tedious calm. And on their return they were to lay the results before him in a brief and intelligible form.

Or let us endeavor to estimate the importance of this conception, by considering how many life-times would be employed in collecting the required facts, if it were to be begun now. And in this view, let us look at the state of meteorological investigations on the land. The science of meteorology has, of late years, made very great advances; and there is, probably, no branch of knowledge which commands more attention and effort. But the principal pains and expense are at present bestowed upon making a collection of observations, more perfect, indeed, but similar to those which Maury found ready for use in the old, condemned log-books. These observations are the precursive and preparatory means, the fundamental basis, of further improvement. By the aid of these considerations, we may measure the consequence of the original conception.

The particular objects in view are thus stated in Maury's own language:

"By putting down on a chart the tracks of many vessels on the same voyage, but at different times, in different years, and during all seasons, and by projecting along each track the winds and currents daily encountered, it was plain that navigators hereafter, by consulting this chart, would have for their guide the results of the combined experience of all whose tracks were thus pointed out."

We have here the amplification of the original conception; let us pass from that to the execution of the plan. The plan was, to present the results on charts for the improvement of commerce

and navigation. These results included the geographical position of the ship, without which the numerous observations would be of no value. In tracing the course of a single voyage, on a nautical chart, it is customary to mark down the ship's place for every day at noon, and to join the places by a line which is called the ship's track. If the usual way had been adopted in this case, only a few tracks, comparatively, could have been put down. The paper would soon have become an inextricable labyrinth, perplexing and unintelligible even to the person by whom it was plotted. It was requisite, then, to devise some other procedure. A system, composed of symbols and colors, was invented.

"The symbols devised with this view were a comet's tail for the wind, an arrow for currents, Arabic numerals for the temperature of the sea, Roman for the variation of the needle, continuous, broken, and dotted lines for the month, and colors for the four seasons.

"A continuous line was used to show that the track was made during the first month; a broken, the second; and a dotted line, the last month of each season: black standing for the winter, green for spring, red for summer, and blue for autumn.

"The comet's tail, and the arrow, and the numerals, were also in colors, according to the seasons. The force and direction of the wind were indicated by the shape and position of this tail; while the flight and length of the arrows designated the velocity and set of the currents."

Having touched upon the conception and the execution of the plan, let us now proceed to a hasty enumeration of the principal results of its fulfillment, not forgetting to give a passing thought to the great labor involved in the selection and disposition of the materials, and to the transfer of them to the prepared projections.

One of the most prominent of the results has already been alluded to; the advantages conferred on every navigator by communicating to him at once the combined experience of all other navigators. "The young ship-master, with these charts before him, would be immediately lifted up, and placed on a footing with the oldest sea-captains." The knowledge gathered by the oldest mariner, while patiently watching through the long and weary nights, and which had hitherto only been serviceable to himself, now became the property and the good of all. It would be impossible to overstate the benefits derived from this abundant source. They were

the greater, because the observations and experience, thus communicated, extended over the broad oceans, and were not limited to the sea-coasts. Properly to appreciate this, it must be remembered that, when Maury first entered upon his fruitful investigation, no such work was known. The most valuable practical instructions and information in the hands of the navigator were contained in books of Sailing Directions and of Navigation. The Sailing Directions were limited to shores and harbors, if we except the ponderous (both in weight and merit) *Directory of Horsburgh.** But even Horsburgh, though he conducts the seaman across the great oceans, restricts his directions to certain fixed paths and regions of the sea, and to the coasts and harbors included in the plan of his work. Moreover, he tells us very candidly in his Introduction, "that the temperature of the sea is a phenomenon hitherto but little investigated, although," as he very justly adds, "it appears to be closely connected with the improvement of navigation." The information contained in books of navigation, concerning any subject but navigation itself, is too meagre, or else too general, to require mention.

But, however much importance may be attached to this sudden accession to the general knowledge of the individual seaman, the discoveries and generalizations of the author of the new charts proved even more beneficial. Standing over his manuscript sheets, on which were inscribed in symbolic language the vast array of facts and observations, numerous, but distinct, intricate, but not confused—to the eye of the careless looker-on, a mixed assemblage of colors and signs, "in mazes running," without method or meaning—to the mind that ordered them, an intelligible language embodying important truths and significations,—Maury drew such inferences and information as led him to alter the principal routes across the ocean.

"The great end and aim of all this labor and research are in these, and consist in the shortening of passages—the improvement of navigation. Other interests and other objects are promoted thereby, but these, in the mind of a practical people, who, by their habits of thought and modes of action, mark the age in which we live as eminently utilitarian, do not stand out in relief half so grand and imposing as do those achievements by which the distant

isles and marshes of the sea have been lifted up, as it were, and brought closer together, for the convenience of commerce, by many days' sail.

"We have been told in the foregoing pages how the winds blow and the currents flow in all parts of the ocean. These control the mariner in his course; and to know how to steer his ship on this or that voyage so as always to make the most of them, is the perfection of navigation. The figures representing the vessels are so marked as to show whether the prevailing direction of the wind be adverse or fair.

"When one looks seaward from the shore, and sees a ship disappear in the horizon as she gains an offing on a voyage to India, or the Antipodes, perhaps, the common idea is that she is bound over a trackless waste, and the chances of another ship, sailing with the same destination the next day, or the next week, coming up and speaking with her on the 'pathless ocean,' would, to most minds, seem slender, indeed. Yet the truth is, the winds and the currents are now becoming to be so well understood, that the navigator, like the backwoodsman in the wilderness, is enabled literally 'to blaze his way' across the ocean; not, indeed, upon trees, as in the wilderness, but upon the wings of the wind. The results of scientific inquiry have so taught him how to use these invisible couriers, that they, with the calm belts of the air, serve as sign-boards to indicate to him the turnings, and forks, and crossings by the way."

Let us cite a few examples of the actual gain effected. The passage from our northern ports, to the equator alone, was shortened ten days, or more than one-third of its duration. Previous to Maury's undertaking, the average passage to California was one hundred and eighty-three days; that average is now reduced to one hundred and thirty-five days—that is, it has been lessened by forty-eight days, or twice the time of the average passage of a common sailing ship across the Atlantic. Between England and Australia, the average duration of a passage was formerly one hundred and twenty-four days: it is now ascertained that the average time of the outward passage is reduced, by means of the new charts, to ninety-seven days; that is, it is reduced by more than the time of a common voyage across the Atlantic.

To the merchant seaman, time is money; the unnecessary delays suffered in passing from the port of loading to that of delivery, where his merchandise is to reenter the channels of trade, are so many drawbacks to his profits. To shorten the passages of merchant ships, is, therefore, to increase their business and to multiply their means. But on

* Findlay's "Directory for the Pacific Ocean" did not appear until 1851.

this point we will quote the high authority of the President of the British Association, (the Earl of Harrowby,) in his inaugural address, delivered at the twenty-fourth annual meeting.

"Now let us make a calculation of the annual saving to the commerce of the United States effected by those charts and sailing directions. According to Mr. Maury, the average freight from the United States to Rio Janeiro is 17·7 cents per ton per day; to Australia, 20 cents; to California, also, about 20 cents. The mean of this is a little over 19 cents per ton per day; but, to be within the mark, we will take it at 15, and include all the ports of South America, China, and the East Indies.

"The sailing directions have shortened the passages to California 30 days, to Australia 20, to Rio Janeiro 10. The mean of this is 20, but we will take it at 15, and also include the above named ports of South America, China, and the East Indies.

"We estimate the tonnage of the United States engaged in trade with these places at 1,000,000 tons per annum.

"With these data, we see that there has been effected a saving for each one of these tons of 15 cents per day for a period of 15 days, which will give an aggregate of \$2,250,000 saved per annum. This is on the outward voyage alone, and the tonnage trading with all other parts of the world is also left out of the calculation. Take these into consideration, and also the fact that there is a vast amount of foreign tonnage trading between these places and the United States, and it will be seen that the annual sum saved will swell to an enormous amount."

We add another statement from Dr. Buist, of Edinburgh:

"It has been shown that Lieutenant Maury's Charts and Sailing Directions have shortened the voyages of American ships by about a third. If the voyages of those to and from India were shortened by no more than a tenth, it would secure a saving in freightage alone of £250,000 annually. Estimating the freights of vessels trading from Europe with distant ports at £20,000,000 a year, a saving of a tenth would be about £2,000,000.

But the saving to result from the active and combined prosecution of Maury's plan will amount, on the average, to three-tenths, that is, to at least \$30,000,000 a year. In these estimates, no account is taken of the amount saved by the greater security given to navigation, and by the decrease in the wear and tear of ships.

Such are the immediate benefits resulting from this new system of research. But the future benefits must be greater—we might say infinitely greater—than those hitherto reaped. A general plan of observations at sea has been carefully matured, and has been adopted by the most active and intelligent of our sea-captains. It consists of an abstract journal of the voyage, and comprises all

the observations and notes, which will tend to improve our knowledge of the deep and its wonders. But still further, the Government of the United States, at the suggestion of Maury, invited the other commercial nations of the world to unite with it in this enterprise, and proposed for this purpose a conference on the subject.

"This conference, consisting of representatives from France, England and Russia, from Sweden and Norway, Holland, Denmark, Belgium, Portugal, and the United States, met in Brussels, August 23, 1853, and recommended a plan of observations which should be followed on board the vessels of all friendly nations, and especially of those there present, in the persons of their representatives.

"Prussia, Spain, the free city of Hamburg, the republics of Bremen and Chili, and the empires of Austria and Brazil, have since offered their co-operation also in the same plan.

"Thus the sea has been brought regularly within the domains of philosophical research, and crowded with observers.

"In peace and in war these observations are to be carried on; and, in case any of the vessels on board of which they are conducted may be captured, the abstract log—as the journal which contains these observations is called—is to be held sacred.

"Baron Humboldt is of opinion that the results already obtained from this system of research are sufficient to give rise to a new department of science, which he has called the PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY OF THE SEA. If so much have already been accomplished by one nation, what may we not expect in the course of a few years, from the joint co-operation of so many?

"Rarely before has there been such a sublime spectacle presented to the scientific world: all nations agreeing to unite and co-operate in carrying out one system of philosophical research with regard to the sea. Though they may be enemies in all else, here they are to be friends. Every ship that navigates the high seas with these charts and blank abstract logs on board may henceforth be regarded as a floating observatory, a temple of science. The instruments used by every co-operating vessel are to be compared with standards that are common to all; so that an observation that is made anywhere, and in any ship, may be referred to and compared with all similar observations, by all other ships, in all other parts of the world."

Another passage must be cited in connection with this, because it forms an apt conclusion to the views we have taken of the practical results, the "first fruits" of the new system of scientific researches, instituted by the author of the "Wind and Current Charts."

"As great as is the value attached to what has been accomplished by these researches in the way of shortening passages and lessening the dangers of the sea, a good of higher value is, in the opinion of many seamen, yet to come out of the moral, the educational, influence

which they are calculated to exert upon the seafaring community of the world. A very clever English ship-master, speaking recently of the advantages of educational influences among those who intend to follow the sea, remarks:

"To the cultivated lad there is a new world spread out when he enters on his first voyage. As his education has fitted, so will he perceive, year by year, that his profession makes him acquainted with things new and instructive. His intelligence will enable him to appreciate the contrasts of each country in its general aspect, manners, and productions, and in modes of navigation, adapted to the character of coast, climate, and rivers. He will dwell with interest on the phases of the ocean, the storm, the calm, and the breeze, and will look for traces of the laws which regulate them. All this will induce a serious earnestness in his work, and teach him to view lightly those irksome and often offensive duties incident to the beginner." Sentiments which cannot fail to meet with a hearty response from all good men, whether ashore or afloat.

"Never before has such a corps of observers been enlisted in the cause of any department of physical science as is that which is now about to be engaged in advancing our knowledge of the physical geography of the sea, and never before have men felt such an interest with regard to this knowledge."

The subject of this article naturally divides itself into two parts, one of which treats of the conclusions and deductions already reached through this novel and comprehensive process of inquiry; the other, of the additions it has made to the great body of our knowledge.

One of these branches is practical, the other scientific—or rather, as we should prefer to say, the former contains those portions or divisions of the scientific collection, which previous knowledge and experience have rendered immediately applicable and useful, while the latter contains the remainder of the collection, stored up for future use and application, as we become better qualified to interpret its various, but now hidden, meanings.

The former part of the subject is by far the more popular and attractive, as it is the more easily understood of the two. It records the struggle and the labor, but it also recites the success and the triumph. It is this which most commands our respect, inspires our gratitude, and gratifies our national pride. It is this which has called forth, at home, flattering marks of favor and distinction, and abroad, complimentary testimonials such as cannot fail to confer as much pleasure as honor. Even while we are writing, one of the most beautiful and most distinguished of

these compliments—that from the venerable and illustrious Humboldt—is passing through the journals of the country.

But even the practical view of the subject under consideration would be incomplete, we think, if we were not to allow our attention to dwell for a moment, first, upon the remarkable seasonableness of Maury's discoveries, and second, upon the incidental benefits which promise to flow from them; in other words, if we did not regard them in connection with the existing state of things, and also with the future.

The present period, historically speaking, has witnessed many interesting and important changes in commerce and navigation. The recent discoveries of gold in California and Australia have opened new and spacious fields of trade, and given an extraordinary impulse to emigration. Voyages of great length, and involving enormous amounts of life and property, have become very common. At the same time, the models of sea-going ships have been improved, and their capacities very much enlarged. The discoveries, therefore, which add to the safety of the navigation of the seas, have occurred most opportunely, and the ships of the present clipper style are precisely those which are best fitted to avail themselves, to the greatest possible extent, of the new and shorter routes. It is worth while to consider the superior value of this boon to vessels of three thousand tons over those of three hundred, on account of the greater expense at which they are sailed, the wealth of the cargo, and the number of the passengers. Even looking at this last item alone, a large clipper ship with passengers, bound to California, might save, in the decreased length of the voyage, from the victualing of the people on board, the wages and rations of the crew for nearly two months. Moreover, these voyages and those to Australia have been chiefly quick runs for a market.

From these statements it will appear that the investigations of Maury have been conceived in the very spirit of the age, that they form one of the most appropriate contributions to the actual wants of the present time, and enter, as an essential ingredient, into the sudden expansion of the world's trade. The improvements in navigation, in the models of ships, and in the means and instruments of commerce, impress on

this period of history the character of an era. It is of no little interest to regard them from this point of view, as complementary to each other, and as exhibiting a striking combination of correlative discoveries and inventions.

The prospective view of the influence of Maury's labors is even more engaging, for they are permanently connected with the progress of commerce, which is a quite accurate exponent of the progress of the race. The history of commerce implies the history of civilization; while reading the former, we become acquainted with the principal events in the march of the latter. Whoever contributes, by his labors or his discoveries, to multiply the facilities of international intercourse, has helped to promote the peace, knowledge, and happiness of mankind. And Maury might be said to have done this in an eminent degree, even if he had terminated his efforts after shortening the passages of the sea.

But his claim to be regarded as a public benefactor is strengthened by other reasons. He is the originator of a plan of investigation in natural science, which, in the number of the persons employed, and the extent of the researches, is (not forgetting the recent magnetic crusade) wholly without a parallel; and, moreover, is pregnant with future discoveries and results of exceeding consequence. He is also the promoter of a general national conference for scientific purposes, of a kind likely, now that the example is set, to be often assembled, and never without doing more to advance the real good of the nations, and the cause of international amity and concord, than all the Congresses of Vienna, which, by their usurpations, their sanctions of crime, and their unjust political divisions, have compelled, undoubtedly, the discontinuance of actual war, but can hardly be said to establish permanent peace.

The second branch of our subject, which, for the sake of discrimination, we have called the scientific, is that which comes more strictly under the title of the work before us, "The Physical Geography of the Sea." Mr. Maury

thus comprehensively defines the scope of this title:—

"Under this term will be included a philosophical account of the winds and currents of the sea; of the circulation of the atmosphere and ocean; of the temperature and depth of the sea; of the wonders that are hidden in its depths; and of the phenomena that display themselves at its surface. In short, I shall treat of the economy of the sea and its adaptations—of its salts, its waters, its climates, and its inhabitants, and of whatever there may be of general interest in its commercial uses or industrial pursuits, for all such things pertain to its PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY."

We do not undertake to present a sketch, even, of the economy of Nature in this extended sphere of her operations. The author modestly claims to have "given only a table or two of contents from the interesting volume which the Physical Geography of the Sea is destined, one day, to open to us." But, if we were to follow him in his devious path, we should be called upon to trace the courses of the great oceanic currents, to describe that vast system of aqueous circulation, which, whether we contemplate it in respect of its causes or its effects, presents the grandest phenomena; to treat of the origin, history, and remarkable commercial and climatic influences of the Gulf-stream, our knowledge of which has been so much improved by the labors of Bache, and his assistants, of the coast survey; and to explore the current of inland seas like the Mediterranean, and the Red Sea. From the depths of the sea we should ascend to the heights of the atmosphere, and examine its motions and offices, and the laws of its circulation; and, in both of these cases, we should have no excuse for omitting a careful consideration of the various theories, either long established or recently propounded, by means of which the facts of observation are explained. And yet these are but some of the weighty investigations in which our author has engaged. We may say that they are even the most weighty; though the study of those laws and designs of Nature which act in spheres only to be measured by the extent of the globe itself, and which, in their causes and origin of action, reach beyond the globe, hardly admits of degrees of comparison.

ABOUT BARNS.

IT seems to me very desirable, even necessary to the preservation of the public morals, that the readers of the excellent "Putnam" should bestow some thought about Barns. To prevent misconception, let it be understood at this outset, that their attention is not asked to Albert Barnes, in whose granaries are stored away much Gospel grain and other spiritual fodder, but rustic Barns—barns for children to play in. All over New England and New York there are great timber barns, in Pennsylvania great stone barns, while in the West log barns yet prevail; but, at the present day, a new breed has come into life which may be called fancy work; prominent among all these is the great Berkshire barn, which the Argus eyes of the Tribune have seen, and its sharp pen has sketched, so that the world may know all about it.

It stands astride a mill stream, and receives the dammed water through all its capacious recesses; this bridled power saws timber, planes boards, washes cans, slices turnips, thrashes grain, waters cows, prepares milk and does much more that water can do. The building is a hundred and fifty feet long, seventy wide, and one hundred high, counting from the foot of the stone basement to the top of the observatory; it contains cattle stalls, iron mangers, ice-houses, milk-rooms, kitchens, and bed-rooms, and can be heated, if necessary, with hot water pipes. The food of all the fifty fine Devons, the ten generous Morgans, the hundred rich Southdowns, the twenty fat Berkshires is to be steamed and mashed in an immense kettle:—so, in short, stands the great Berkshire barn.

To us outsiders the question is, What is the use of it? and that involves a still higher question—What is the use of a barn at all? Will this superb barn advance the interests of agriculture? can it be a model? will it make more milk (without the aid of the water power), and will the people in Berkshire be wiser and better people in consequence of the barn? In other words, is its construction a judicious expenditure of money? The mashing of the turnips for the cows is rather a new feature in animal foddering, and may produce surprising results. It brings to mind an incident of a country tavern, in Kentucky, in whose sitting-

room reposed a weary, boozy man: rousing himself he said, earnestly:—

"Bill Smith!"

Now, Bill Smith kept the bar, and attended generally to the interests of the hostel, and the reply to this was:—

"He's gone to feed them hogs!"

Again, earnestly:—

"Can't some body else feed them hogs?"

"Yes, but he wants to measure the corn."

"Can't them hogs eat that corn without Bill Smith's measuring it?"

"Yes, but he wants to know how much to charge."

The boozy man relapsed into a state of disgusted indifference saying:—

"Bill Smith is a mercenary cuss."

It is far from my intention to apply the moral of this story to the owner of the great Berkshire barn; the point is this—to use the expressive dialect of Kentucky—Can't them cows eat them turnips without mashing on 'em? What has Berkshire not done in the past? what butter has she not churned? what calves raised? what red oxen broken? what men and women has she not sent forth, and all upon the old basis of red timber-barns, and unmashed turnips? By all means let us look kindly and hopefully upon genuine innovation, and be ready to accept every good, having a little care against extreme improvements and incredible expenditures.

Within a few years, and mainly since the versatile and lamented Downing gave voice to a genuine love for country matters, much thought and money has been expended upon Country-houses, the force of which has not been spent till it reached the Barns; and there, too, Davis, and Cabot, and Upjohn, and Vaux, and Walter, and Austin, architects of name and worth, have expanded themselves sometimes to good purpose, but mostly, as I will venture to say, in vain, and because they have not considered the subject from my point of view.

If the Fifth-Avenue-house theory, comprising as it does, gilded domes, private chapels, rosewood kitchens and many mirrors, be right and essential to the salvation of a well-bred man or woman; then nothing can be said against marble wash-stands and patent tooth-brushes for horses, while the primitive

old barn must give way to the new-fangled constructions so full of pretension, now called barns, which it would be no idolatry to worship, because they are like nothing in the heavens above, or the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth. Every new thing is not, therefore, good; and elaboration of verge-boards does not secure either convenience or beauty. No one need be surprised that, in such exaggerated Chinese pagodas, horses are afflicted with unknown diseases, and hens sullenly refuse to lay. Many people, probably all unreflective minds, suppose barns are intended for, and are principally, or only, useful to house hay and to stable cattle, and that, for any other purpose, they are not necessary at all. For myself—not for "Putnam"—without denying this common-place view, I take occasion here to protest against its prominence; "For what, then, are they useful?" I say, and I will maintain it against all gainsayers, that their chief value is for children to play in!

It depends much upon the theory of life the reader may have formed, whether he will admit this or deny it; whoever is so unfortunate as to suppose that life is great and holy only when we are able to build fine houses, or to be put in Mr. Beach's book of "Millionaires of New York," or to be a surprising pulpit orator, or to go to Congress, or to "carry twenty thousand francs of diamonds and fifteen thousand francs of lace," as an American lady did at a Paris ball the other night, or to be "observed" at Newport, or to be "noticed" on the platform with the Governor, by the morning press—whatever practices this kind of self-delusion will say that what I say is nonsense!—let them! I say that the main purpose of life is to make a MAN (or woman, for I am of the woman's rights party), not to make money or fame, except as means to enlarge one's own manhood; and that to this end all things else must tend. Now, nothing is more essential than good impressions in childhood, and nothing secures them like a good old barn. I speak well of my mother, who was formed in a large mould, but I insist on my grandfather's barn, and I am sure that I had more pleasure in it than I have had in the new opera house, and I would not exchange the recollections of the one for the other. My

grandfather's heart was as large as his barn, and the kingdom of God was within him, (I hope he is now beyond the reach of evil and selfish influences) and he knew well how necessary it was for us children to play on his hay, and he let us do it. Every Saturday afternoon my sister and I, with two other boys, played there; and on Sunday morning we went (she and I) to look for the eggs—for that was work of *necessity*, and we did not then play much—for we were religious, and knew the catechism. But Saturday afternoon was our high tide, and we sailed free. My sister could not climb so well as I could, but she was sagacious in discovering hens' nests, and in the art of hiding unequalled; and, as she was a capital sympathizer and peace-maker, she kept her equality, and we thought her a good fellow, if she was a girl. True, we were sorry for her, but then we said she could not help it. There was no floor but the "thrashing" floor (as in a barn built for children there should not be), but on either side of it the deep bays extended, and high up the dusky light filled the roof, through which a pencil of sunshine showed the dancing motes. In that dim space the swallows wheeled, and we watched them hoping to scatter salt on their tails; but may-be our salt was poor, may-be our aim was bad, for we never caught one. We wondered what their mud nests up in the very ridge-pole contained; sometimes young ones we knew, but eggs we always hoped, and we sighed that we could not reach them, though the old swallows took a different view of it. It was hard to climb up to the great cross-ties, and my sister could not do it, so she did not enjoy as we did the suspended breath of long jumps into the hay, nor the imminent peril of walking that beam. From tie to tie there were lofts, where grain was stored, made by loose poles; there was every reason to expect that we should slip through these and fall prone twenty feet—but we never did; and this very danger gave a charm to all, that was very delicious: moreover, it stimulated our daring and educated our nerves, and was a security against the greater dangers of becoming "spoony" good boys, (not real good boys,) which are apt to result in long legs, long coat-tails, long nails, and long hair in after-life—the immediate precursors of—

early marriage and other spooney good children. To be sure, we always tore our clothes, and we always hurt ourselves,—but we never got killed—children never do if providence is allowed to see to them, for the providence of children, when they are about to fall, always tilts them into the bay, not on to the floor. Pious parents would do well to have a little more trust in Providence; scapegraces are apt to overdo that, and to forget their own duty. My mother looked upon the injuries to our legs and to our pantaloons in quite a different light; and it was natural, too, for the last she had to mend, and the first would "get well." However, we went on bravely till the shadows of evening stole upon us; then new revelations came to us, and we could not tell what large thing might not be sitting in the peak, nor what might not be lurking in the dark places, nor what those rustling noises might be, for we could hear something. Then the germ of imagination was stimulated to life, and the sublimest capacity of man—wonder—was wrought up to action, and who can tell but a poet was begun? Just at this critical moment, we rushed out into the evening sky, where we found Jane milking the quiet old cow in the first light of the evening star. About my grandfather's

cow there was nothing pokerish but her horns, which she shook at us now and then, so we stood by Jane and Kitty, very quietly watching the yellow milk as it streamed down into the foam, (which we knew was cream,) and then we walked home with Jane; not because we were afraid, but because we were good children and wanted our suppers. Such was the end of many a delicious Saturday afternoon in that old barn, and I am old enough to love its memories.

Now, in conclusion, I hope for three things:—

I hope, First, That when our litany is revised, immediately after "famine, pestilence, and sudden death," we may be allowed to say, "from small Gothic barns, Good Lord deliver us!"

Secondly, That all good mothers will be sincerely sorry for what they have done, if they have supplied their boys with fringed pantaloons, a small cane, kid gloves, and long curls, instead of country air and a good barn.

Thirdly, That fathers of families will read this paper, (and, indeed, the whole magazine,) and at once begin to build roomy, ruinous old barns somewhere, for their children and the swallows, and so insure good consciences, manly boys, and—my blessing.

"THE DESIRE OF THE MOTH."

GOLDEN-colored miller!
Leave the lamp, and fly away:
In that flame, so brightly gleaming,
Sure, though smiling, death is beaming—
Hasten to thy play!

Nearer?—foolish miller!
Look!—thy tiny wings will burn:
Just escaped!—but soon 'twill reach thee.
Ah! can dying only teach thee
Truths thou wilt not learn?

Didst thou whisper, miller?
Something like a voice and sigh
Seemed to say—"In all thy teaching,
Is there practice, or but preaching?
Doest thou more than I?"

Wiseſt little miller !
 I, indeed, have hung too long
 Round a flame more wildly burning,
 And, with heart too fond and yearning,
 Heard no charmer's song !

Blinder than a miller,
 Hovering with devoted gaze,
 Where ſuch viſions vain I cheriſh ;
 Either they or I muſt perish
 Like that flickering blaze.

But the moonlight, miller,
 Better far befits our mirth :
 That calm, streaming light is given
 From the ſilent depths of heaven.
 Fire is born of earth.

CAPE COD.

*"Principium erit mirari omnia, etiam tritissima.
 Medium est calamo committere visa et utilia.
 Finis erit naturam adiecurans, quam alius" [si possumus.]*
LINNÆUS DE PEREGRINATIONE.

THE SHIPWRECK.

WISHING to get a better view than I had yet had of the ocean, which, we are told, covers more than two-thirds of the globe, but of which a man who lives a few miles inland may never see any trace, more than of another world, I made a visit to Cape Cod in October, '49, and another the ſucceeding June, the first time with a single companion, the last time alone. I have spent, in all, ten days on the Cape, but, having come so fresh to the sea, have got but little salted. My readers must expect only so much saltiness as the land-breeze acquires from blowing over an arm of the sea, or is tasted on the windows and on the bark of trees twenty miles inland after September gales.

Cape Cod is the bared and bended arm of Massachusetts; the shoulder is at Buzzard's Bay, the elbow, or crazy-bone, at Cape Mallebarre, the wrist at Truro, and the sandy fist at Provincetown—behind which the State stands on her guard, with her back to the Green Mountains, and her feet planted on the floor of the ocean, like an athlete protecting her bay—boxing with north-east storms, and, ever and anon, heaving

up her Atlantic adversary from the lap of earth; ready to thrust forward her other fist, which keeps guard the while upon her breast at Cape Ann.

On studying the map, I saw that there must be an uninterrupted beach on the east or outside of the fore-arm of the Cape, more than thirty miles from the general line of the coast, which would afford a good sea view; but that, on account of an opening in the beach, forming the entrance to Nanset Harbor, in Orleans, I must strike it in Eastham, if I approached it by land, and probably I could walk thence straight to Race Point, about twenty-eight miles, and not meet with any obstruction.

We left Concord, Massachusetts, on Tuesday, October 9th, 1849. On reaching Boston, we found that the Provincetown steamer, which ſhould have got in the day before, had not yet arrived, on account of a violent storm; and, as we noticed in the streets a large handbill, on which were the words, "Death! 145 lives lost at Cohasset!" we decided to go by way of Cohasset. There were many Irish in the cars, going to identify bodies and to sympathize with

the survivors, and also to attend the funeral which was to take place in the afternoon. When we arrived at Cohasset, it appeared that nearly all the passengers were bound for the beach, which was about a mile distant, and many other persons were flocking in from the neighboring country. There were several hundreds of them streaming off over Cohasset common in that direction—some on foot and some in wagons—and, among them, I noticed some sportsmen in their hunting jackets, with their guns and game-bags and dogs. As we passed the grave-yard we saw a large hole, like a cellar, freshly dug there, and, just before reaching the shore, by a pleasantly winding and rocky road, we met several hay-rigging and farm wagons coming away toward the meeting-house, each loaded with three large, rough deal boxes. We needed not to ask what was in them. The owners of the wagons were made the undertakers. Many horses in carriages were fastened to the fences near the shore, and, for a mile or more, up and down, the beach was covered with people looking out for bodies and examining the fragments of the wreck. This is the rockiest shore in Massachusetts, from Nantasket to Scituate—hard scienitic rocks, which the waves have laid bare, but have not been able to crumble. It has been the scene of many a shipwreck.

The brig St. John, from Galway, Ireland, laden with emigrants, was wrecked on Sunday morning; it was now Tuesday morning, and the sea was still breaking violently on the rocks. There were eighteen or twenty of the same large boxes that I have mentioned, lying on a green hill-side, a few rods from the water, and surrounded by a crowd. The bodies which had been recovered, twenty-seven or eight in all, had been collected there. Some were rapidly nailling down the lids, others were carting the boxes away, and others were lifting the lids, which were yet loose, and peeping under the cloths—for each body, with such rags as still adhered to it, was covered loosely with a white sheet. I witnessed no signs of grief, but there was a sober dispatch of business which was affecting. One man was seeking to identify a particular body, and one undertaker or carpenter was calling to another to know in what box a certain child was put. I saw

many marble feet and matted heads as the cloths were raised, and one livid, swollen and mangled body of a drowned girl—who probably had intended to go out to service in some American family—to which some rags still adhered, with a string, half concealed by the flesh, about its swollen neck; the coiled-up wreck of a human hulk, gashed by the rocks or fishes, so that the bone and muscle were exposed, but quite bloodless—merely red and white—with wide-open and staring eyes, yet lusterless, dead-lights; or, like the cabin windows of a stranded vessel, filled with sand. Sometimes there were two or more children, or a parent and child in the same box, and on the lid would perhaps be written with red chalk, "Bridget such-a-one, and sister's child." The surrounding sward was covered with bits of sails and clothing. I have since heard, from one who lives by this beach, that a woman who had come over before, but had left her infant behind for her sister to bring, came and looked into these boxes, and saw in one, —probably the same whose superscription I have quoted—her child in her sister's arms, as if the sister had meant to be found thus; and, within three days after, the mother died from the effect of that sight.

We turned from this and walked along the rocky shore. In the first cave were strewn, what seemed the fragments of a vessel, in small pieces mixed with sand and sea-weed, and great quantities of feathers; but it looked so old and rusty, that I, at first, took it to be some old wreck which had lain there many years; I even thought of Capt. Kidd, and that the feathers were those which sea-fowl had cast there; and, perhaps, there might be some tradition about it in the neighborhood. I asked a sailor if that was the St. John. He said it was. I asked him where she struck. He pointed to a rock in front of us, a mile from the shore, called the Grampus Rock, and added:—

" You can see a part of her now sticking up; it looks like a small boat."

I saw it. It was thought to be held by the chain-cables and the anchors. I asked if the bodies which I saw were all that were drowned.

" Not a quarter of them," said he.

" Where are the rest?"

" Most of them right underneath that piece you see."

It appeared to us that there was enough rubbish to make the wreck of a large vessel in this cove alone, and that it would take many days to cart it off. It was several feet deep, and here and there was a bonnet or a jacket on it. In the very midst of the crowd about this wreck, there were men with carts busily collecting the sea-weed which the storm had cast up, and conveying it beyond the reach of the tide, though they were often obliged to separate fragments of clothing from it, and they might, at any moment, have found a human body under it. Drown who might, they did not forget that this weed was a valuable manure. This shipwreck had not produced a visible vibration in the fabric of society.

About a mile south we could see, rising above the rocks, the masts of the British brig which the St. John had endeavored to follow, which had slipped her cables, and, by good luck, run into the mouth of Cohasset Harbor. A little further along the shore we saw a man's clothees on a rock; further, a woman's scarf, a gown, a straw bonnet, the brig's caboose, and one of her masts high and dry, broken into several pieces. In another rocky cove, several rods from the water, and behind rocks twenty feet high, lay a part of one side of the vessel still hanging together. It was, perhaps, forty feet long, by fourteen wide. I was even more astonished at the power of the waves, exhibited on this shattered fragment, than I had been at the sight of the smaller fragments before. The largest timbers and iron braces were broken superfluously, and I saw that no material could withstand the power of the waves; that iron must go to pieces in such a case, and an iron vessel would be cracked up like an egg-shell on the rocks. Some of these timbers, however, were so rotten that I could almost thrust my umbrella through them. They told us that some were saved on this piece, and also showed where the sea had heaved it into this cove, which was now dry. When I saw where it had come in, and in what condition, I wondered that any had been saved on it. A little further on, a crowd of men was collected around the mate of the St. John, who was telling his story. He was a slim-looking youth, who spoke of the captain as the master, and seemed a little excited. He was saying that when they jumped into the boat, she filled, and the vessel

lurching, the weight of the water in the boat caused the painter to break, and so they were separated. Whereat one man came away, saying:—

"Well, I don't see but he tells a straight story enough. You see, the weight of the water in the boat broke the painter. A boat full of water is very heavy—" and so on, in a loud and impertinently earnest tone, as if he had a bet depending on it, but had no humane interest in the matter. Another, a large man, stood near by upon a rock, gazing into the sea, and chewing large quids of tobacco, as if that habit were forever confirmed with him.

"Come," says another to his companion, "let's be off. We've seen the whole of it. It's no use to stay to the funeral."

Further, we saw one standing upon a rock, who, we were told, was one that was saved. He was a sober-looking man, dressed in a jacket and gray pantaloons, with his hands in the pockets. I asked him a few questions, which he answered; but he seemed unwilling to talk about it, and soon walked away. By his side stood one of the life-boat men, in an oil-cloth jacket, who told us how they went to the relief of the British brig, thinking that the boat of the St. John, which they passed on the way, held all her crew,—for the waves prevented their seeing those who were on the vessel, though they might have saved some had they known there were any there. A little further was the flag of the St. John spread on a rock to dry, and held down by stones at the corners. This frail but essential and significant portion of the vessel, which had so long been the sport of the winds, was sure to reach the shore. There were one or two houses visible from these rocks, in which were some of the survivors recovering from the shock which their bodies and minds had sustained. One was not expected to live.

We kept on down the shore as far as a promontory called White-head, that we might see more of the Cohasset Rocks. In a little cove, within half a mile, there were an old man and his son collecting, with their team, the sea-weed which that fatal storm had cast up, as serenely employed as if there had never been a wreck in the world, though they were within sight of the Grampus Rock on which the St. John had struck. The old man had heard that there was a

wreck, and knew most of the particulars, but he said that he had not been up there since it happened. It was the wrecked-weed that concerned him most, rock-weed, kelp, and sea-weed as he named them, which he carted to his barn-yard; and those bodies were to him but other weeds which the tide cast up, but which were of no use to him. We afterwards came to the life-boat in its harbor, waiting for another emergency, —and in the afternoon we saw the funeral procession at a distance, a the head of which walked the captain with the other survivors.

On the whole, it was not so impressive a scene as I might have expected. If I had found one body cast upon the beach in some lonely place, it would have affected me more. I sympathized rather with the winds and waves, as if to toss and mangle these poor human bodies was the order of the day. If this was the law of Nature, why waste any time in awe or pity? If the last day were come, we should not think so much about the separation of friends or the blighted prospects of individuals. I saw that corpses might be multiplied, as on the field of battle, till they no longer affected us in any degree, as exceptions to the common lot of humanity. Take all the grave-yards together, they are always the majority. It is the individual and private that demands our sympathy. A man can attend but one funeral in the course of his life, can behold but one corpse. Yet I saw that the inhabitants of the shore would be not a little affected by this event. They would watch there many days and nights for the sea to give up its dead, and their imaginations and sympathies would supply the place of mourners far away, who, as yet, knew not of the wreck. Many days after this, something white was seen floating on the water by one who was sauntering on the beach. It was approached in a boat, and found to be the body of a woman, which had risen in an upright position, whose white cap was blown back with the wind. I saw that the beauty of the shore itself was wrecked for many a lonely walker there, until he could perceive, at last, how its beauty was enhanced by wrecks like this, and it acquired thus a rarer and sublimer beauty still.

Why care for these dead bodies? They really have no friends but the worms or fishes. Their owners were

coming to the New World, as Columbus and the Pilgrims did, they were within a mile of its shores; but, before they could reach it, they emigrated to a newer world than ever Columbus dreamed of, yet one of whose existence we believe that there is far more universal and convincing evidence—though it has not yet been discovered by science—than Columbus had of this; not merely mariners' tales and some paltry driftwood and sea-weed, but a continual drift and instinct to all our shores and continents. I saw their empty hulks that came to land; but they themselves, meanwhile, were cast upon some shore yet further west, toward which we are all tending, and which we shall reach at last, it may be through storm and darkness, as they did. No doubt, we have reason to thank God, that they have not been "shipwrecked into life again." The mariner who makes the safest port in Heaven, perchance, seems to his friends on earth to be shipwrecked, for they deem Boston harbor the better place; though, perhaps, invisible to them, a skillful pilot comes to meet him, and the fairest and balmiest gales blow off that coast, his good ship makes the land in halcyon days, and he kisses the shore in rapture there, while his old hulk tosses in the surf here. It is hard to part with one's body, but no doubt, it is easy enough to do without it when once it is gone. All their plans and hopes burst like a bubble! Infants by the score dashed on the rocks by the enraged Atlantic Ocean! No, no! If the St. John did not make her port here, she has been telegraphed there. The strongest wind cannot stagger a Spirit; it is a Spirit's breath. A just man's purpose cannot be split on any Grampus or material rock, but itself will split rocks till it succeeds.

The verses addressed to Columbus, dying, may, with slight alterations, be applied to the passengers of the St. John.

"Soon with them will all be over,
Soon the voyage will be begun,
That shall bear them to discover,
Far away, a land unknown.

"Land that each, alone, must visit,
But no tidings bring to men;
For no sailor, once departed,
Ever hath returned again.

"No carved wood, no broken branches,
Ever drift from that far wild,
He who on that ocean launches
Meets no curse of angel child.

"Undismayed, my noble sailors,
Spread, then spread your canvas out;
Spirits! on a sea of ether,
Soon shall ye serenely float!"

"Where the deep no plummet soundeth,
Fear no hidden breakers there,
And the fanning wing of angels
Shall your bark right onward bear."

"Quit, now, full of heart and comfort,
These rude shores, they are of earth;
Where the rosy clouds are parting,
There the blessed isles loom forth."

One summer day, since this, I came this way, on foot, along the shore from Boston. It was so warm, that some horses had climbed to the very top of the ramparts of the old fort at Hull, where there was hardly room to turn round, for the sake of the breeze. The *datura stramonium*, or apple-Peru, was in full bloom along the beach; and, at sight of this cosmopolite, this Captain Cook among plants, carried in ballast all over the world, I felt as if I were on the highway of nations. Say, rather, this Vikingr, king of the Bays, for it is not an innocent plant; it suggests not merely commerce, but its attendant vices, as if its fibres were the stuff of which pirates spin their yarns. I heard the voices of men shouting aboard a vessel, half a mile from the shore, which sounded as if they were in a barn in the country, they being between the sails. It was a purely rural sound. As I looked over the water, I saw the isles rapidly washing away, the sea nibbling voraciously at the continent, the springing arch of a hill suddenly interrupted, as at Point Allerton—what botanists might call premorse—showing, by its curve against the sky, how much space it must have occupied, where now was water only. On the other hand, these wrecks of isles were being fancifully arranged into new shores, as at Hog Island, inside of Hull, where every thing seemed to be gently lapsing into futurity; and I thought that the inhabitants should bear a ripple for device on their shields, a wave passing over them, with the *datura*, which is said to produce mental alienation of long duration without affecting the bodily health, springing from its edge. The most interesting thing which I heard of, in this township of Hull, was an unfailing spring, whose locality was pointed out to me, on the side of a distant hill, as I was panting along the shore, though I did not visit it. On Nantasket beach I counted a

dozen chaises from the public-house. From time to time the riders turned their horses toward the sea, standing in the water for the coolness, and I saw the value of beaches to cities for the sea breeze and the bath.

At Jerusalem village, the inhabitants were collecting, in haste, before a thunder shower, now approaching, the Irish moss which they had spread to dry. The shower passed on one side, and gave me a few drops only, which did not cool the air. I merely felt a puff upon my cheek, though, within sight, a vessel was capsized in the bay. The sea-bathing at Cohasset Rocks was perfect. The water was purer and more transparent than any I had ever seen. There was not a particle of mud or slime about it. The bottom being sandy, I could see the sea-perch swimming about. The smooth and fantastically worn rocks, and the perfectly clean and tress-like rock-weeds falling over you, and attached so firmly to the rocks that you could pull yourself up by them, greatly enhanced the luxury of the bath. The stripe of barnacles just above the weeds reminded me of some vegetable growth, the buds and petals and seed-vessels of flowers. It was one of the hottest days in the year, yet I found the water so icy cold that I could swim but a stroke or two, and thought, that in case of shipwreck, there would be more danger of being chilled to death than simply drowned. One immersion was enough to make you forget the dog-days utterly. Though you were sweltering before, it will take you half an hour now to remember that it was ever warm. There were the tawny rocks, like lions couchant, defying the ocean—whose waves incessantly dashed against and scoured them with vast quantities of gravel. The water held in their little hollows, on the receding of the tide, was so crystalline that I could not believe it salt, but wished to drink it; and higher up were basins of fresh water left by the rain—all which, being also of different depths and temperature, were convenient for different kinds of baths. Also, the larger hollows in the smoothed rocks formed the most convenient of seats and dressing-rooms. In these respects it was the most perfect sea-shore that I had seen.

This rocky shore is called Pleasant Cove, on some maps; on the map of Cohasset, that name appears to be confined to the particular cove where I saw

the wreck of the St. John. The ocean did not look, now, as if any were ever shipwrecked in it; it was not grand and sublime, but beautiful as a lake. Not a vestige of a wreck was visible, nor could I believe that the bones of many a shipwrecked man were buried in that pure sand. But to go on with our first excursion.

STAGE-COACH VIEWS.

After spending the night in Bridgewater, and picking up a few arrowheads there in the morning, we took the cars for Sandwich, where we arrived before noon. This was the terminus of the "Cape Cod Railroad," though it is but the beginning of the Cape. As it rained hard, with driving mists, and, as there was no sign of its holding up, we here took that almost obsolete conveyance, the stage, for "as far as it went that day," as we told the driver. We had forgotten how far a stage could go in a day, but we understood that the Cape roads were very "heavy," though they told us that, being of sand, the rain would improve them. This coach was an exceedingly narrow one, but as there was a slight spherical excess over two on a seat, the driver waited till nine passengers had got in, without taking the measure of any of them, and then shut the door after two or three ineffectual slams, as if the fault were all in the hinges or the latch—while we timed our inspirations and expirations so as to assist him.

We were now fairly on the Cape, which extends from Sandwich eastward thirty-five miles, and thence north and northwest thirty more, in all sixty-five, and has an average breadth of about five miles. In the interior it rises to the height of two hundred, and sometimes perhaps three hundred, feet above the level of the sea. According to Hitchcock, the geologist of the State, it is composed almost entirely of sand, even to the depth of three hundred feet in some places—though there is probably a concealed core of rock a little beneath the surface—and it is of diluvial origin, excepting a small portion at the extremity and elsewhere along the shores, which is alluvial. For the first half of the Cape large blocks of stone are found, here and there, mixed with the sand, but for the last thirty miles boulders, or even gravel, are rarely met with. Hitchcock conjectures that the ocean

has, in course of time, eaten out Boston harbor and other bays in the main land, and that the minute fragments have been deposited by the currents at a distance from the shore, and formed this sand bank. Above the sand, if the surface is subjected to agricultural tests, there is found to be a thin layer of soil gradually diminishing from Barnstable to Truro, where it ceases; but there are many holes and rents in this weather-beaten garment not likely to be stitched in time, which reveal the naked flesh of the Cape, and its extremity is completely bare.

I at once got out my book, the eighth volume of the Collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society, printed in 1802, which contains some short notices of the Cape towns, and began to read up to where I was—for in the cars I could not read as fast as I traveled. To those who came from the side of Plymouth, it said:—"After riding through a body of woods, twelve miles in extent, interspersed with but few houses, the settlement of Sandwich appears, with a more agreeable effect, to the eye of the traveler." Another writer speaks of this as a beautiful village. But I think that our villages will bear to be contrasted only with one another, not with Nature. I have no great respect for the writer's taste, who talks easily about *beautiful villages*, embellished, perchance, with a "fulling-mill," "a handsome academy," or meeting-house, and "a number of shops for the different mechanic arts;" where the green and white houses of the gentry, drawn up in rows, front on a street of which it would be difficult to tell whether it is most like a desert or a long stable-yard. Such spots can be beautiful only to the weary traveler, or the returning native—or, perchance, the repentant misanthrope; not to him who, with unprejudiced senses, has just come out of the woods, and approaches one of them, by a bare road, through a succession of straggling homesteads where he cannot tell which is the alms-house. However, as for Sandwich, I cannot speak particularly. Ours was but half a Sandwich at most, and that must have fallen on the buttered side some time. I only saw that it was a closely-built town for a small one, with glass-works to improve its sand, and narrow streets in which we turned round and round till we could not tell which way we were going, and the rain came

in, first on this side, and then on that, and I saw that they in the houses were more comfortable than we in the coach. My book also said of this town—"the inhabitants, in general, are substantial livers," that is, I suppose, they do not live like philosophers; but, as the stage did not stop long enough for us to dine, we had no opportunity to test the truth of this statement. It may have referred, however, to the quantity "of oil they would yield." It further said, "the inhabitants of Sandwich generally manifest a fond and steady adherence to the manners, employments and modes of living which characterized their fathers;" which made me think that they were, after all, very much like all the rest of the world; and it added that this was "a resemblance, which, at this day, will constitute no impeachment of either their virtue or taste;" which remark only proves to me that the writer was one with the rest of them. No people ever lived by cursing their fathers, however great a curse their fathers may have been to them. But it must be confessed that ours was old authority, and probably they have changed all that now.

Our route was along the Bay side, through Barnstable, Yarmouth, Dennis and Brewster, to Orleans, with a range of low hills on our right, running down the Cape. The weather was not favorable for wayside views, but we made the most of such glimpses of land and water as we could get through the rain. The country was, for the most part, bare, or with only a little scrubby wood left on the hills. We noticed in Yarmouth—and, if I do not mistake, in Dennis—large tracts where pitch pines were planted four or five years before. They were in rows, as they appeared when we were abreast of them, and, excepting that there were extensive vacant spaces, seemed to be doing remarkably well. This, we were told, was the only use to which such tracts could be profitably put. Every higher eminence had a pole set up on it, with an old storm-coat or sail tied to it, for a signal, that those on the south side of the Cape, for instance, might know when the Boston packets had arrived on the north. It appeared as if this use must absorb the greater part of the old clothes of the Cape, leaving but few rags for the peddlers. The wind-mills on the hills—large weather-stained octagonal structures—

and the salt-works scattered all along the shore—with their long rows of vats resting on piles driven into the marsh, their low, turtle-like roofs, and their slighter wind-mills—were novel and interesting objects to a countryman. The sand by the roadside was partially covered with bunches of a moss-like plant, *Hudsonia tormentosa*, which, a woman in the stage told us, was called "poverty grass," because it grew where nothing else would.

I was struck by the pleasant equality which reigned among the stage company, and their broad and invulnerable good humor. They were what is called free and easy, and met one another to advantage, as men who had, at length, learned how to live. They appeared to know each other when they were strangers, they were so simple and downright. They were well met, in an unusual sense, that is, they met as well as they could meet, and did not seem to be troubled with any impediment. They were not afraid, nor ashamed of one another, but were contented to make just such a company as the ingredients allowed. It was evident, that the same foolish respect was not here claimed, for mere wealth and station, that is in many parts of New England; yet, some of them were the "first people," as they are called, of the various towns through which we passed. Retired sea-captains, in easy circumstances, who talked of farming as sea-captains are wont; an erect, respectable, and trustworthy looking man, in his wrapper, some of the salt of the earth, who had formerly been the salt of the sea; or a more courtly gentleman, who, perchance, had been a representative to the General Court, in his day; or a broad, red-faced Cape Cod man, who had seen too many storms to be easily irritated; or a fisherman's wife, who had been waiting a week for a coaster, to leave Boston, and had at length come by the cars.

Still we kept on in the rain, or, if we stopped, it was commonly at a post-office, and we thought, that writing letters, and sorting them against our arrival, must be the principal employment of the inhabitants of the Cape, this rainy day. The Post-office appeared a singularly domestic institution here. Even and anon the stage stopped before some low shop or dwelling, and a wheelwright or shoemaker appeared in his

shirt sleeves and leather apron, with spectacles newly donned, holding up Uncle Sam's bag, as if it were a slice of home-made cake, for the travelers, while he retailed some piece of gossip to the driver, really as indifferent to the presence of the former, as if they were so much baggage. In one instance, we understood that a woman was the post-mistress, and they said that she made the best one on the road; but we suspected that the letters must be subjected to a very close scrutiny there. While we were stopping, for this purpose, at Dennis, we ventured to put our heads out of the windows, to see where we were going, and saw rising before us, through the mist, singular barren hills, all stricken with poverty grass, looming up as if they were in the horizon, though they were close to us, and we thought we had got to the end of the land on that side, notwithstanding that the horses were still headed that way. Indeed, that part of Dennis which we saw was an exceedingly barren and desolate country, of a character which I can find no name for; such a surface, perhaps, as the bottom of the sea made dry land day before yesterday. It was covered with poverty grass, and there was hardly a tree in sight, but here and there a little weather-stained, one-storyed house, with a red roof—for often the roof was painted, though the rest of the house was not—standing bleak and cheerless, yet, with a broad foundation to the land, where the comfort must have been all inside. Yet we read in the *Gazeteer*, for we carried that, too, with us, that in '37, one hundred and fifty masters of vessels, belonging to this town, sailed from the various ports of the Union. There must be many more houses in the south part of the town, else we cannot imagine where they all lodge when they are at home, if ever they are there; but the truth is, their houses are floating ones, and their home is on the ocean. There were almost no trees at all in this part of Dennis, nor could I learn that they talked of setting out any. It is true, there was a meeting-house, set round with L-shaped poplars, in a hollow square, the rows fully as straight as the studs of a building, and the corners as square; but, if I do not mistake, every one of them was dead. I could not help thinking that they needed a revival here. Our book said, that, in 1795,

there was erected in Dennis "an elegant meeting-house, with a steeple." Perhaps, this was the one; though whether it had a steeple, or had died down so far from sympathy with the poplars, I do not remember. Another meeting-house in this town was described as a "neat building," but of the meeting-house in Chatham, a neighboring town, for there was then but one, nothing is said, except that it "is in good repair," both which remarks, I trust, may be understood as applying to the churches spiritual as well as material. However, "elegant meeting-houses," from that Trinity one, on Broadway, to this at Nobsucasset, in my estimation, belong to the same category with "beautiful villages." I was never in season to see one. Handsome is that handsome does. What they did for shade here, in warm weather, we did not know, though we read that "fogs are more frequent in Chatham than in any other part of the country; and they serve, in summer, instead of trees, to shelter the houses against the heat of the sun. To those who delight in extensive vision,"—is it to be inferred that the inhabitants of Chatham do not?—"they are unpleasant, but they are not found to be unhealthful." Probably, also, the unobstructed sea-breeze answers the purpose of a fan.

The road, which was quite hilly, here ran near the Bay-shore, having the Bay on one side and "the rough hill of Scargo," said to be the highest land on the Cape, on the other. Of the wide prospect of the Bay, afforded by the summit of this hill, our guide says:—"The view has not much of the beautiful in it, but it communicates a strong emotion of the sublime." That is the kind of communication which we love to have made to us. We passed through the village of Suet, in Dennis, on Suet and Quivet Necks, of which it is said, "when compared with Nobsucasset"—we had a misty recollection of having passed through, or near to, the latter,—"it may be denominated a pleasant village; but, in comparison with the village of Sandwich, there is little or no beauty in it." However, we liked Dennis well, better than any town we had seen on the Cape, it was so novel, and, in that stormy day, so sublimely dreary.

Captain John Sears, of Suet, was the first person in this country who obtained pure marine salt by solar evaporation

alone; though it had long been made in a similar way on the coast of France, and elsewhere. This was in the year 1776, at which time, on account of the war, salt was scarce and dear. The Historical Collections contain an interesting account of his experiments, which we read when we first saw the roofs of the salt-works. Barnstable county is the most favorable locality for these works on our coast, there is so little fresh water here emptying into ocean. Quite recently there were about two millions of dollars invested in this business here. But now the Cape is unable to compete with the importers of salt and the manufacturers of it at the West, and, accordingly, her salt-works are fast going to decay. From making salt, they turn to fishing more than ever. The Gazetteer will uniformly tell you, under the head of each town, more correctly than I can, how many go a-fishing, and the value of the fish and oil taken, how much salt is made and used, how many are engaged in the coasting trade, how many in manufacturing palm-leaf hats, leather, boots, shoes, and tinware, and then it has done, and leaves you to imagine the more truly domestic manufactures which are nearly the same all the world over.

Late in the afternoon, we rode through Brewster, so named after Elder Brewster, for fear he would be forgotten else. Who has not heard of Elder Brewster? Who knows who he was? This appeared to be the modern-built town of the Cape, the favorite residence of retired sea-captains. It is said that "there are more masters and mates, of vessels which sail on foreign voyages, belonging to this place than to any other town in the country." There were many of the modern American houses here, such as they turn out at Cambridgeport, standing on the sand; you could almost swear that they had been floated down Charles River, and

drifted across the bay. I call them American, because they are paid for by Americans, and "put up" by American carpenters; but they are little removed from lumber, only eastern stuff disguised with white paint, the least interesting kind of drift-wood to me. Perhaps we have reason to be proud of our naval architecture, and need not go to the Greeks, or the Goths, or the Italians, for the models of our vessels. Sea-captains do not employ a Cambridgeport carpenter to build their floating houses, and for their houses on shore, if they must copy any, it would be more agreeable to the imagination to see one of their vessels turned bottom upward, in the Numidian fashion. We read that, "at certain seasons, the reflection of the sun upon the windows of the houses in Wellfleet and Truro [across the inner side of the elbow of the Cape] is discernible with the naked eye, at a distance of eighteen miles and upward, on the county road." This we were pleased to imagine, as we had not seen the sun for twenty-four hours.

At length, we stopped for the night at Higgins's tavern, in Orleans, feeling very much as if we were on a sand-bar in the ocean, and not knowing whether we should see land or water ahead when the mist cleared away. We here overtook two Italian boys, who had waded thus far down the Cape through the sand, with their organs on their backs, and were going on to Provincetown. What a hard lot, we thought, if the Provincetown people should shut their doors against them! Whose yard would they go to next? Yet we concluded that they had chosen wisely to come here, where other music than that of the surf must be rare. Thus the great civilizer sends out its emissaries, sooner or later, to every sandy cape and light-house of the New World, which the census-taker visits, and summons the savage there to surrender.

(To be continued.)

THE MORMON'S WIFE.

" 'Woe to that man,' his warning voice replied
To all who question'd, or in silence sighed—
' Woe to that man who ventures truth to win,
And seeks his object by the path of sin !'" —SCHILLER.

" I DON'T think much, my young friend, of those Mormons! I have had some reasons of my own for disliking them!" said Parson Field to me, as we sat together, one August noon, in the porch of his red house at Plainfield.

" Do tell me, sir," said I, settling myself in an easy attitude to hear his story—for a story from Parson Field was not to be despised—his quaint simplicity bringing out, in old-time and expressive phrases, whatever he describes with the clear fidelity of an interior by Mieris. " Do tell me," said I again, with a deeper emphasis; whereas the old gentleman looked at me over his spectacles, and, smiling benignantly into my eager face, began.

" When I first came to Plainfield," said he, " more than thirty years ago, I had been a minister of the Lord only ten years, and I had been settled for that period of time in a large city, where I served acceptably to a worthy congregation; but certain reasons of my own induced me to leave that situation, and come here to live, where also I found acceptance, and not many months after I came there was a considerable reviving of the work in this place, and many believed. Of these was a certain Joseph Frazer, a young Scotchman, concerning whom I felt much misgiving, lest he should take the wrong path; but he, in due season, joined himself to the church, and edified the brethren in walk and conversation; so that, when he left Plainfield and settled in the West Indies, we were loth to have him go.

" Some years afterwards we heard he was married there to a lady of Spanish extraction, and a Catholic; and, after ten years elapsed, she died, leaving him one child, a daughter, eight years of age, and with her he came to Plainfield, desiring that the child, whom he had named Adeline, after his own mother, should have a New England training.

" But, wonderful are the way of Providence! On his return to Cuba, he perished in the vessel, which went down in a heavy gale off Cape Hatteras; and

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when the news came to his mother, old Mrs. Frazer, she sent for me that I should tell the child Adeline, for she had given proofs of a singular nature, ardent and self-confident in the extreme. I took my hat, and went over to Mrs. Frazer's, with a very heavy heart, for the grief of a child is a fearful thing to me, and to be the bringer of evil tidings, that shall stain the pureness and calm of a child's thoughts with the irreparable shadow of death, is no light thing, nor easily to be done. I entered into the house one day in June: it was a very sweet day, and, as I walked quietly into the low kitchen, I saw Adeline, with her head resting on her hands, and her large eyes eagerly gazing out of the window at the gambols of a scarlet-throated humming-bird. I went close to her, and thought to myself that I would speak, but I did not, for I saw that, in her little pale face, which made me more sad than before; and I had it on my lips to say, ' Adeline, are you homesick?' (which was the thing of all others I should not say) when suddenly she turned about, and answered the question before I spoke it.

" 'Sir,' said she, 'I wish I was in Cuba. I had just such a humming-bird at home; and I fed it with orange boughs full of white flowers, every day; but you have no orange trees here, and I have no papa!' "

" It seemed to me that the child's angel had thus opened the way for me to speak, and I began to say some things about the love of our universal Father, when she laid her little hand on my arm with fearfully strong pressure. ' Mr. Field,' said she, ' is my papa dead?' I never shall forget the eyes that looked that question into mine. I felt like an unveiled spirit before their eager, piercing stare. I did not answer except by a strong quiver of feeling that would run over my features, for I loved her father even as a kinsman, and I needed to say nothing more, for the child fell at my feet quite rigid, and I called Mrs. Frazer, who tried all her nurse-arts to restore little Adeline; but was forced, at last, to send for a physi-

cian, who bled the child, and brought her round.

"In the mean time I had gone home to prepare my sermon, for it was not yet finished, and the day was Friday; but I kept seeing that little lifeless face, all orphaned as it was, and the Scripture, 'As one whom his mother comforteth,' was so borne in upon my mind, that, although I had previously fixed upon one adapted to a setting forth of the doctrine of election, I was wrought upon to make the other the subject of my discourse: and truly the people wept; almost all but Adeline, who sat in the square pew with her great eyes fixed upon me, and her small lips apart, like one who drinks from the stream of a rock.

"The next day I was resting, as my custom is, after the Sabbath: and in a warm, fair day, I find no better rest than to sit by the open window, and breathe the summer air, and fill my eyes and heart with the innumerable love-tokens that God hath set thickly in Nature. I was, therefore, at my usual place, wrapt in thought, and beholding the labours of a small bird which taught her young to fly, when I felt a light, cold touch, and, turning, saw little Adeline beside me. 'Sir,' said she, without any preface, 'when my papa went away, he left with me a letter, which he said I was to give you if he died.' So far she spoke steadily, but there the small voice quivered and broke down. I took the letter she proffered me, and, breaking the seal, found it a short but touching appeal to me, as the spiritual father of Joseph Frazer, to take his own child under my care, and be as a father to her, inasmuch as his mother was old and feeble, and also to be executor of his will, of which a copy was enclosed. I said this much to the child as shortly as I could, and with her grave voice she replied, 'Sir, I should like to be your little girl, if you will preach me some more sermons.' Now I was affected at this answer; not the less that the leaven of pride, which worketh in every man, was fed by even a baby's praise; and, putting on my hat, I walked over to Mrs. Frazer's house and laid the matter before her. She was not, at first, willing to give Adeline up, but at length, after much converse to and fro, she came to my conclusion, that the child would be better in my hands, inasmuch

as she herself could not hope for a long continuance: and, as it was ordered, she died the next summer. I sent for my sister Martha, who was somewhat past marriageable years, but kind and good, to come and keep house for me, and from that time Adeline was as my own child. But I must hasten over a time, for I am too long in telling this.

"In course of years the child grew up, tall and slender, of very stately carriage, and having that scriptural glory of a woman, long and abundant hair.

"She was still very fervid in her feelings, but reserved and proud, and I fear I had been too tender with her for her good, inasmuch as she thought her own will and pleasure must always be fulfilled, and we all know that is not one of the ordinances of Providence.

"As Adeline came to be a woman, divers youths of my congregation were given to call of a Sabbath night, with red apples for me, and redder cheeks for Adeline, who was scarcely civil to them, and often left them to my conversation, which they seemed not to relish so much as would have been pleasing to human nature.

"But my sainted mother, who was not wanting in the wisdom of this world, was used to say that every man and woman had their time of crying for the moon, and while some knew it to be a burning fire, and others scornfully called it cheese, and if they got it, either burned their fingers, or despised their desire, still all generations must have their turn, and truly, I believed it, when I found that Adeline herself began to have a pining for something which I could not persuade her to specify. The child grew thin and pale, and ceased the singing of psalms at her daily task, and I could not devise what should be done for her; though Martha strongly recommended certain herb teas, which Adeline somewhat unreasonably rebelled against. However, about this time, my attention was a little turned from her, as there was much religious awakening in the place, and among others, whom the deacons singled out as special objects of attention, was one John Henderson, a frequent visitor at our house, and a young man of good parts and kindly feeling, as it seemed, but of a peculiar nature, being easily led into either right or wrong, yet still given to fits of stubbornness,

when he could not be drawn, so to speak, with a cart-rope.

"Now Adeline had been a professor of religion for some years, but it did not seem to me that she took a right view of this particular season, for many times she refused to go to the prayer-meetings, even to those which were held with special intentions towards the unconverted; and many times, on my return, I found her with pale cheeks and red eyes, evidently from tears. About this time, also, she began to take long, solitary walks, from which she returned with her hands full of wild flowers, for it was now early spring; but she cared nothing for the flowers, and would scatter them about the house to fade, without a thought. In the mean time, the revival progressed, but, I lament to say, with no visible change in John Henderson. He had gotten into one of his stubborn moods of mind, and neither heaven nor hell seemed to affect him. The only softening I could perceive in the young man was during the singing of hymns, which was well done in our meeting-house, for Adeline led the choir, and I noticed that, whenever that part of the exercises began, John Henderson would lift up his head, and a strange color and tender expression seemed to melt the hard lines of his face.

"Somewhere about the latter end of April, as I was returning from a visit to a sick man, I met John coming from a piece of woods, that lay behind my house about a mile, with his hands full of liverwort blossoms. I do not know why this little circumstance gave me comfort, yet, I have ever observed, that a man who loves the manifestations of God in his works is more likely to be led into religion than a brutal or a mere business man: so I was desirous of speaking to the youth, but when he saw me he turned from the straight path, and, like an evil-doer, fled across the fields another way. I did not call after him, for some experience has constrained me to think that there is no little wisdom in sometimes letting people alone, but I took my own way home, and, having put on my cloth shoes to ease my feet, and being in somewhat of a maze of thought, I went up to my study, as it seemed, very quietly, for I entered at the open door and found Adeline sitting in my arm-chair by the window, quite unaware of my nearness.

I well remember how like a spirit she looked that day, with her great eyes raised to a cloud that rested in the bright sky, her soft black hair twisted into a crown about her head, and her light dress falling all over the chair, while in her hands, lying between the slight fingers, and by the bluer veins, was clasped a bunch of liverwort blossoms. Then I perceived, for the first time, why my child was crying for the moon, and that John Henderson cared for the singing and not for the hymns, at which I sorrowed. "But I sat down by Ada, and taking the flowers out of her cold hands, began to say that I had met John Henderson on the road with some such blossoms, at which she looked at me even as she did when I told her about her father, and, seeing that I smiled, and yet was not dry-eyed, nor quite at rest, the tears began, slowly, to run over her eye-lashes, and in a few very resolute words she told me that Mr. Henderson had asked her that morning to marry him.

"Now I knew not well what to say, but I set myself aside, as far as I could, and tried not to remember how sore a trial it would be to part with Ada, and I reasoned with her calmly about the youth, setting forth, first, that he was not a professing Christian, and that the Scripture seemed plain to me on that matter, though I would not constrain her conscience if she found it clear in this thing: and, second, that he was a man who held fast to this world's goods, and was like to be a follower of Mammon if he learned not to love better things in his youth; and, third, that he was a man who had, as one might say, a streak of granite in his nature, against which a feeling person would continually fall and be hurt, and which no person could work upon, if once it came in the way even of right action. To all this Adeline answered with more reason than I supposed a woman could, only that I noticed, at the end of each answer, she said in a low voice, as if it were the end of all contention,—'and I love him.' Whereby, seeing that the thing was well past my interference, I gave my consent with many doubts and fears in my heart, and, having blessed the child, I sent her away that I might meditate over this matter.

"When John came in the evening for his answer, I was enabled to exhort him faithfully, and, in his softened state of

feeling, he chose to tell me that he had been seeking religion because he feared I would not give him Adeline unless he were joined to the church, and he could not make a hypocrite of himself, even for that, but he had hoped that in the use of means he might be awakened and converted. At this I was pleased, inasmuch as it showed a spirit of truth in the young man, but I could not avoid setting before him that self-seeking had never led any soul to God, and how cogent a reason he had himself given for his want of success in things pertaining to his salvation; but as I spoke Ada came in by the other door, and John's eyes began to wander so visibly, that I thought it best to conclude, and I must say he appeared grateful. So I went out of the door, leaving Ada stately and blushing as a fair rose-tree, notwithstanding that John Henderson seemed to fancy she needed his support.

"As the year went on, and I could not in conscience let Adeline leave me until her lover had some fixed maintenance, I had many conversations with him, (for he also was an orphan,) and it was at length decided that he should buy, with Ada's portion, a goodly farm in Western New York; and in the ensuing summer, after a year's engagement, they were to marry. So the summer came; I know not exactly what month was fixed for their marriage, though I have the date somewhere, but one thing I recollect, that the hop-vine over this porch was in full bloom, and after I had joined my child and the youth in the bands of wedlock, I went out into the porch to see them safe into the carriage that was to take them to the boat, and there Ada put her arms about my neck, and kissed me for good-by, leaving a hot tear upon my cheek; and a south wind at that moment smote the hop-vine so that its odor of honey and bitterness mingled swept across my face, and always afterward this scent made me think of Adeline. After two years had passed away, during which we heard from her often, we heard that she had a little daughter born, and her letters were full of joy and pride, so that I trembled for the child's spiritual state; but after some three years the little girl with her mother came to Plainfield, and I did not know but Adeline was excusable in her joy, for such a fair and bright child was scarcely ever seen; but the next summer came sad news: little

Nelly was dead, and Ada's grief seemed inexhaustible, while her husband fell into one of his sullen states of mind, and the affliction passed over them to no good end, as it seemed.

"Soon after this, the Mormon delusion began to spread rapidly about John Henderson's dwelling-place, and in less than a year after Nelly's death I had a letter from Ada, dated at St. Louis, which I will read to you, for I have it in my pocket-book, having retained it there since yesterday, when I took it out from the desk to consult a date.

"It begins:—'Dear Uncle,' (I had always instructed the child so to call me, rather than father, seeing we can have but one father, while we may be blessed with numerous uncles) 'I suppose you will wonder how I came to be at St. Louis, and it is just my being here that I write to explain. You know how my husband felt about Nelly's death, but you cannot know how I felt; for, even in my very great sorrow, I hoped all the time, that by her death, John might be led to a love of religion. He was very unhappy, but he would not show it, only that he took even more tender care of me than before. I have always been his darling and pride; he never let me work, because he said it spoiled my hands; but after Nelly died, he was hardly willing I should breathe; and though he never spoke of her, or seemed to feel her loss, yet I have heard him whisper her name in his sleep, and every morning his hair and pillow were damp with crying; but he never knew I saw it. After a few months, there came a Mormon preacher into our neighborhood, a man of a great deal of talent and earnestness, and a firm believer in the revelation to Joseph Smith. At first my husband did not take any notice of him, and then he laughed at him for being a believer in what seemed like nonsense; but one night he was persuaded to go and hear Brother Marvin preach in the school-house, and he came home with a very sober face. I said nothing, but when I found there was to be a meeting the next night, I asked to go with him, and, to my surprise, I heard a most powerful and exciting discourse, not wanting in either sense or feeling, though rather poor as to argument; but I was not surprised that John wanted to hear more, nor that, in the course of a few weeks, he avowed himself a Mormon, and was

received publicly into the sect. Dear Uncle, you will be shocked, I know, and you will wonder why I did not use my influence over my husband, to keep him from this delusion; but you do not know how much I have longed and prayed for his conversion to a religious life; until any religion, even one full of errors, seemed to me better than the hardened and listless state of his mind.

"I could not but feel, that if he were awakened to a sense of the life to come, in any way, his own good sense would lead him right in the end: and there is so much ardor and faith about this strange belief, that I do not regret his having fallen in with it, for I think the true burning of Gospel faith will yet be kindled by means of this strange fire. In the mean time he is very eager and full of zeal for the cause, so much so, that thinking it to be his duty, he resolved to sell our farm at Oakwood, and remove to Utah. If any thing could make me grieve over a change, I believe to be for John's spiritual good it would be this idea; but no regret or sorrow of mine shall ever stand in the way of his soul; so I gave as cheerful a consent as I could to the sale, and I only cried a few tears, over little Nelly's bed, under the great tulip tree. There my husband has put an iron railing, and I have planted a great many sweet-briar vines over the rock; and Mr. Keeney, who bought the farm, has promised that the spot shall be kept free from weeds, so I leave her in peace. Do write to me, Uncle Field. I feel sure I have done right, because it has not been in my own way, yet sometimes I am almost afraid. I shall be very far away from you, and from home, and my child; but I am so glad now she is in heaven, nothing can trouble her, and I shall not much care about myself, if John goes right.

"Give my love to Aunt Martha, and please write to your dear child.

'ADA HENDERSON.'

"I need not say, my young friend," resumed Parson Field, wiping his spectacles, and clearing his voice with a vigorous ahem! "that I could not, in conscience, approve of Adeline's course. 'Thou shalt not do evil that good may come,' is a Gospel truth, and cannot be transgressed with good consequences. I did write to Ada; but, inasmuch as the act was done, I said not much concerning it, but bade her take courage,

seeing that she had meant to do right, although in the deed she had considered John Henderson before any thing else, which was, as you may perceive, her besetting sin, and therefore it seemed good to me to put, at the end of my epistle, (as I was wont always to offer a suitable text of Scripture for her meditation,) these words, 'Little children, keep yourselves from idols!' I did not hear again from Adeline, till she had been two months in the Mormon city, and though she tried her best to seem contented and peaceful, in view of John's new zeal, and his tender care of her, still I could not but think of the hop-blossoms, for I perceived, underneath this present sweetness, a little drop of life and pain working to some unseen end. That year passed away and we heard no more, and the next also, at which I wondered much; but, reflecting on the chances of travel across those deserts, and having a surety of Ada's affection for me, I did not repine, though I felt some regret that there was such uncertainty of carriage; nevertheless, I wrote as usual, that no chance might be lost.

"The third summer was unusually warm in our parts, and its heats following upon a long, wet spring, caused much and grievous sickness, and I was obliged to be out at all hours with the dying, and at funerals, so that my bodily strength was well nigh exhausted, and at haying-time, just as I was cutting the last swath on my river meadow, which is low-lying land, and steamed with hot vapour as I laid it bare to the sun, I fell forward across my scythe-snath and fainted. This was the beginning of a long course of fever, of a typhoid character, during which I was either stupid or delirious most of the time, and, while I lay sick, there came a letter to me from Salt Lake city, written chiefly by John Henderson, who begged me to come on if it was a possible thing and see his wife, who was wasting with a slow consumption, and much bent upon seeing me. I could discern that the letter was not willingly written; it was stiff in speech, though writ with a trembling hand. At the end of it were a few lines from Ada herself; a very impatient and absolute cry for me, as if she could not die till I came. Now Martha had opened this letter, as she was forced to by my great illness, and, having read it, asked the

doctor if it was well to propound the contents to me, and he said decidedly that he could not answer for my life if she did: so Martha, like a considerate woman, wrote an answer herself to John Henderson (of which she kept a copy for me to see), setting forth that I was in no state to be moved with such tidings; that, however, I should have the letter as soon as the doctor saw fit, and sending her love and sympathy to Ada, and a recommend that she should try balm tea.

"After a long season of suspense, I was graciously uplifted from fever, and enabled to leave my bed for a few hours daily; and, when I could ride out, which was only by the latter end of October, I was given the child's letter, and my heart sank within me, for I knew how bitterly she had needed my strength to help her. It was a warm autumn day, near to noon, when I read that letter, and, as I leaned back in my chair, the red sunshine came in upon me, and the smell of dead leaves, while upon the hop-vine one late blossom, spared by the white frosts, and dropping across the window, also put forth its scent, bringing Adeline, as it were, right back into my arms, and the faintness passed away from me with some tears, for I was weak, and a man may not always be stronger than his nature. Now, when Martha sounded the horn for dinner, and our hired man came in from the hill lot, where he was sowing wheat, I saw that he had a letter in his hand of great size and thickness; and, coming into the keeping-room where I sat, he said that Squire White had brought it over from the Post-office as he came along, thinking I would like to have it directly. I was rather loth to open the great packet at first, for I be-thought myself it was likely to be some Consociation proceedings, which were never otherwise than irksome to me, and were now weary to think of, seeing the grasshopper had become a burden. I reached my spectacles down from the nail, and found the post-mark to be that of the Mormon city; and with unsteady hand I opened the seal, and found within several sheets of written letter-paper, directed to me in Ada's writing, and a short letter from John Henderson, which ran thus:

"DEAR SIR,
"My first wife, Adeline Frazer Hen-

derson, departed this life on the sixth of July, at my house in the city of Great Salt Lake. Shortly before dying she called upon me, in the presence of two sisters, and one of the Saints, to deliver into your hands the enclosed packet, and tell you of her death. According to her wish I send the papers by mail; and, hoping you may yet be called to be a partaker in the faith of the saints below, I remain your afflicted, yet rejoicing friend,

"JOHN HENDERSON."

"I was really stunned for a moment, my young friend, not only with grief at my own loss, but with pity and surprise at the entire deadening, as it appeared, of natural affection in the man to whom I had given my daughter; and also my conscience was not free from offense, for I could not but think that a more fervent and wrestling expostulation, on the sin of marrying an unbeliever, might have saved Adeline from sorrow in the flesh. However, I said as much as seemed best at the time, and upon that reflection I rested myself; for he who adheres to a pure intention, need not repent of his deeds afterward; and the next day, when my present anguish and weakness had somewhat abated, I read the manuscript Ada had sent me.

"It was, doubtless, penned with much reluctance, for the child's natural pride was great, and no less weighty subject than her husband's salvation could have forced her to speak of what she wrote for me; and, indeed, I should feel no right to put the confidence into your hands, were not my child beyond the reach of man's judgment, and did I not feel it a sacred duty to protest, so long as life lasts, against this abominable Mormon delusion, and the no less delusive pretext of doing evil that good may come. I cannot read Ada's letter aloud to you, for there is to be a funeral at two o'clock, which I must attend; but I will give you the papers, and you may sit in my chair and read; only, be patient with my bees, if they come too near you, for they like the hop-blossoms, and never sting unless you strike."

So saying, Parson Field gave me his leathern chair and the papers, and I sat down in the hop-crowned porch, to read Adeline Henderson's story, with a sort of reverence for her that prompted me

to turn the rustling pages carefully, and feel startled if a door swung to in the quiet house, as if I were eavesdropping; but soon I ceased to hear, absorbed in her letter, which began as the first did.

"DEAR UNCLE,

"To-day I begged John to write, and ask you to come here. I could not write you since I came here but that once, though your letters have been my great comfort, and I added a few words of entreaty to his, because I am dying, and it seems as if I must see you before I die; yet I fear the letter may not reach you, or you may be sick; and for that reason I write now, to tell you how terrible a necessity urged me to persuade you to such a journey. I can write but little at a time, my side is so painful; they call it slow-consumption here, but I know better; the heart within me is turned to stone, I felt it then—Ah! you see my mind wandered in that last line; it still will return to the old theme, like a fugue tune, such as we had in the Plainfield singing-school. I remember one that went, 'The Lord is just, is just, is just'—Is He? Dear Uncle, I must begin at the beginning, or you never will know. I wrote you from St. Louis, did I not? I meant to. From there, we had a dreary journey, not so bad to Fort Leavenworth, but after that inexpressibly dreary, and set with tokens of the dead, who perished before us. A long reach of prairie, day after day, and night after night; grass, and sky, and graves; grass, and sky, and graves; till I hardly knew whether the life I dragged along was life or death, as the thirsty, feverish days wore on into the awful and breathless nights, when every creature was dead asleep, and the very stars in heaven grew dim in the hot, sleepy air—dreadful days! I was too glad to see that bitter inland sea, blue as the fresh lakes, with its gray islands of bare rock, and sparkling sand shores, still more rejoiced to come upon the City itself, the rows of quaint, bare houses, and such cool water-sources, and, over all, near enough to rest both eyes and heart, the sun-lit mountains, 'the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.'

"I liked my new house well. It was too large for our need, but pleasanter for its airiness, and the first thing I did, was to plant a little hop-vine, that I

had brought all the way with such great care, by the east porch. I wanted something like Plainfield in my home. I don't know why I linger so, I must write faster, for I grow weak all the time.

"I liked the City very well for awhile; the neighbors were kind, and John more than that, I could not be unhappy with him—I thought. We had a pretty garden, for another man had owned the house before us, and we had not to begin every thing. Our next door neighbor, Mrs. Colton, was good and kind to me, so was her daughter Lizzy, a pretty girl, with fair hair, very fair. I wonder John liked it after mine. The first great shock I had was at a Mormon meeting. I cannot very well remember the ceremony, because I grew so faint; but I would not faint away lest some one should see me. I only remember that it was Mrs. Colton's husband with another wife being "sealed" to him, as they say here. You don't know what that means, Uncle Field; it is one part of this religion of Satan, that any man may have, if he will, three or four wives, perhaps more. I only know that shameless man, with grown daughters, and the hair on his head snow-white, has taken two, and his own wife, a firm believer in this—faith! looks on calmly, and lives with them in peace. I know that, and my soul sickened with disgust, but I did not fear; not a thought, not a dream, not a shadow of fear crossed me. I should have despised myself forever if the idea had stained my soul; my husband was my husband,—mine—before God and man! and our child was in heaven; how glad I was she could never be a Mormon!

"I was sorry for Mrs. Colton, though she did not need it, and when I saw John leaning over their gate, or smoking in the porch with the old man, I thought he felt so, too, and I was glad to see him more sociable than ever he was in the States. After awhile he did not smoke, but talked with Elder Colton, and then would come home and expound out of the book of Mormon to me. I was very glad to have him earnest in his religion, but I could not be. Then he grew very thoughtful, and had a silent fit, but I took no notice of it, though I think now he meant to leave me, but I began to pine a little for home, and when I worked in the garden, and trained the vines about our verandah,

I used to wish he would help me as he did Lizzy Colton, but I still remembered how good he was to pity and help them.

"Oh fool! yet, I had rather be a fool over again than have imagined—that I am glad of, even now—I did not once suspect.

"But one day—I remember every little thing in that day—even the slow ticking of the clock, as I tied up my hop-vine; and after that I went into the garden, and sat down on a little bench under the grape-trellis, and looked at the mountains. How beautiful they were! all purple in the shadow of sunset, and the sky golden green above them, with one scarlet cloud floating slowly upward: I hope I shall never see a red cloud again. Presently, John came and sat by me, and I laid my head on his shoulder; I was so glad to have him there—it cured my home-sickness; once or twice he began to say something, and stopped, but I did not mind it. I wanted him to see a low line of mist creeping down a cañon in the mountains, and I stood up to point it out; so he rose, too, and in a strange, hurried way, began to say something about the Mormon faith, and the duties of a believer, which I did not notice either very much—I was so full of admiring the scarlet cloud—when, like a sudden thunder-clap at my ear, I heard this quick, resolute sentence: 'And so, according to the advice and best judgment of the Saints, Elizabeth Colton will be sealed to me, after two days, as my spiritual wife.'

"Then my soul fled out of my lips, in one cry—I was dead—my heart turned to a stone, and nothing can melt it! I did not speak, or sigh, but sat down on the bench, and John talked a great deal; I think he rubbed my hands and kissed me, but I did not feel it. I went away, by-and-by, when it was dark, into the house and into my room. I locked the door and looked at the wall till morning, then I went down and sat in a chair till night; and I drank, drank, drank, like a fever. All the time cold water, but it never reached my thirst. John came home, but he did not dare touch me; I was a dead corpse, with another spirit in it—not his wife—she was dead, and gone to heaven on a bright cloud. I remember being glad of that.

"In two days more he had a wife, and I was not his any longer. I staid up stairs when he was in the house, and locked my door, till, after a great

many days, I began to feel sorry for him. Oh! how sorry! for I knew—I know—he will see himself some day with my eyes, but not till I die. Then I found my lips full of blood one morning, and that pleased me, for I knew it was a promise of the life to come: now I should go to heaven, where there aren't any Mormons.

"I believe, though, people were kind to me all the time; for I remember they came and said things to me, and one shook me a little to see if I felt; and one woman cried. I was glad of that, for I couldn't cry. However, after three months, I was better: worse, John said one day, and he brought a doctor, but the man knew as well as I did—so he said nothing at all, and gave me some herb tea;—tell Aunt Martha that.

"Then I could walk out of doors, but I did not care to; only once I smelt the hop-blossoms, and that I could not bear, so I went out and pulled up my hop-vine by the roots, and laid it out, all straight, in the fierce sunshine: it died directly. In the winter John had another wife sealed to him; I heard somebody say so; he did not tell me, and if he had I could not help it. I found he had taken a little adobe house for those two, and I knew it was out of tenderness for my feelings he did so. Oh! Uncle Field! perhaps he has loved me all this time! I know better, though, than that! Spring came, and I was very weak, and I grew not to care about anything; so I told John he could bring those two women to this house if he wished: I did not care, only nobody must ever come into my room. He looked ashamed, and pleased, too; but he brought them, and nobody ever did come into my room. By-and-by Elizabeth Colton brought a little baby down stairs, and its name was Clara. Poor child! poor little Mormon child! I hope it will die some time before it grows up; only I should not like it to come my side of heaven, for it had blue eyes like John's.

"Then I grew more and more ill, and now I am really dying, and no letter has come from you! It takes so long—three whole months, and I have been more than a year in the house with John Henderson and the two women. I know I shall never see you, but I must speak. I must, even out of the grave; and I keep hearing that old fugue. 'The Lord is just, is just, is just; the Lord is just and good!' Is He? I know He

is; but I forget sometimes. Uncle Field! you must pray for John! you *must!* I cannot die and leave him in his sins, his delusion: he does not think it is sin, but I know it. Pray! pray! dear Uncle; don't be discouraged—do not fear—he *will* be undeceived some time; he will repent, I know! The Lord is just, and I will pray in heaven, and I will tell Nelly to, but *you* must. It says in the Bible, ‘the prayer of a righteous man;’ and oh! I am not righteous! I should not have married

him; it was an unequal yoke, and I have borne the burden; but I loved him so much! Uncle Field, I did not keep myself from idols. Pray! I shall be dead, but he lives. Pray for him, and, if you will, for the little child—because—I am dying. Dear Nelly!—”

“Are you blotting my letter, young man?” said Parson Field, at my elbow, as I deciphered the last broken, trembling line, of Ada’s story. “Here I have been five minutes, and you did not hear me!” I really had blotted the letter!

NOON AND MORNING.

I.

THREE are gains for all our losses,
There are balms for all our pain;
But when youth, the dream, departs,
It takes something from our hearts,
And it never comes again!

II.

We are stronger, and are better
Under manhood’s sterner reign;
Still we feel that something sweet
Followed youth with flying feet,
And will never come again!

III.

Something beautiful is vanished,
And we sigh for it in vain:
We behold it everywhere,
On the earth, and in the air—
But it never comes again!

[June,

SHOULD WE FEAR THE POPE?

ONE of the strong impelling causes of the current movement against foreigners is, the hereditary aversion of Protestants to the Roman Church. It is alleged, that the doctrines of that Church assert the right of the Pope to interfere in the temporal affairs of kingdoms and states, while they demand for him the exclusive allegiance of its members; and, consequently, that no one professing those doctrines can yield an honest allegiance to any other power.

We propose to inquire how far these positions are true; and, if true, to what extent, and in what way, we ought to resist their dangers.

Before doing so, it may be proper to premise, that we have not been educated to any overweening estimate of the claims of the Catholic Church. On the contrary, our studies, observations, and general habits of thought, have led us into convictions decidedly and utterly hostile to its theories of government as well as to its creeds. It seems to us a singular mixture of fanaticism, tyranny, cunning and devout religion. We are sensible, too, of its many means of influence, and of the vast prestige with which it addresses itself both to the imagination and reason of men. Its venerable age, connecting it with the most ancient and splendid civilizations, Oriental, Grecian, Roman, and feudal; but, surviving them all, amid the fiercest tempests of time, as the pyramids have triumphed over the sand-storms of the desert, where the hundred-gated cities are laid in ruins,—its marvelous organization, combining the solidest strength with the most flexible activity, conciliating the wildest fanatical zeal with the coolest intellectual cunning, adapting it to every age, nation, and exigency, and enabling it to pursue its designs with continuous and varied forces;—its imposing ceremonies and pantomimes, which seem like mummary to the stranger, but to the initiated are signs of the mighty conquests it has achieved over the mythologies, the rites, and the persecutions of antiquity, as well as promises of the consoling grace which will again sustain it, should the hand of the enemy drive it once more into the catacombs and the caves; its luxurious, yet discriminating, patronage of art, which has preserved to us so

much of all that is best in art, in the touching music, the lovely paintings, and the sublime cathedrals of the middle-age; and, above all, the unquestionable ability of its priests, with the long line of noble and beautiful spirits, Abelards, Pascals, and Fenelons, who have illustrated history, by their culture, their piety and their genius—these are elements of greatness and power, which it would be folly as well as blindness in any one to overlook or deride. But, as we are convinced, also, that there are influences stronger than these,—the influences of truth,—of the soul of man,—of the spirit of the age, in its present developments,—of the providence of God, which has established a moral order in history, we are not dismayed by the amount of its ecclesiastical pretension, nor disheartened by any seeming facility or splendor in its temporary successes.

Least of all, shall we allow ourselves to be betrayed, by the chronic terrors of Protestants, into an unjust judgment of Catholics, and the consequent perpetration of political wrong. We are too familiar with the history of religious controversy to be hurried away by the furious zeal of agitators, who regard it as their special mission to arouse the world to a proper dread of the abuses of Popery. They are sincere, we have no doubt; but it is the sincerity of partisans, not of judges. They have worked their impatience of error up to that inflammatory pitch, where conviction becomes passion. Of tolerable self-complacency and quietude, in other respects, they are apt to be shaken out of their shoes when the subject of the "Scarlet Woman" is broached. It has all the effect upon them—we say it with reverence—of the red-rag upon some imperious turkey, who, straightway, loses his solemn port and dignity, and rushes wildly to the battle.

Even the more temperate polemics, on the Protestant side of this controversy, do not always restrain their ardor at judgment-heat. Having convinced themselves that Rome—not ecclesiasticism in general, but the particular branch of it called Rome—is the great Anti-Christ of Scripture, they incessantly labor her with every variety of Scriptural reprobation. All the mon-

storous types of apocalyptic zoology, the beasts with seven heads and ten horns, the red and black horses, the eagles, the calves, and the fiery flying serpents, are made to find in her their living resemblance, while she is loudly proclaimed to be the man of perdition,—the mother of harlots,—the mystic Babylon, who makes the nations “drunk with the wine of the wrath of her forninations.”*

It happens, unfortunately for the Church, that it is not difficult to give plausibility to these views, and, to some extent, a justification of reactionary hatreds, from the records of history. Ecclesiastical annals, (and the same is true, perhaps, of all other annals,) tried by the standard of existing opinions, are so full of whatever is insolent in assumption, corrupt in morals, cunning and treacherous in fraud, and detestable in tyranny, that a mere tyro, with a ease to make out, might draw pictures from them that would frighten a college of cardinals, and much more a conclave of credulous zealots. Dip into these annals anywhere, but especially into what relates to the doings from the ninth to the fifteenth centuries, and how much wickedness of every kind you meet! What audacity, licentiousness, superstition, ignorance, fraud, uproar, and cruel ferocity of persecution! The dread power of the Papacy, as it is described in the popular histories, seems to beset those ages, like a gigantic spectre of the Brocken. It rises before us as something awful, mysterious, and desolating. Removed, as we are by many generations, from the scenes of its action, we still see the flash of its lightnings, and still hear the roar of its thunders, as the bolts fall swift and terrible about the heads of emperors and kings. In its quietest times, our eyes are haunted with visions of bloody-hands; the air is sultry with a feeling of oppression; and the soul, in its recoil from the gloom and sorrow that darkens and sobs around it, loses sense of the true proportions of things, and fancies that all was evil then, and nothing good.

But, take up any party or principle, in an unfriendly spirit, to

trace its affinities among the parties and principles of former times, and immediately you may place it in disreputable company. Thus, you may illustrate monarchy by the excesses of the Oriental kings or the Roman Cæsars; you may make aristocracy responsible for the nobles of the middle ages; and democracy for the peasant-wars and French revolutions of a later day. A person, opposed to the Church of England, might say that it is still an unrepented canon with her that papists and dissenters may be choked to death for their errors.† Another, opposed to Calvinism, would show Calvin, Beza, and Melanthon urging the inclemency of Servetus. A third would tell us of the Huguenots roasting papal priests, while they were themselves singed with the fires of St. Bartholomew; or of the Scotch parliament, with eight thousand Scotchmen dead at the hands of the Stuarts, decreeing death against the profession of Episcopacy; or, of the good Puritans, flying to the wilderness to escape and to establish spiritual despotism. In short, no sect or party can look with entire complacency upon the deeds of its ancestors, and no sect or party has a right to interpret the great lessons of history in a narrow, sectarian spirit.

Now, it seems to us, that the Catholics are criticised too entirely in this one-sided way. Their opponents, drawing a drag-net through the impure streams of the middle-ages, bespatter them with all the rubbish that the cast brings up. It is forgotten that those ages were ages, in many respects, of the grossest barbarism and blindness; that anarchy and outrage reigned everywhere; that opinion was uniformed and authorities at war; and that if the conduct of the hierarchy, stretching across such long periods of general violence, exhibits much that is rapacious, cruel, and malignant, it was often redeemed by the valuable services which the same hierarchy rendered to the cause of learning, of art, of social discipline, of popular progress, and European unity. The representations, therefore, which dwell upon the evils of those times exclusively, are violent daubs or grotesque caricatures, and not historical pictures.

* In this application, however, of the great symbols of the Apocalypse to actual events, instead of spiritual truths, they have the illustrious precedent of Dante, Petrarch, Machiavelli, and some, even, who lived in the previous century.

† See Arnold's *Miscellaneous Works*, page 188, Appleton's edition.

They remind us of certain galleries in Italy, where the walls teem with fagots, stakes, gridirons, broiling martyrs, and a horrible array of distorted human anatomy, unrelieved by one sweet face or a single smiling landscape.

We have no disposition to palliate the horrid deeds of ancient churchmen, nor to disguise the lessons of history, but we think that, at this late day, ecclesiastical battles might be fought with other weapons than those the illustrious Molly Seagrim used when she drove her neighbors out of the sacred enclosure with thigh-bones, skulls and bits of old tombstone. History is only instructive when it is read in the light of philosophy. We cannot properly use its events as isolated facts, nor judge of the characters it presents us by the standards of modern opinion. Every age and nation must be viewed in its peculiar relations. Every age and nation has its own methods and its own ideas. The boy is not the man; the man of the ninth century is not the man of the nineteenth; and the etiquette of the court of Queen Victoria cannot be applied to the court of Queen Pomare. That which might have been good government, in one time and place, would be very bad government in another time and place, and a course of conduct which seems simply impudent and senile in Gregory XVI., may have been exalted and beneficial in Gregory VII.

These remarks, common-place as they are, have an important bearing upon the particular question before us—the temporal power of the Popes—which is commonly treated as if the tenth and eleventh centuries could be revived, and old Hildebrand—true son of fire as he was named—start again from the grave where he has rested nearly a thousand years. But this is a grave mistake. That power, as we shall show, is no longer a present terror, but a simple historical phenomenon. It had its origin in the inevitable circumstances and necessities of society, at a particular stage of its progress, and, having served its ends, sometimes salutary and sometimes quite otherwise, it has been dismissed by a kind Providence to the limbo of things not wanted on earth.

This proposition we now proceed very succinctly to illustrate, by reference to a few prominent historical facts, on the origin and culmination of the papal power:—

1. The foundation of every temporal

or spiritual enormity, into which the Church was destined to run, was laid in the opinion, which early obtained, that Christ had founded an external institution, to be the medium of the new and divine life. It was not only an unavoidable inference from this, in logic, that such a body should be supreme in its moral authority, but it was also an unavoidable practical deduction that the administrators of its ordinances should become among the most wealthy and powerful personages in secular society.

2. The conversion of Constantine added prodigiously to the temporalities of the Church, but, most of all, by conferring judicial and civil jurisdiction upon the bishops. His successors pursued the same policy, with some exceptions, and anybody who will read the Theodosian and Justinian codes, will see that the clergy, long before the fifth century, were in the possession of large patrimonies, were joined in the civil and financial administration of the provinces, were judges in the courts allowed to decree temporal penalties, and often took part in the imperial councils.

3. In the distribution of ecclesiastical rank, following generally the political divisions of the Empire, the preëminence fell, of course, to the See of the imperial city,—the foremost city of the world. Its local position, fortified by old renown and the traditions of St. Peter's special favor, made it a center of attraction and reverence to the faithful everywhere, but particularly to the churches among the barbarians, which its zeal had planted, and which were ever eager to testify their respect and submission to the venerable mother.

4. When the Empire was transferred to the East—an event that ought to have diminished the importance of the Roman Church—it happened that the distractions of the times turned that event into an occasion of its increasing power. The Emperors, absorbed in their eastern troubles, left the Church almost the only authority in the western provinces. Their representatives, the miserable exarchs, for the most part plunderers and despots, could not rival the priests in the affections of the people. As the imperial authority grew weaker, therefore, the authority of the Roman Bishop grew stronger. The senate, as well as the populace, came to regard him as their true head; so that

the Emperor, no longer able to control his affairs, and glad of the assistance of so eminent and influential a lieutenant, readily confirmed the powers which necessity, no less than general consent, had conferred.

5. When, finally, the Popes threw off the reins of the Emperors, and invited the King of the Franks to protect them from the savage incursions of the Lombards, it was clear that the Emperors were too weak to defend and retain the Italian provinces, and the exigency absolutely required an extraordinary intervention. The policy of Stephen II. and Adrian I., then, which gave great extension to the temporal sovereignty of the Popes, was quite inevitable under the circumstances. They stepped in to save society at a time when there was nobody else in a position, or having the will, to do so; and Pepin and Charlemagne, as the actual conquerors of the Lombards, when they confirmed, by solemn grants, the possessions of St. Peter, gave the only constitutional sanction, known to the laws of the epoch, to what was held by the more legitimate title of ability, virtue, service, and the tacit consent of the people.

6. In the midst of the turbulent and almost anarchical feudal society, the Pope appeared, not only as a Prince among princes, but as a Prince superior to all princes, by virtue of his peculiar ecclesiastical eminence. He was naturally resorted to as an umpire in the settlement of disputes, and large fiefs were added to his jurisdiction, either to propitiate his favor or as a reward for distinguished services. As the laws of the Roman empire, moreover, had been principally retained in the monarchies which succeeded it, all the immunities and privileges of the clergy were preserved, and even extended, and their intimate association with the temporal power enlarged.

7. The Holy See, at once the center of religion and learning, was also the only authority of any kind universally acknowledged. The Princes, at war perpetually amongst themselves, each in turn invoked its aid against the encroachments of his neighbors. They were all equally solicitous to secure its favor, even to the extent of consenting to do homage for their kingdoms, as if they were held from the Pope. Nor were the Popes, whose conduct ex-

hibited a singular mixture of zealous piety and worldly ambition, backward in accepting a vassalage tendered alike from motives of interest and devotion. In proof of the state of feeling, we may mention that, when the crusades came on, sovereigns and soldiers alike, regarding the Popes as the natural leaders of the great religious wars, often placed their persons and properties under their protection. Political affairs were arranged in the Pope's presence, treaties concluded, routes of march selected, and questions of precedence decided.

8. The right to depose princes, however, grew more directly out of the power of excommunication, which the Church had asserted from the earliest times. At first, this ban worked only a forfeiture of ecclesiastical rights, but after the sovereigns took the Church in hand, civil disabilities were attached to its infliction. The unhappy person who incurred it, was not only shut out of the assemblies of the faithful, and banished their society, but he was declared civilly dead, and his dignities, rights, and possessions, fell away from him, like leaves from a tree smitten by the lightning. All the legislation of the princes concurred in giving validity to ecclesiastical laws, and in confirming the jurisdiction of bishops by civic penalties. When the Popes, therefore, insisting upon the impartiality of God's judgments, which could make no distinction between peasant and prince, applied the same ban to sovereigns which they applied to serfs, they exercised a power to which the sovereigns themselves had consented, and whose legitimacy they never questioned as to its general grounds, and only as to the justice of its application in the particular case.

Thus, innumerable circumstances in the political relations, the external events, and the moral opinions of the time, prepared the way for those tremendous assertions of supreme temporal sovereignty, which were begun by Gregory VII., in his deposition of Henry, and continued with vigor, for two or three centuries, by his successors. They are circumstances which do not wholly acquit the Popes of the charge of usurpation, but which yet show that their conduct was not, as it is often represented to have been, utterly indefensible.

There was a color of law even for their most high-handed interferences, sanctioned as they were by the political constitution of the age, no less than by its prevailing religious convictions. But, without entering into the merits of the particular disputes between the Pope and the Emperors, from the eleventh to the fourteenth centuries, we are free to say, in behalf of the Church, that corrupt as its doctrines now seem to us, gross as were the departures of its ritual from the simplicity of Scripture, and extraordinary and arrogant as the temporal assumptions of its pontiffs appear in our wholly different state of society and sentiment, it represented the better cause in nearly all its mediæval political struggles. It curbed the otherwise unlimited ferocity of the princes; it was often a general peace-maker; it vindicated the principle of election, as against the hereditary principle; and it proclaimed the superiority of the moral order to a régime of mere brute materialism and arbitrary self-will. That it was also guilty of awful inconsistencies, no one can deny but a devotee of its universal infallibility.

Yet, as this system of conjoint spiritual and temporal authority had its rise in the circumstances of the time, so it had its fall in its own inherent weakness. Viewed absolutely, it was a violation of both reason and religion, and was only provisionally good. At the height of its prevalence, then, it was already dissolving. First, it could not escape reflecting minds, that every resort to force, direct or indirect, by a body professing a spiritual origin and genesis, was fundamentally inconsistent with its nature and end, and these minds must have been more or less openly at war with the policy of the Church. In the second place, the enormous wealth which flowed into its treasury, in consequence of its vast temporal sway, must have corrupted the clergy, and lost them the respect of the more severe and pure of their own order as well as that of the laics. And then, again, the possession of a great and almost uncontrolled power, degenerates inevitably into a two-fold source of abuses; firstly, in that it becomes a lure to all kinds of selfish and reckless ambition, and secondly, in that it gets impatient of resistance, and persecutes instead of persuading.

Accordingly, we see many examples of the operation of all these principles, before the opening of the fourteenth century, and which, indeed, kept pace with the growing domination of the hierarchy. Internal corruption and external outrage bred resistance, both within and without, and, when Boniface VIII. entered upon his contest with Philip le Bel, of France, he appeared to himself and to his friends to advance with all the strength of the great Gregory; but, in reality, the moral and popular support, which had been the strength of Gregory, had already collapsed. In the south of France, the infamous crusade against the Albigenses had detached a numerous and powerful body; similar disaffections had estranged the whole of Flanders; the thoughts which shortly after found vent in the immortal poem of Dante, the great father of Protestantism and the modern era, were fermenting in Italy; distant England was heaving with the birth of Wickliffe; and the cultivators of ancient learning, even, had, in the silence of the monasteries, begun to manifest an abated respect for a clergy whose vices were as conspicuous as they were disgraceful. Boniface was therefore virtually defeated, and, in his defeat, the system itself, received a fatal blow. Like one who came after him, he might have exclaimed that both he and his system had ventured too far upon the sea of glory, and were left—

“Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must forever hide them.”

That stream was the awakening life of Christendom, inside and outside of the Church, which, dissolving the Papacy into the great and damaging “western schism,” gathered strength from the revival of literature, from the growth of the universities, from the republican experiments in Italy, from the Hussite rebellion, from the pragmatic sanctions of France, from the quickening activity of commerce, from the progress of maritime discovery, and the disclosures and inventions of science, until, finally, it broke over Europe, in a broad, full tide, as the Lutheran Reformation.

The Temporal Arm made, ever and anon, during the interval, spasmodic efforts to recover its ancient energy; but they were like the efforts of a serpent to strike, when its back is broken. For five centuries, now, its authority has

steadily declined—nor will it ever be revived. We should as soon think of seeing Europe invaded again by the Arabs, or the Christian nations joined once more in a crusade to Jerusalem, or the philosophers of the world returning to the study of alchemy—as of beholding the rejuvenescence of the middle-age constitution of society, and of its foster brother, the old Roman court. Even the religious influence of the Church, by which alone its temporal pretensions can be sustained, will never become again what it was before the Reformation. It is true, as Mr. Macaulay, in his brilliant essay on Ranke's History of the Popes, has remarked, that the territorial division of Europe, between the Catholics and the Protestants, is the same now as it was towards the close of the sixteenth century,—that the nations which were Catholic then, chiefly the Southern or Romanic, are Catholic still; and those which were Protestants then, chiefly the Northern or Teutonic nations, are Protestants still; while neither Catholic nor Protestant has made any substantial gains in the large debatable ground in the middle of Europe. But this is true only geographically, as Macaulay himself more than intimates; for while the physical frontiers of either camp have not advanced, their moral and intellectual advances respectively have been widely different. The leading Catholic nations, at the close of the sixteenth century, were Spain and Italy, and these have fallen into decay, whereas the leading Protestant nations, such as England and North Germany, have shot up prodigiously in every element of vigor. The nations which, before Luther, commanded the civilization of the world, were nations under the control of Rome, but the nations which now occupy that exalted position, pursue their ends without a thought of the Church. England, North Germany, and the United States, are openly Protestant; Russia, as the inheritor of Greek catholicity, is anti-Roman; while France, though nominally Catholic, is rather scientific than religious in her development, and is precisely the nation, under her renowned Gallic liberties, which most strenuously resists the papal predominance. Now, it is this

superiority of the Protestant nations, in intelligence, activity, wealth, and freedom, which secures them forever from conquest, and which will, sooner or later, compel the Catholic nations to follow in their track. It is Protestantism which controls civilization and the future destiny of the world.

But, exclaim a thousand dissentient voices, in the face of this reasoning and all these facts, Romanism, by its own showing, remains forever unchangeable and unchanged. Its prelates and its official organs adhere as tenaciously to the temporal supremacy of the Pope now, as they did in the days of the Hohenstaufen and John Lackland; and, whenever and wherever they can, will hasten to enforce its claims.

Now, we deny the truth of this position, and we scout the inferences which are attached to it, to frighten us out of our seven senses.

And, in the first place, we remark that this doctrine is not an established doctrine of the Catholic Church. It is simply a *sententia in ecclesia*—an unadjudicated question, without positive authority, and incumbent upon no one's faith. A Catholic may believe what he pleases on that subject, and yet be a good Catholic; he may utterly deny all manner of temporal allegiance to the Pope, and yet be a good Catholic: in short, the only allegiance expected of him, by the laws of the Church, is a belief of its dogmas, and a submission to its moral discipline.

In regard to the ground and extent of the Temporal Power of the Pope, two parties exist, and have long existed, in the Church. The first, the Ultramontane or theological party, contend that the Pope and Church have received, immediately from God, full power to govern the world, both in spirituals and temporals.* In its naked form, however, this theory, started by John of Salisbury, in the twelfth century, found but few advocates; but, about the close of the sixteenth, Bellarmin and other systematic writers modified it into this shape: that the Church has received from God, directly and immediately, no power over temporals, but over spirituals solely; yet this power includes, *indirectly*, the power of governing temporals when the good of re-

* Gosselin, on the Power of the Popes, vol. i., p. 360.

ligion requires it, or in certain extraordinary cases, when it is rendered necessary for the salvation of souls. This is the sense in which the doctrine is held by most of the Ultramontanes, though some of them modify it still more, so as to restrict the right of the Church to a single right to *declare* the cases in which a sovereign has forfeited his authority, and subjects are absolved from their allegiance—as cases of conscience. But the Pope can use no direct means for enforcing this declaration, which can only be put in execution by the temporal order. Mr. Brownson, who is more obstreperous than anybody else in vindicating extreme opinions, denies that the Pope can interfere generally in the civil affairs of States, or resort directly to the strong arm. For that he must appeal to the civil authority. "The Pope," he says, "does not make the law under which the Prince holds, and can declare him deposed only when he has forfeited his rights by the law under which he still holds. The act of deposition is judicial, not legislative."

The old direct doctrine survives only with a few extravagant ninnies, but indirect Ultramontanism, as we have explained it, seems at present in the ascendant among the higher clergy and official organs of the Church. The Popes are supposed to incline to it privately, because it extends their prerogatives; yet the briefs of Pius VI. and Gregory XVI. are inconsistent with it. The college of cardinals, too, favors it, because every cardinal expects some time or other to be Pope: the Jesuits, we believe, swear to it, and a majority of other religious orders receive it, together with many of the Spanish and Italian bishops, some of the German and French, and the leading journals—such as the *Civiltà Cattolica*, at Rome, the *Historische Politische Blätter*, of Germany, the *Univers* in Paris, the *Dublin Tablet*, and Brownson's *Quarterly*.

The second party, on the other hand, the Gallic or legitimist party, hold that the spiritual and temporal powers are equally sovereign in their respective spheres, and independent of each other; and that the Popes and Councils which have interfered in the temporal affairs of States have done so, either under the human and constitutional laws of the epoch, or from an erroneous view of their duty. The Catholic clergy of France, in 1682,

in the famous Declarations, which are the basis of the Cisalpine doctrine, said, "Kings and sovereigns are not subjected to any ecclesiastical power, by the order of God, in temporal things; and their subjects cannot be released from their obedience, nor absolved from their oath of allegiance." These declarations were eloquently defended by Bossuet. The six Catholic Universities, consulted by Pitt, in 1789—three Spanish, and three French—took this view, and earnestly declared that "neither the Cardinals, the Pope, nor even the Church herself, has any jurisdiction or power, by divine right, over the temporals of kings, sovereigns, or subjects," &c. The Irish committee, of 1792, made a similar deposition, in behalf of all the Catholics of Ireland, which was repeated before the House of Commons by all the Irish bishops in 1826. All the old Catholic families of England take this view, with a large number of the German and French bishops, and nearly all of those in the United States. As to the laity of the Church, they do not bother their brains much about the dispute; the more ignorant of them clinging to the Church because it has been their father's church, and the nursing-mother of their superstitions; and the more enlightened, because they find, in its doctrines and ceremonies, a genuine solace for their religious feelings. We may regard the controversy, on the whole, then, as a kind of drawn battle—sometimes one party is in the ascendant and sometimes the other—the Ultramontanes seeming to carry the victory always in numbers, and the Gallicans always in argument; but, whether the one or the other prevails, it need be no cause to us either of extravagant alarm or extravagant joy.

For, in the second place, we remark, that, whatever may be the state of opinion among Catholics, the claim of the Popes to temporal power is not at all formidable, in the present condition of the world. Churchmen may conceit what they please about the unchangeable nature of the Church, but the fact of reason and history is that it does change, with its changes of place, and the advancing aspects of society. It is no more now, what it was when the monk of Clugny caused the poor German Emperor to wait his insolent leisure three days in the cold, than the Knights Templars are now what they were then. It

is one thing at Berlin and London, and another at Valladolid or Bologna. The catechism which it circulates in France is not the catechism which it circulates in Portugal. Nor is this owing to policy alone. The force of circumstances, and the existing tone of manners and opinions, circumscribe, snub, and transform it, just as every other institution is modified by the medium in which it subsists. What the Papacy *would* be, then, if it *could*, is a question of no practical moment. What would any sect or party be, if unrestrained by adverse parties or sects? Sydney Smith well says: "One does not know the order or description of men in whom he would like to confide, if they *could do as they would*; our security consisting in the fact that the rest of the world won't let 'em." Now, the rest of the world will not allow the Pope, nor anybody else, to do as he pleases, let him want to ever so badly; and, until the Pope particularly has reconverted the world to Catholicism, which will be a considerable undertaking, he may have as much will to thunder as he likes, but he will thunder in vain.

Consider the history of the papal attempts to exert even a limited temporal authority, during the last three centuries! The Pope rattled away, like a good fellow, against Louis XIV., but Louis was hardly civil to him, kissing his feet, as Voltaire says, but tying up his hands. He was dreadfully angry, again, with Philip V. of Spain; but he could not hinder Philip from going his own gait, nor prevent the Cortes, subsequently, from destroying the monastic institutions and confiscating the Church property. He tried his power on Portugal, and was repulsed from Portugal, just as if it had been Protestant; on Venice, and the Senate disdained his legate; on Austria, whither he went personally, but was complacently bowed home again; and on Napoleon, who laughed at him and used him afterwards.

At the very moment, indeed, in which we pen this paragraph, the morning paper, fresh with foreign news, informs us that Spain,—Catholic Spain as she is called, by way of eminence, as she has been called these thousand years,—where the Roman Church is the only Church that has ever been recognized by the State, where a numerous and influential clergy are paid from the treasury of the State, where they enjoy

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the highest rank and consideration, where the entire people, in fact, are proud to hail their monarchs as Most Catholic Majesties,—Spain, we say, has just passed a law, releasing property in mortmain, or, in other words, turning into money the consecrated lands and dwellings of the clergy and the religious orders, in the very teeth, too, of the Pope and all his wire-workers and adherents!

Indeed, since the Restoration, when the allies complimented him with devout pretences and apparent obsequiousness, but betrayed him to the State at the same time, not a government on earth, Catholic or Protestant, has treated his temporal holiness with a whit more decorum than is due to an illustrious prince—one among the powers of Europe. They respect his important ecclesiastical position, and the venerable associations by which his See is surrounded, and, as far as their subjects are Catholic, are more or less tender of giving offense; but they do not succumb one tithe to any right or claim of his to meddle with their civil interests. On the contrary, they resent it with instant porcupine irritability. One of the most recent Ultramontane writers, lamenting the desuetude into which the temporal arm has fallen, says, that the worst enemies which the Church has had to contend with, the last two hundred years, have not been either Protestants or Turks, but the professedly Catholic governments of Europe.—"These nominal Catholic sovereigns," he says lugubriously, "professing themselves to be sons of the Church, contributing, it may be, to the maintenance of the clergy, and to the pomp and splendor of worship; perhaps, like Louis XIV., going so far as to tolerate no worship but the Catholic, and using their military force to suppress hostile sects, yet constantly encroaching on the ecclesiastical authority; demanding concession after concession, and threatening universal spoliation and schism, if the Church does not accede to their peremptory demands, backed by the whole physical force of the kingdom, are really more injurious to the cause of religion, more hostile to the influences of the Church, than open and avowed persecutors, even the most cruel. We cannot name a single professedly Catholic State that has afforded, for these three hundred years, more than a momentary

consolation to the Holy Father, whose bitterest enemies have been of his own household; while the only sovereigns in the eighteenth, and the first half of the nineteenth centuries, that treated him with respect, were sovereigns separated from his communion."

This is true: yet not the whole truth; for it conceals the worst feature of the papal degradation—that it is the willing instrument and vassal of the kings. If it had been subjected simply by the superior force of its pseudo friends, there would have been reason for it to complain; but it cheerfully accepts the slavery. It is, at this moment, linked in with every despotism of the Continent, lending itself to their most nefarious schemes; blessing the triumphs of their arms over popular hopes, and proffering a servile submission to them in order to divide the ill-gotten gains, wrung from the weakness, the ignorance, and the miseries of the people. Yes; the power, which of old sat in judgment upon the rulers of the earth, and, in its fierce contests with them, became a symbol of the aspirations, and faith of the multitude, is now, divested of its ideal and representative character, and fallen from its own high schemes of superiority and jurisdiction, the passive partner of the secular princes; protesting when it does protest, not against the political absolutism of the oppressor, but against the cries and struggles of the oppressed! It prefers the friendship of the Czar, even, with his foreign religion, to the political emancipation and religious regeneration of the nations; and is greatly more to be feared for the doctrines of abject political submission which it teaches, than for its imputed ambition.

But, if this be the condition of things in nations avowedly Catholic, how preposterous the alarm which is sounded as to the temporal aggressions of Popery in countries which are wholly emancipated. Let us suppose for instance—what is absurd in itself—that Pio Nono should take it into his head to hurl a bull at Queen Victoria or General Pierce, for some gross heretical malfeasance, or for an insult to Cardinal Wiseman, or the legate Bedini, what would be the effect? A few of the more devout Catholics would be thrown into a flutter, others would mildly hint that the good Father had mistaken his business, while the world in general would explode in fits of

derision. Historians might, perhaps, recall the time when such missives closed the churches, extinguished the sacrifice on the altar, suspended christenings and marriages, covered the images of the saints in mourning, silenced the bells in the towers, left the dead unburied, and dressed whole nations in sackcloth and ashes; but they would recall it as a striking homily on the mutability of human affairs—while the great body of the people would go about their pursuits, eating and drinking, and marrying and giving in marriage, as utterly unconscious that anything had occurred as a deaf man is of the snapping of a pistol behind his back.

Of all the nations of the earth, ours is the last in which the temporal pretensions of the Pontiff, supposing them to be still cherished, will make any headway. The democratic principle of the right of the people to manage their own affairs, is so thoroughly ingrained in our whole political life, that fire will not burn, nor water drown, it out of us. We should a great deal rather attempt to take Sebastopol with pop-guns than to convert this nation to an acquiescence in the old monarchical and religious tyrannies. Individuals of recusant communions will, of course, now and then take shelter under the wings of the Pope; Catholicism, as a religion, will gain converts from time to time; but, as a political power, it will find the current ever setting more strongly the other way. Rome is far more likely to become American, under the influences at work here, than America Roman. Not a single trait of American character, as it has been thus far developed, harmonizes with the genius of that court—not a habit of thought, or mode of action, peculiar to our people, is cast in its moulds—and there is no point or feature of our civil procedure coincident with the structure of its government or the aims of its polity. We are drifting further and further away, with the current of the years, not only from Rome, but from every vestige of ecclesiasticism. Our religion is less ritual, day by day, and more and more civic and personal. Our literature, our practical enterprise, our actual political tendencies, in short, all the agencies of our civil and moral life, turn towards a practical humanity, as the flower and fruit of Christ's blessed redemption of us, and will not return. The immense Irish emigration, which was

once supposed to threaten, though it never actually molested our safety, has reached its height, and now begins to slacken. It is known that already the preponderance of numbers among the emigrants has passed over to the Germans, among whom Popery sits lightly upon those who receive it, and is more than neutralized by the desperate rationalistic bias of the rest. Strauss and Feuerbach, we suspect, are the saints of the Germans, who will give our Puritan theologians more trouble than all the saints of the Romish calendar; and the creed of no-creedism will seduce a larger number of professors than the creed of spiritual submission.

We shall not dwell upon the inexpressible meanness of excluding all foreigners from political life, because a number of them happen to be Catholics,—Catholics from religious association and conviction, and not in the interests of a political propagandism,—but we shall urge one simple thought: that, supposing foreigners to be all Romanists, the way to rescue them from their error is, not to enclose them, by an outward pressure or proscription, into a narrow circle of their own, but to tempt them out of the fatal ring, into a freer air. If their communion be haunted by foul superstitions and fanaticisms, as sometimes an old decaying structure is haunted by bats and owls, you will not purify it by closing the shutters and keeping them in darkness. It is in darkness, precisely, that owls and bats live. But let in the light of Heaven upon them, let the brisk wind drink up the clammy damps, let the fresh, warm sun quicken the benumbed and torpid limbs, and the bats and owls will fly away, for the place will be no longer congenial to their habits.

It is a great fact of experience that, where Protestants and Catholics are brought openly together, Catholicism is softened and liberalized—as in all the frontier districts of Europe—while it retains whatever of evil it may possess, in the most unmitigated forms, in the most secluded districts. Nay, both parties are improved by the association. How much in England, France, and Germany have the old hostilities been tempered by the common medium in which they are diffused, while in Sweden, Protestantism, and in Portugal, Spain, and parts of Italy, Catholicism, still ex-

hibit the same hard features which they wore a hundred years ago? Just in proportion as Catholics are permitted to share in the civil life of Protestant nations, they have thrown off the old prejudices of creed and begun to identify themselves with the general feelings and tendencies of the rest of the people.

In our own country, particularly, the beneficent and beautiful operation of democracy is seen, in the silent and gentle influences by which it removes the old enmities of sect and race. The slough of a thousand errors, which once hissed like so many serpents in the bosom of society, has been cast, we scarcely know how; deep hatreds which still burn in Europe, with intensest zeal, dividing classes irreparably, are extinguished here as if by the falling dews; and a genial glow of common sentiments and feelings warms into a higher, nobler humanity the hearts of men, no longer curdled into petty spites or rancorous animosities by hostile divisions of privilege and interest. Let us beware, then, that we do not arrest or thwart this glorious development! Let us be worthy of the lofty destiny to which we have been called!

If we think the dogma of the Roman Church, while transmitting essential truth, a grievous error in its formula; if we think its policy unfriendly to intellectual freedom, and to republican government; if we should be sorry to see it more generally accepted; let us be sure that its corruptions, whatever they may be, are to be met by argument and the force of opinion only, and not by legislation. Our fathers, with a wisdom as divine as was ever vouchsafed to any conclave or synod, decreed an eternal separation of Church and State, and the best sentiment of mankind is on their side. They forbade the use of religious tests, in the decision of civil rights, and that prohibition is sound in spirit as well as letter. We hope that the American people will never depart from it; we hope that they will continue to exhibit to the world an exalted example of true charity; and, we are assured that, so long as they refuse to allow transient prejudices and local irritations to provoke them from its kindly dictates, the heavenly Father, whose essence is goodness, will richly endow them with every needed blessing.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

LITERATURE.

A BATCH OF NOVELS.—Our table this month is covered with novels, which we shall proceed to dispose of as we can. The first we take up, by MISS A. B. WARNER, author of "Dollars and Cents," "Mr. Rutherford's Children," etc., etc., is well named *My Brother's Keeper*, for it tells the story of a pretty little saint, who set out to "keep" her brother, and most delectably she performed her duty. The scene opens with Miss Rosalie Clyde, who is rich and handsome, of course, and marvelously proper (which is not of course), in attendance upon the sick bed of a younger sister. This is amiable in her, but she is as melancholy as she well can be—or, as the sailors say, as the jib-cat—because of the recent death of her mother. She is also otherwise unhappy in her mind, because, as we soon learn, of some mysterious shortcomings of a dear brother of hers. We begin to suspect that he has, perhaps, turned pirate, or committed a secret forgery, or wantonly broken the hearts of a half dozen maidens. But he has done neither. He is only a gay young Captain, good-looking and well to do, with an occasional inclination to cards; who prefers the society of his young friends to the lachrymose company of Miss Prim, his sister. In short, the Captain is no better than one of the wicked. When we find how she labors to convert him from his frivolous ways, firing whole volleys of Scripture texts at him every time he makes his appearance, we do not wonder at it, even though they were wadded with sisterly kisses. To be pelted with pious quotations, over your eggs and coffee, and rubbed down every evening with a lecture on your sins, is not the pleasantest kind of entertainment for young men. Thornton Clyde—for that is the suffering brother's name—must have been a miracle of brotherly kindness, to put up with such an incessant hall of preaching. He did lose his temper sometimes; but how he kept it at all is the surprise. His saintly little housekeeper, having made herself responsible for the good conduct of the whole family, will not let them rest till they are dragooned into her methods of thinking and acting. She refuses to go to the theatre with her brother, because the theatre, we

know, is such a naughty place; and when her brother wants to invite some gentlemen to spend the evening at home, (a capital thing for his case,) she insists that she will not assist in entertaining them, if wine or cards are to be introduced to help out the evening. This was an enormous impertinence in Miss Prim, yet the indulgent brother consents to forego his plan. One night, however, he does bring home a few friends—a right pleasant company—when little Saint Rosalie deluged the whole set with strong coffee—enough to keep them all awake, as we have no doubt it did, all night. She was excessively amiable the while—the cunning little minx—pretending to herself that she was doing her duty! What is worse, Miss Warner approves her intractable conceit. It does not appear that the brother ever asked any body again, and we are sorry for it; for the chapter that describes this gathering is the first pleasant chapter in the book. All that precede are as sad as an undertaker's shop, as well as much that comes after it.

Saint Rosalie, like most young ladies, who are rich, and handsome, and pious, has a lover—one Mr. Henry Raynor—a rather solemn, but not altogether stupid, young gentleman, the son of a nice old Quaker lady—who has a taste for soldiering, and has just returned from a long visit to Europe. He rushes to see his little saint, and she receives him with the iciest purity and decorum—not glad at all, apparently, and the interview consists mainly of a mutual exchange of Scriptural excerpts. He persists in his suit, however, and, after a while, asks her to appoint the day. She falls into his arms! she gives him a rousing smack! she says—next week! you will suppose? not she: she has not yet converted her brother, who prefers remaining out of nights to her long homilies in the chimney corner; and, until she has converted him, her lover may go—break his heart. It is her one duty in life to preach that brother over to her side, and then she will be ready to marry. If Mr. Raynor had been as sensible as he looks, he would have boxed the ears of the self-willed little jade, and sent for the clergyman. But he gave in to her whims, and, in fact, began himself to try a little

of the same sort of machinery on that de-luded young Captain.

At last Rosalie's health gives way, under her incessant anxiety about her brother's lost condition, and she is sent into the country to recruit. But she won't recruit. Instead of scampering off to the woods, or rowing the boat, or dancing with the clod-hoppers, or riding the farmer's horses till they foamed again, or giving up her soul to the pure and simple inspirations of Nature she sat down and moped, and nursed her sickly and sultry fancies, and wrote long sermons to her brother, which, the poor fellow, busily engaged in erecting fortifications at Brooklyn, (the scene is laid in 1812,) forgot to answer, or did not care to answer, seeing that they were, probably, like many other sermons, not made to answer. Saint Rosalie became worse: but, finally, Mr. Raynor brought her a little comfort, in the shape of a promise that next day her brother would visit her. The brother, too, had been ill of a fever, and went to the country in a very dilapidated state. There his sister renewed her assiduities, plied him with more texts, whined and beseeched; when lo—presto! "he was a changed man"—as he might have been, by the same means, in chapter 1 or 2. Thus, Rosalie and her texts prevailed; the hunted and baffled sinner saw the error of his life, and repented. She married Mr. Raynor, and the brother married one of Rosalie's old friends—a cousin—and every body was as happy as they could be, under the circumstances.

This is the substance of the story, some points of which are agreeably told, but which, on the whole, is dull and badly constructed. The characters are conceived with more vigor than they are described. Dr. Buffem—a conceited but hearty old Esculapius; Penn Raynor, a talkative and vivacious demi-semi-Quaker; the homely old Yankee Mrs. Hopper, and old Mrs. Morsel, a complaining old lady—might have been worked up with a little more care, into lively and peculiar individualities; but Saint Rosalie and her soldier-Quaker husband, Mr. Raynor, are beyond the reach of human nature already, and could never be improved. The reader is relieved when they are married and disappear.

Miss Warner has a talent for narrative, a pretty good perception of character, and

is not without a touch of humour; but her ideas of the religious life are so ungenial and aggressive, (we speak of this work alone, not having read her others,) that we hope in future she will indulge very sparingly in "serious" writing.

—Our second candidate for the favor of the romance-reading world appears in the writer of *Blanche Dearwood*—an American novel, as the advertisements say, the scene of which is laid partly among the Highlands, and partly in this city. It is a novel of passion and sentiment, however, and not of manners or local life. The principal personages might have been called My Lord Walton, or My Lady Blanche, just as well as Mr. Walton, and Miss Blanche, so far as the verisimilitude is concerned. There is nothing peculiarly American in the book, save a few descriptions of scenery, an occasional allusion to New York society, and an old revolutionary veteran, who has nothing really to do with the plot, and whose most remarkable feature is, that he knew the grandfathers of every body.

We do not say this by way of condemnation. Passion is the same everywhere; and the characters of a novel are merely the puppets by which it is exhibited. The book is one of considerable talent. We suspect the writer is a novice, from a certain uneasiness or want of repose he betrays in the management of his materials; but he is a novice who is able to do much better. In the conception of character, he is not deficient, although, we think, he could give more individuality to his figures, by a little more patient study. Miss Blanche, his heroine, is a most lovable young woman, but is like a great many lovable young women that one meets in romances. Mr. Walton is vigorously conceived, but gets a little confused in the making out; and Rodman is a fine young man, not remarkably different from other fine young men. The greatest success of the author, clearly, is Knowlton—not precisely the villain or the Iago of the plot, but the diplomatic manager of it—who is drawn with a strong, even a steady hand; and, but for his getting married in the end, would leave a thoroughly marked and consistent impression. The plot of this novel, turning upon an early separation of a husband from his wife, under mistaken suspicions, and a five or six years' pursuit by

the latter of an absconding son, who is yet all the while just under his nose, is utterly improbable, and full of mystery where there need be no mystery; yet the incidents are developed with dramatic skill. But as one sees the end a long way ahead, the details of the last chapters are painfully protracted. The close, therefore, is not so agreeable as the beginning. Indeed the opening chapters present a fine idyllic picture, which we wish had been continued, with less of the intrigue and passion which mar the latter part. After the free, bright air of the Highland region, one gets slightly suffocated with the crowd and heat of New York. All parties being finally restored to the Highlands, we suppose we ought to forgive the temporary interruption; but we shall not. The fact is, that we are heartily weary of these novels of passion, which try to "pile up the agony" of our poor human nature. Life has enough of trouble in its realities, without the aid of fictitious additions. Let the public insist, therefore, upon more fun, more odd and whimsical character, more quiet and genial scenes, more open and hearty freedom, more serene and lofty art, and less intensity, heat, torture, and heart-breaking, on the part of our nascent novelists. Our fictitious literature appears to be in the midst of its *sturm-und-drang* period—its storm and spasm period;—and the sooner it gets through it to the pleasant sunshiny land beyond, the better for our mental health and enjoyment.

—We are glad to find, in the third novel before us—which dates from an unexpected quarter—a tendency to a better style of art, although it is only a tendency. We refer to a novel, called *Alone*, purporting to be the work of Miss MARION HARLAND, of Richmond, Virginia. It is a tale of Southern domestic life—not negro life, as might be supposed from the turn that novel writing about the South has taken since "*Uncle Tom*,"—but the life of cultivated, well-meaning, suffering and striving white folks. It must have some local truth in it, for we find "fifth edition" written on the cover; yet we cannot ourselves recognize any thing peculiar to the South in its characters and incidents. Had the scene been laid in New York or Boston, instead of at Richmond, the events and personages might have been very much the same. It

evinces, however, a sharp insight into the workings of human motive, marking the nicest distinctions and shades of character with a keen, firm touch, and without those strong and exaggerated contrasts, which are too often evidences of confused conceptions, and imperfect execution. Miss Ida Rose, the heroine, is not exactly an original creation, but is a well-defined and skilfully developed character, and "Charley" and Mr. Lacy are agreeably drawn, while Miss Josephine is almost too much of a vixen for the refined society in which she is allowed to circulate. There is more mutual complacency and admiration, too, among the leading friends than is compatible with a true social intercourse. But the tone of the work is subdued, the pictures, generally, in good keeping, and the religious spirit healthful and liberal. The greatest defect which occurs to us, is that the incidents are expanded until they become monotonous. A considerable number of people are introduced, who have nothing really to do with the plot, and are quite unnecessary as accessories. On the whole, we have been both entertained and instructed by this novel, in spite of the too evident self-satisfaction of the whole company.

—But if *Alone* is a true picture of Southern society, what shall we say of the glimpses of it that we get in *Our World*, a new anti-slavery novel? What a contrast between the parlor and kitchen! We shall not, however, compare the two works, as *Our World* is a mere partisan tale, written with an avowed partisan purpose, and exhibiting little or no artistic skill. It deals in violent scenes and characters, is without merit as a story, and disgusts, rather than interests us, by its main incidents. The whole thing is overdone; supposing each separate event to be true—as a whole it is not true, because the particulars are brought together without relief, without light and shade—in a confused mass. The characters are vague, the conversations forced, and the descriptions, for the most part, overstrained. The reader finds it difficult to continue his attention to the end, and is glad when the last chapter shuts out the jumbled and disagreeable scenes to which he has been an unwilling spectator.

—A more readable book, than either we have named—about the South, too—is the

Southern Land, by A CHILD OF THE SUN—despite its affected title. It has the thinnest thread of a story running through it, being rather a series of hop-skip-and-jump sketches—sometimes of life, at others of scenery, and then again of character. Beginning at a boarding-school at France, and closing on a cotton estate in Tennessee, the author expatiates over the world, in the style of Peter Schlemil, or the Wandering Jew. Now, we have him at Paris, then at New Orleans, next in Charleston, and, again—he doesn't know where himself. But wherever he lights, for a time, he is the same chatty, keen-eyed, cultivated, nonchalant observer of men and things, and he manages, by a few words, to make us see what he sees. A man of the world seemingly, he has yet a soul for sentiment, nature and poetry. With a great many local prejudices, and the constitutional arrogance of "a child of the sun," he is still open to a perception of local defects. His pictures of the South are generally warm, mellow, many-colored, with floods of sunshine and luxurious vegetation, but not without glimpses of the fever-swamps and pine barrens. He paints the princely, gentlemanly planter, but he does not forget the "Sherry Cocktails," the "Gin-swigs," and the "Mr. Shortstaples." In the teeth of his strong Southern prepossessions, too, he reveals, unconsciously it may be to himself, social aberrations in the South, which his pet plan of a law of primogeniture would not eradicate, but aggravate. But he is too companionable to bore you with long speculations, and so we shall not stop to say what all his occasional remarks might suggest, by way of reply.

—In *The Old Inn*, by MR. JOSIAH BARNES, Sen., we have a collection of stories, told with considerable power; but the device of a party of travelers meeting accidentally at an inn, and agreeing to tell stories for pastime, is so old and worn that it needs all one's patience to go on with the book. Yet, if the reader will overlook this preliminary want of invention, he will find the stories themselves full of interest and pathos.—A pleasant tale is that of *Cone Cut Corners*,—which strange name, we suppose, means Connecticut Corners—for the scene is chiefly laid in Connecticut. A vein of humor runs through it, which will give the reader a good laugh, if he wants one.

Captain Mayfarrie, Miss Provey, the Deacon, and other characters are done to the life.—One may also say as much of *Ironthorpe*,—a short story of backwoods life, by PAUL CRETTON, who minglest pathos and fun in nice proportions.—The *Tales for the Marines*, by HARRY GRINGO—well known to be Lieut. Wise—are animated, witty, and thrilling, having all the rapidity and dash of Captain Marryat, with more originality and humor, and some of his coarseness.

—Among the reprints of novels, we have only time to mention, first and foremost, the beautiful large-typed edition of *Don Quixote*—translation by Motteaux, and notes by Lockhart—lately issued by Little, Brown & Co., altogether the finest edition of the greatest of romances that has yet appeared. Then, the *Grace Lee* of Miss KAVANAGH, the *Mammon* of Mrs. GORE, and the *Keneth* of Miss YONGE all exciting and meritorious works, to say nothing of DOUGLASS JERROLD'S most amusing *Men of Character*. The *Amyas Leigh* of Mr. KINGSLY, we must reserve for a more elaborate notice hereafter.

—*Eastford*; or *Household Sketches*, by WESLEY BROOKE, is an anti-spasmodic book, which shows that the stock of men of letters who feel naturally, think calmly, describe truthfully, and write correctly, has not died out, as some people suppose. The author of *Eastford* is a contemplative man; and, whether he wields the angler's rod or not, is of the race of IZAAK WALTON, whose mental traits, if not whose piscatory habits, he largely shares—adding to them, however, a wider knowledge of men and things, and a keener insight into the motives of the world's movement. The story of the book, although evidently intended as a mere bond to unite a series of sketches in a common interest, has the charm of a natural, truthful progression; the author has not felt at liberty to violate consistency for the sake of effect. He has laid the scene of his tale in and around an old New England village, excepting the passage of a few stirring incidents which take place in the lumber wilds of Maine, and the vivid relation of which is in striking and pleasing contrast with the placid tone of the rest of the book. We do not suppose that we violate confidence in saying that Wesley Brooke is the assumed name of MR. GEORGE LUNT, of Boston.

A FEW HISTORIES.—“There she is,” said Webster, of Massachusetts,—“behold her, and judge for yourself. The world knows her history by heart.” But if it does, that is no reason why her history should not be written. Accordingly, Mr. BARRY has given us a most elaborate and agreeable record of it, in his *History of Massachusetts*. It is a work, which in more respects than its mere form resembles Bancroft’s “United States,” without being an imitation. It evinces the same research, the same animation, and the same liberal American spirit. Beginning with the earliest discoveries of the State, it describes the landing of the Pilgrims, their troubles with the Indians, their persecutions of the Quakers, and the successive administrations, down to a quite modern period. The author, who cherishes both an admiring love of the heroic qualities of the New England settlers, and a noble disdain of their occasional bigotry and meanness, writes with ease and eloquence, in the temper of a judge, and not of a partisan. His work will take its place, we confidently predict, among the standard books of history; for it is clear, succinct, conscientious, and attractive.

— A *History of Western Massachusetts*, by JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND, is confined to the several counties of Hampden, Hampshire, Franklin and Berkshire, and is more of a local than a general narrative. In the first part, we have an outline of general history, but the second part relates to the geology, and the third part to the towns of those particular counties. It has been prepared with much industry and skill, and is a valuable contribution to our local knowledge. Many of the anecdotes which Mr. Holland has collected out of the archives of the old towns, have a quaint and characteristic significance.

— No writer has a more charming simplicity of style than ZSCHOKKE, whose *History of Switzerland*, a household treasure among the Alps, has just been faithfully rendered into English, by FRANCIS GEORGE SHAW. It is the great merit of Zschokke, that while his narrative possesses that clear and limpid beauty, which adapts it to the capacity of children and the people, it has all the accuracy, conciseness and thought which the maturest mind may require. It is the text-book, we believe, of the confederate Cantons.

— We confess to a strong liking for LAMARTINE’s Histories. It is true, they are not always accurate, but, it is also true, that they are always profoundly interesting; his sentiments are often sentimentalities, but then his descriptions are pictures. Who can read any one of his books, and forget it? How vividly, and with what poetic elevation, he brings his scenes and characters before the mind! How graceful and flowing his narrative—how liberal, and, for the most part just, his judgments? Take up the first volume of his *History of Turkey*, just published by the Appletons, and read his account of the rise of Mahomet and his religion, and see if you ever before read a more graphic, impressive, and fascinating story? The East, where Lamartine has spent nine years of his life—with its sunny climate, its wild deserts, its legendary mysteries, its strong passions and lofty enthusiasm, and, we cannot doubt, that this Ottoman history will be one of his most characteristic and beautiful books.

— In the lectures on *Louis the Fourteenth, and the Writers of his Age*, translated from the French of J. F. Astié by the Rev. E. W. KIRK, we have an able and instructive, though somewhat incomplete view of the literary and religious aspects of the age of the Grand Monarque. They were delivered in French, to a private audience in this city, and have since been translated by Mr. Kirk, who is a friend of the author. The prose part of the translation is good, but the poetry quite indifferent. An ambitious introduction by the translator, is not so skillfully executed as it might have been, although it supplies a rapid review of preliminary French History, which will be found useful in studying the treatise.

— The *Life of Sam Houston* is evidently written with a view to advance his interests as a candidate for the Presidency, but is full of fine material notwithstanding. His experiences of this world have been so varied, that the incidents fall, of themselves, into picturesque and striking forms. Even the turgid style of his biographer cannot divest them of a certain dramatic and robust force. As the boy emigrant, the Indian chief, the successful General, and the influential statesman, his career exhibits the most romantic contrasts, and novel adventures; and, had they been de-

scribed with a simple reliance upon the facts, without the attempt at elaborate eulogy, which runs through this book, the natural impression produced would have been stronger than the artificial one, aimed at by the writer, is likely to be.

—A *History of the War*, by GEORGE FOWLER, is a succinct but authentic account of all the proceedings of the hostile parties in the East. It is compiled from public and private documents of the highest authority, and gives a clear, though compendious, narrative of the progress of negotiations and hostilities, from the mission of Menthikoff, up to the siege of Sevastopol. Two excellent maps, one of the Crimea, and the other of the besieged city, add materially to the value of this little volume.

—The *Church History* of DR. CHARLES HASE, lately rendered into English, is one of the best manuals on that subject that we have found. It is succinct but clear, and unites to an astonishing power of condensed expression, the most impartial and comprehensive judgment. The arrangement has all the scientific precision of the Germans, with a liveliness of narrative which is not German. In its sketches of both characters and events, it exhibits a rare insight on the part of the author, whose learning, also, as he is a German, is of course prodigious.

—The *Lives of the Chief Justices of the United States*, of which, we have read the advanced sheets, kindly forwarded to us by Lippincott, Grambo, & Co., promises to be a standard work of history. It is compiled from original and authentic documents, some of them now used for the first time, and is written in a forcible and attractive style.

SOME MISCELLANIES.—We shall speak of Maginn's *Miscellanies*, as an American book, for, though the substance of it has been printed in foreign Magazines, as a book it is new. Mr. Mackenzie, the editor, is already known by his elaborate edition of Wilson's *Noctes Ambrosiana*, and has acted judiciously in putting forth Maginn as a kind of continuation of that work. Maginn was of the Wilson set; inferior to Wilson in many respects, but exhibiting many of the same qualities. He does not appear to have had the pathos and energy of Wilson, although he shares in his learn-

ing, his fun, and his convivial sympathies. They, and their companions, were a rollicking, jovial crew (at least in print), assavage as meat-axes the next morning, and as full of loyalty as they were, or pretended to be, of liquor. Their truculent jokes told well in their day, but, we confess, that to us, now, many of them have the smell of an old drink-shop,—or of whisky-fumes and stale tobacco. A great deal of their wit is repulsively coarse, or a great deal of it, as an Irishman would say, no wit at all. It is mere broad whim, or a kind intellectual *tours de force*,—amusing for the time—but not genuine. The polyglott translations, for instance, are curious evidences of dexterity, but nothing more: the drinking and eating boasts, too, are mere vulgar exaggerations, pleasing alone to swill-tubs; while the arrogant ridicule of contemporary authors, has less humor, and all the low malice of Billingsgate fishwives. Yet, over and above this gin-room slang and maudlin loyalty, there is often in Maginn real humor, touching sentiment, and sound learning. He has a free, hearty, careless way about him that carries you along, by the mere force of animal excitement. You like the fellow, even while he repels you, he is such a gentlemanly and scholarly rowdy. His insolence you ascribe to the bad rum in him; but his talent, his vivacity, his wonderful variety, his originality and independence you ascribe to the man himself. How atrocious the criticisms on Shelley, Keats, Hunt, etc.; yet how capital the burlesques of Wordsworth, Crabbe, Byron, Coleridge and others! What ingenuity in his parodies; what a true bacchanalian swing in his drinking songs; what audacity in his egotisms; what bluster in his critiques, what endless wealth of conceit in his literary disguises! We do not wonder that *Blackwood*, in his day, was universally disapproved and read—that the booksellers refused to sell it, and yet that every body bought it; or that every body pretended to be disgusted, while every body laughed. It was enough to drive Edinburgh mad, with mingled wrath and mirth—this stormy club of writers and bruisers, who seem to alternate with equal gusto from the rectory to the ring, from pugilism to philosophy, from license to literature, from rum to religion.

Mr. Mackenzie has edited the book with vast industry, but not equal judgment. Many of his notes are *de trop*, and he ought to assume that the class of persons likely to read him will know something of such men as Jeffreys, Hogg, Belzoni, Shelley, Henry Mackenzie, etc., etc., without the assistance of a long biographical account. Sometimes, too, he ludicrously mistakes his author. Maginn, for instance, in one of his maxims, (p. 110,) says the best thing to be drank after cheese is strong ale; and adds ironically, by way of confirmation, "who ever heard of a drayman, who lives almost entirely on bread and cheese, washing it down with water or champagne?" Whereupon Mr. Editor asks, in a note, with all solemnity, "How could a drayman obtain champagne?" Sure enough, Mr. Mackenzie! how could he? But, generally, the notes of the Editor are a real assistance, and we thank him for the pains he has taken both in collecting and elucidating the text.

—A work upon making and fencing *Clearings*, from Paris: a work upon Landscape Gardening, from the banks of the Ohio! Who would not as soon look for the one as for the other? But, in Mr. Kern's *Landscape Gardening*, published at Cincinnati, we have the latter, showing how rapidly the subtler arts follow in the peaceful train of empire. Mr. Kern has well judged his circumstances, and has produced the right book at the right moment. There are, probably, as each spring opens, a thousand homes where the opportunity and the wish coexist for the first time, for some external sign of ease, and of the love of natural beauty. The want of these, the guidance towards a tasteful expression, this book supplies. The more elaborate works of the class Mr. Kern has read with evident care and discrimination. He is certainly to be commended for making a book of reasonable size, and for writing with straightforwardness upon Landscape Gardening; a treatment which, before Downing's time, was hardly known. The principal English writers—Price, Ripton, Brown, Loudon—are two-volume-octavo men. Loudon spun from his laborious head laborious books, full of valuable material, but useful only to the student or man of solid leisure. Most of us here are hasty men, who do not expect at the utmost to reach seventy, who have a great deal to do, and may be called upon

as F. Pierce was, at short notice, to be President of this Republic. Art, therefore, for us, whether in words or works, must be condensed. His publishers have put Mr. Kern before the public in great luxury of typography. The genius and expense devoted to the wood engravings might have been concentrated to advantage upon a smaller number; and Mr. K.'s elaborate "rock-work" could have been successfully omitted.

—Dr. HAYWARD, President of the Massachusetts Medical Society, has just given to the world the more prominent points of his medical experience, with reflections. These "Papers and Reports" indicate a man of the profoundest professional good sense, the preëminent characteristic of our noble old physicians. They are complacently deficient, compared with the French school, in the technical minuteness of detail now obtainable; but have a far outbalancing tact and breadth of intelligent views. If every competent physician should leave such material as this for the deductions of future investigators, science might safely hope to make a vast step forward.

—The death of Mrs. CHARLOTTE BRONTE NICHOL, the author of "Jane Eyre," of "Shirley," and of "Villette," is too important an event in the literary world for us to allow it to pass without comment. In the accounts which have reached us of her actual personal life and experience, there is little to relieve the sense of sadness which is derived from her books: a feeling of loneliness and untold tragedy which give them an earnestness beyond those of any other contemporary woman. It is scarcely ten years since "Jane Eyre" was published, but the position of its author in English literature is assured. It was not only its vivid characterization, its startling and brilliant description, its glow and passionate pathos, which compelled the homage that followed it; but its profound humanity, its quiet scorn of the conventional accessories of success in fiction, its bold faith in human nature, its perfect freedom from dandyism and dilettantism, and its tone of religious earnestness, without cant or meanness, that made fame salute its author as eminent among women. By these characteristics all the works of Miss Bronte have achieved a permanent place among the best books of the best age.

of fiction; nor do we hesitate to say that, on the whole, "Jane Eyre" is the most remarkable novel ever written by a woman. Miss Bronte belonged entirely to the modern school; the school of which George Sand is a veiled Prophet, and of which Dickens and Thackeray are the high Priests. But, among her fellow workers, among contemporary novelists of either sex, she had few superiors. The amiable ladies who monthly supply the circulating libraries with the high-bred woes of the high-born Arethusa; or the sentimental gentlemen who paint the dainty miniature of the incomparable and impossible Harley L'Estrange, were incontinently put aside by this Yorkshire intruder, who hailed Thackeray as the chief among them all, and went into the field, showing his colors. The eye and the heart of the world followed her; and she has done what, perhaps, no other of the score of contemporary female novelists has done; she has enriched literature, and, consequently, human experience, with a new image. She has done what all genius has tested its greatness by doing, created a character that lives as a representative and type, in the human mind.

The story of her life is sad and short. She was born, and mostly lived, and died, among the hills of Yorkshire. Her father was a poor clergyman; her sisters were of the same sensitive, if not morbid, temperament as herself; and they both died young and before her. Her brother was a youth of similar promise, and he died also. She went early to a school, of which the school in "Jane Eyre" is a picture, and there physical privation and suffering confirmed the grave and melancholy bent of her nature. She went, afterward, as a governess, to Brussels, and the fruit of that episode in her life we have in "Villette." Returning to Yorkshire she found her two sisters, Emily and Ann, and there the three novels were written by the three sisters, "Jane Eyre," "Wuthering Heights," and "The Tenant of Wildfell Hall." They retained their initials in the names they assumed, and were severally known to the public as Currier, Acton, and Ellis Bell. Our readers will all remember the appearance of these remarkable books. There was a startling reality in them which quite staggered criticism. They seized the public almost sternly by the arm, and said, "Quit

your smirking over the amiable imbecilities of Lady Belinda Doriana, and see another, and more real, and more terrific, aspect of human and English life." The books of the two younger sisters were appalling. The reader preferred to disbelieve. They were such revelations as had never been made, and of a state of society that was hardly suspected. They were imperfect in structure, and the protest that breathed through them was so fierce that it seemed almost insane or exaggerated. But "Jane Eyre" was so calm, so intense, and so real, that there was no escape. As a work of literary art it is most admirable. It is so sharply cut, so pointed, and defined: it leaves the moral so wisely where life and nature leave it, that the public mind instantly acknowledged a new power, and the little, brown-haired, sad-eyed, and wasted daughter of the Yorkshire curate, was a famous woman. But she meant to live neither for fame nor fortune. In her estimation, the writing of a book was a work to be done seriously and because it must be done, not because it could be done. She was neither dazzled nor deluded by her success, and wrote her next novel, "Shirley," in the midst of great domestic distress. It is less excellent than "Jane Eyre," but has the same qualities. Then, and last, came "Villette," a book written upon the edge of the churchyard, in which her sisters and brother were buried; and, at the window, whence she looked upon their graves. It is about two years since it was published. She married, then, and died on the last day of March in this year. So, among the wild Yorkshire hills, ended a life that seems bleak enough. It is not possible that she, who could so delicately describe great happiness, as she does in portions of all her works, did not feel, with an aching sorrow, the absence of it in her own life. Yet she wrought that tragedy into forms of pathetic beauty. If the thorn against her heart made her song sad, the world listened and wept. She was not forty years old when she died; but how much has she done, who has made her name dear in many lands, and to all kinds of persons, by the heroic tenderness with which she probed the most private wounds, and the earnest composure with which she poured the balm. The quality of the grief that lingers about her grave is the finest

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homage to her power. It is not a romantic sorrow over the death of youth and the blight of beautiful promise; nor the regret that follows the departure of a brilliant wit and scholar: it is not the grief at the decease of an entertaining and familiar author; but, it is the feeling of want and loss in the death of a noble woman, who did not wear her genius as a diamond to dazzle, but as a star, to inspire, and chasten, and console.

LETTER FROM MAJOR WHERREY.

To the Editor of Putnam's Monthly.

SIR.—I am grieved to see that a fair correspondent objects to the inconsistency of certain strictures of mine on an exhibition described to me as the German cotillion, which were reported in the March number of your periodical. The difficulty seems to lie in the fact, that I chose to offer vinous refreshment to my guests upon the occasion under consideration. Poor Barnard was dreadfully hurt at being called an "old masculine prude;" and when I came to that passage, he interrupted me and said, "Well, Major! you can make the same reply that Mrs. — did when asked why she did not invite her sister (who married the music-master) to her last ball—"My dear sir," she said, "you know we must draw the line somewhere!" So pray tell this gentle critic that, to a certain extent, you choose to conform to the usages of society; but that you must draw the line somewhere! Your guests shall be welcome to your wines—but not to your wife."

I confess I thought of saying something of this kind, until, upon reading the concluding paragraph of the remonstrance, I learnt that "punch and cigars are behind the age," and, moreover, that they are "medieval follies." When I asked Barnard how this was, he began to laugh, and exclaimed, "The lady has you there, Major! You have been growing cranberries down here in Bearbrook so long, that you know nothing of the advance the world has made elsewhere. The fact is, that associating the German in any way with such a *medieval folly* as an indulgence in stimulating fluids, is simply preposterous. It is well known that, at the great houses in the city, where this is the fashionable dance, no wine, punch, or any kind kind of spirituous liquor is provided, and that no person was ever known to be present at, or assist in, the German, except in a state of the severest sobriety. As for cigars—except as interesting relics illustrative of medieval folly—they are utterly unknown out of Bearbrook; and for introducing an indulgence so completely extinct, you may well be held responsible." I was so shocked to hear that a past frailty had been revived at my little October party, that I didn't exactly understand an allusion to some *marines* with

which Barnard concluded his statement. It was, probably, of no consequence.

Dear me! Sir, I fear this letter will be rather a composite affair, for my nephew Tom has just come into the room, and insists upon writing a paragraph, to give his ideas of what should have been the editorial comment upon the critical correspondence you have published. He thinks there is a very "sufficient answer" to the lady's complaint—and thus he writes it as in your person:—

"It is certainly a new doctrine, that a writer of fiction can introduce no characters but such as exhibit a spotless propriety or perfect consistency. We had always supposed it not only perfectly lawful, but decidedly meritorious, to represent people no better than they really are. Our correspondent will scarcely deny that there are many gentlemen of the old school who so far retain former habits as to take wine or punch themselves, and to offer it to their guests, who are, nevertheless, honestly and decidedly shocked at *follies* to which custom has not hardened them. The notion that a writer is personally responsible for every opinion expressed by the characters he uses, or for all that is done in the scenes he describes, is too plainly absurd to require refutation."

I really forgot what I was writing about when Tom interrupted me, so I will conclude by saying that I could never seriously counsel or advise the use of any stimulant. But so long as it is the custom, among any circle of acquaintances, to give wine or punch when friends are received in the evening, I shall probably conform to it. A trifling difference in latitude may make a considerable difference in the habits and necessities of man. I can assure my graceful censor that the custom of providing spirituous refreshment upon social occasions, which it seems is extinct and mediæval in New York, is, UNFORTUNATELY (and I heartily underscore the word), so prevalent in Bearbrook, that one of the parties—either upon paper or in reality—would be incomplete without its introduction.

I am sorry to have troubled you with so long a letter, and should not have done so had not Tom assured me the public would expect it. If you would now and then give us some agricultural articles, I think I could promise an increased circulation to your Magazine. It may seem presumptuous in me to suggest in this matter, but I am convinced that an occasional paper on the Cranberry could not fail to be popular. Pray assure your correspondent that I am not at all angry at what she called me, and shall endeavor to pacify Barnard as soon as possible. And so, Sir, believe me, with the highest consideration,

Your very obedient servant,

PAUL RETRIBUTION WHERREY.

In justice to Major Wherrey, it should be stated that, upon the first intimation of a charge upon his social morals, he was in the field, fully armed; and his present note of explanation was unavoidably deferred from the May number of the Monthly, for which it was designed.—ED.

